

1862

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NEW DANCE MUSIC.

Old England Quadrille. As Solos and Duets. Composed and Arranged by G. CROAL on Airs from W. Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time"—

"Fairies, haste!" "The dusky Night rides down the Sky," "The Oak and the Ash," "Farewell, Manchester!" "There was a jolly Miller once," "The Spring is coming," "Come, lasses and lads," "Come, here's to the Hood!" "May he who wears a sulky face," "Early one morning," and "The Bailiff's daughter."

Old English Lancers Quadrille. Arranged by CHARLES COOTE on Airs selected from W. Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time"—

"A Soldier should be jolly," "Once I loved a maiden fair," "O list to me, my only love!" "The Vicar of Bray," "The Bailiff's daughter," "Joan to the Maypole," "To the Maypole haste away," and "Amid the new-mown hay."

Simon Boccanegra Quadrille (Illustrated Title). Arranged by CHARLES COOTE from Verdi's New Opera.

The Lass of Gowrie Quadrille (Illustrated Title). Arranged from the following Scotch Airs by H. S. ROBERTS—

"March of the Cameron Men," "Lass o' Gowrie," "Highland Laddie," "There's nae Luck," March from "Rob Roy."

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THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1, 1862.

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MEMOIR OF H.R.H. THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

WHILE rumours of wars have been widely circulating and taking up the attention of the people of this country of all social ranks and shades of opinion, no one appears to have anticipated the approach of any other evil visitation. Our Royal Family have, by their truly English domestic qualities, come to be regarded as a near and dear portion of the home circle that includes all which is most honoured by English affections; and our Queen's husband has especially rendered himself endeared to us by the admirable manner in which he has displayed such domestic virtues as constitute the happiness, the honour, and the true enjoyment of human life. To him we are indebted for an example which is not often set by persons holding a similar position. Even in the case of George the Third, exemplary as his private life unquestionably was, he did not possess that intellectual elevation of character that gave so great an influence to the moral conduct of the Prince Consort; while in preceding fathers of royal families we really have nothing to state that is praiseworthy. Prince Frederick, George the Second, and George the First, are not worthy to be quoted either as husbands or as fathers; and the entire Stuart dynasty have left us little of their domestic existence that does not show the grossest violation of every moral obligation.

It is only by referring to the state of things known to have existed almost from all historical time up to the memorable accession of our beloved sovereign, that we can thoroughly appreciate the power for good which a prince of so totally different a stamp to any Royal paterfamilias who preceded him, was capable of producing. In his relations with the Queen there was an unselfish devotion that regarded her happiness and her interests as the first objects of his study. His Royal Highness was not only her Majesty's husband, but her counsellor and guardian in all those difficult trials and embarrassments in which the aid of official advisers cannot be available. There is no doubt that in such instances his prudence and sagacity enabled the Queen to ward off many troubles which few queens, few mothers, indeed few women can hope to escape.

As a companion, his highly cultivated mind must have made his society in the greatest possible degree instructive to his consort. Their tastes being directed to similar sources of gratification, gave a peculiar harmony to their intercourse. In music, of which His Royal Highness was a proficient from his youth, the Queen was an enthusiast from girlhood. In art they were both far above the average of royal amateurs, as their drawings and engravings testify. The Prince Consort practised etching with marked success, as became known through a public trial, when His Royal Highness was forced to prosecute a person who had surreptitiously obtained copies of his works, and had offered them for sale. In science he endeavoured to identify himself with the progress of intelligence in England, as it manifested itself in this advanced portion of the nineteenth century, and took a special interest in the proceedings of the greatest philosophers in Europe. Although Humboldt had the bad taste to sneer at a friendly demonstration from His Royal Highness, we doubt whether any mind of the higher order of European intellects could be found willing to deny the earnestness of the Prince's interest in the most profound subjects of speculation. This Prussian *littérateur* was a vain old man, with an inexhaustible power of scribbling, and great as he had been, he was not above the small conceit of appearing to snub a great personage.

The sincerity, as well as the depth of the Prince's feeling for science was exhibited in the earnestness with which he threw his heart into the noble project of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851—a magnificent effort made on the very grandest scale, for objects of the very noblest kind. Its success, and the extraordinary impulse it gave to every branch of industry it was intended to foster, are in a great measure owing to the attention His Royal Highness devoted to it. We have a perfect recollection of his profoundly earnest manner when he inaugurated that grand experiment. We also had an opportunity of observing him closely when he closed the exhibition. It was impossible for any one to have been more powerfully impressed by the nature of the duty he was performing than was

His Royal Highness on these occasions ; and Englishmen pursuing the various branches of intellectual industry that add so largely to the real enjoyments of existence, must feel grateful for the Prince, who on these occasions raised their country to a very proud eminence among the nations of the world. Nor was the advantage to commerce less important. The manufacturer was for the first time, as it were, brought face to face with the purchaser, and an interest in the machinery was added to the ordinary interest in the fabric it produced. The combination of all that was most worthy of observation in the Past and the Present was totally new to the hundreds of thousands who flocked to behold it, and who were thus able to read as in a richly illustrated volume the memorable achievements of the human mind in various periods of history, and in different stages of development.

The experiment having proved as eminently successful as it was beneficial, a second has lately been organized on a still grander scale. To this the Prince Consort, with the same enlightened views, again devoted his best energies, and the prodigious structure now rising in South Kensington begins to show how grandly a second Exhibition of All Nations has been arranged under his auspices. His Royal Highness has been indefatigable in endeavouring to master its preliminary details and arrangements — no slight labour ; and those gentlemen connected with the building, who have had the honour of communicating personally with the Prince, have been as greatly impressed with the extent of his information on abstruse subjects of professional study, as with the sincerity of his anxiety to forward the national undertaking.

No one could doubt the gratification he would have derived in again presenting himself before the British nation, as the fosterer and encourager of a demonstration so intellectual and philanthropic as is this new design. Alas ! memorable example of the uncertain foundation of human anticipations ! a week since the Prince Consort was the life and soul of the enterprise, and now he is a corpse ! A week's illness—an attack of gastric fever, which rapidly assumed a typhoid character, and in a few hours' struggle with the destroyer he sunk into the calm that precedes dissolution, and died as gently as an infant.

Thus has passed away from us for ever,

Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, second son of Ernest Frederick Anthony Charles Louis, late Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha. He was born August 26th, 1819 ; was married to the Queen on the 10th February, 1840, and died on the 14th of December, 1861. He had been created Prince Consort, by Patent, 26th June, 1857 ; was a Knight of the Garter, Grand Master of the Order of the Bath, Knight of the Thistle, Knight of St. Patrick, and Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George. He was a Field-Marshal in the Army, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade ; a Privy Councillor, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, Lord Warden of the Stannaries, Chief Steward of the Duchy of Cornwall, Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle, Ranger of Windsor Great Park, Master of the Trinity House, Captain-General and Colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, and Lord High Steward of Plymouth and of Windsor.

All these honours, all these titles, and all these offices have passed away, never to return to the same possessor. He who enjoyed them, stripped of all this heap of factitious dignity, has been carried from the chamber of death to the royal vault with all that stately solemnity which distinguishes the passage of royalty to the grave. And now nothing is left of his perishable greatness but the name which survives annihilation. We look back on his career with a grateful satisfaction, for we remember how, immediately on coming amongst us, he strove to possess the most precious enjoyments and most prized pursuits of educated Englishmen. In his German home we can trace no evidence of a bucolic taste, but very soon after the Prince had become naturalized in this agricultural country, his mind became naturalized also. He took to farming on scientific principles ; he commenced breeding and improving oxen, sheep, and pigs, with a zeal scarcely inferior to that displayed by our most enterprising graziers. The Model Farm at Windsor was evidence of his skilful cultivation of the soil, and the prize animals, that year after year were the admiration of the Cattle shows, and which supplied our markets at Christmas with the prime meat, show how carefully he studied the improvement of farming stock.

Farmer George, as the Third of the Georges was sometimes styled, never

carried out his idea of agriculture in so eminently practical a manner; but the Prince Consort's sagacity was often displayed with a more philanthropic development. He looked into the social condition of the industrious classes, and discovered where lay the source of their degradation and their wretchedness. The charity that begins at home took its most benevolent shape in a desire to make that home as comfortable as possible. With this excellent object in view, His Royal Highness made designs for model lodging-houses and labourers' cottages, simple in construction, picturesque in character, and admirable in arrangement. Those who are aware under what circumstances mechanics, operatives, and agricultural labourers, with their families, are lodged throughout the year, will be able to appreciate the projected improvement, in a moral as well as in a sanitary point of view. The same practical benevolence led him to patronize Baths and Wash-houses as powerful aids in teaching the industrious adult self-respect; while the support he gave to Ragged Schools greatly assisted in checking the social disorganization which had its chief cause in the miserable dwellings and the comfortless lodgings of the bulk of our working population.

This is a lesson in Social Science which we much desire to see more generally studied, for we are sure that there is a philosophy in it that must prove as profitable to those who instruct as to those who are instructed. Every working man ought to take a pride in his home, and the sense of its respectability will secure him from disreputable practices and discreditable ways of life. The Prince evidently felt that in these structures he was laying the foundation of a happy and honourable existence for the multitude of workers in the great social community, and if any memorial should be raised with an intention of doing him honour, we hope it will take the form of these excellent models, carried out on the largest possible scale.

When his mind was directed to objects of a more elevated character, he gave to them the same devotion that characterized his exertions in behalf of his humbler fellow-creatures. Witness the interest he took in all purely scientific proceedings; how eagerly he availed himself of the superior intelligence of a Faraday, an Owen, a Herschel, a Lyell, or any of those truly philosophic minds that confer honour

on modern English literature. The high intellectual qualities of the Prince were recognised by the scientific world when he was selected to fill the honourable post of President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1860, and it will not be soon forgotten how well he sustained the dignity of his position as well as maintained the exalted character of the Association by the Address he delivered, and the manner in which he presided over their meetings in that year.

With the same enlightened spirit he threw all the weight of his influence into the creation of the Museum and Schools of Art at South Kensington. The organization of Schools of Design was a favourite idea with his Royal Highness, and their diffusion over the country, the marked success that has followed their introduction, not only in the general spread of an artistic taste and refinement, but in the sensible improvement of manufactured articles, whether intended for luxury or for comfort, are fairly attributable to him. We have only to look back a quarter of a century to the state of our manufactured articles of ornament or utility, and compare them with the most recent productions of a like nature, to be satisfied that an important advance has been effected. In carpets, paper-hangings, curtains, silk and cotton fabrics, the later patterns are of a very superior kind. In china services and ceramic ware, including Parian statuettes and busts, the improvement is very striking; also in decorative furniture of every description. Indeed, the artistic taste that prevails generally in houses where taste can be displayed, is far in advance of the fashion that existed in houses of the same class in the first quarter of the century, and for at least ten years later.

The aristocracy and gentry have followed the example thus set them by a general patronage of science and art. All the learned societies are thronged with noble and honourable members, the reception-rooms of the leaders of fashion are generally found to contain the most distinguished scholars and the most celebrated philosophers of the age, while on the walls of each brilliant *suite* of rooms glow the finer productions of the English school of painting, and from the scagliola pillars and other pedestals flash the white marble under the blaze of light that shows to perfection the graceful sculpture of our Foleys, our Gibsons, and our Carews.

This extensive patronage of English talent may be fairly attributed to the exemplary taste of the Prince; for although some murmurs may have been raised against his Royal Highness's patronage of Baron Marochetti and one or two other foreigners, we do not think that this had any material effect on the interests of English artists; nor can we see that there can be any solid objection raised against the Prince for bestowing some share of his favour on the artists of other nations. Even could it be proved that these his *protégés* were so immeasurably inferior to their brethren in this country, as has sometimes been averred, there is no special reason against the Prince employing them, or causing them to be employed, unless he neglected men better qualified for the work, who had a more immediate claim on his support. We dwell on this point more particularly, because we feel satisfied that the death of this illustrious connoisseur will be severely felt by the English sculptor and painter. For a long time to come, we doubt that the treasures of art in our Royal palaces will receive any sensible increase. The Queen will now, of course, doubly appreciate those proofs of the Prince's taste and judgment which surround her at Buckingham Palace, at Windsor, at Osborne, and at Balmoral; but, wanting the guide and director in her selections, it is not at all improbable that Her Majesty may be indifferent to similar attractions.

With such varied acquirements, it may easily be imagined that the Prince's companionship diffused a social charm over the royal circle that made the routine life of royalty, its manifold cares and numberless duties, as agreeable as any ordinary existence without responsibility. All whose privilege it was to enjoy the gratification, even in a limited extent, of this refined intercourse, can bear witness to the high moral tone, and purely intellectual feeling, which the Prince Consort diffused around him. The courtiers of both sexes, who are supposed to live in an atmosphere of ceremonial and insincerity, were made aware that purity of soul and truthfulness of heart were as much prized in the palace as in the church—that the ordinary jealousies, intrigues, and empty vanities of court life were banished from the royal apartments, and that as deep a reverence must be maintained in the palace for what was holy as for what was regal. The female attendants of Her Majesty in particular

were made to experience as great a confidence in the honourableness of their position as if they belonged to a convent instead of to a court. There never was heard the slightest breath of scandal as affecting the reputation of any one of them—a remarkable change from the state of things that existed at Court little more than a century ago, when the Queen's bedchamber woman was the King's avowed mistress, and the maids of honour were notoriously unchaste.

As the father of a family of nine children, happily all surviving, the anxieties of the Prince Consort must needs have been very great; but he gave the same conscientious performance of his parental duties as he had given to every other obligation he had incurred since his marriage. The tender solicitude with which he directed their education shows its beneficial influence in the character of the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Alice, Prince Alfred, and such of this interesting group as are passing from youth into adolescence. The Princess of Prussia has left her English home to be a grace and an ornament to a home equally worthy of her dignity and worth. The Prince of Wales is approaching his majority, but, thanks to his admirable training, has exhibited none of the characteristics of heirs-apparent. We can trace no resemblance between him and his brilliant predecessor in the title; there is also, we are equally proud to say, nothing in common between him and the first two Princes of Wales of the Brunswick dynasty. His education, as far as it has proceeded, has given his Royal Highness an air of true English sincerity, and a sense of true English honour, that render him far more worthy of our love than the meretricious graces and superficial accomplishments of that "finest gentleman in Europe," against whom has been recorded so many ungentlemanly proceedings.

The Princess Alice bids fair to rival her elder sister in those sterling qualities that deserve to be prized above all artificial distinctions. Her Royal Highness is also about to find another home. The arrangements for her nuptials with the Prince of Hesse must, however, now be set aside. Her heavy affliction will leave her in no condition to seek the felicity of a bride. Although a precedent might be found for carrying out her marriage in the union of the Princess Elizabeth,

daughter of James I., with the Count Palatine of the Rhine, which took place a very short time after the death of her brother, Prince Henry, we feel quite certain that the Prince of Hesse will have to wait till her great sorrow has in some degree abated. As for the sailor Prince, it is impossible to imagine anything more perfect than the manner in which his Royal Highness has adapted himself to the position in which he has been placed. The same genial frankness, the same unassuming modesty, and the same quiet reserve, have been impressed upon his character. There must surely be something singularly wise and good in a system of education that can be so successfully carried out, as it has been with the members of this remarkable family. Comparing the results with those which arose from the instruction given to the children of George III. and Queen Charlotte, we cannot but come to the conclusion that the happy effects we behold in the family of our beloved Queen and her lamented Consort, are in a great measure due to His Royal Highness's personal influence and example.

England, therefore, owes a large debt of gratitude to him for his unceasing endeavours to elevate and purify society, to raise the intellect, and chasten the feelings of the entire community; which obligation His Royal Highness has taken care shall for some time to come be on the increase by given hostages to Time in the persons of his children, that the united force of good example and good precept shall continue to exert its influence amongst them.

To lose such a benefactor, to lose him in the very height of his usefulness, in the prime of his life and of his intellect, is indeed an irreparable loss, and has so been felt. On the Sunday after the day that closed his honourable career, the churches and chapels of the metropolis, throughout which the sad news had been circulating amid almost as much doubt as sorrow—so sudden and unexpected was the event—the most popular preachers took advantage of the occasion to dwell upon it as a lesson full of wholesome suggestiveness. In all those congregations scarcely an individual remained unmoved; tears were general, and the sobbing of the more impressionable at times rendered inaudible the words of the preacher. Frequently he was quite as much affected as his flock, and was

obliged to stop in his discourse before he could gain sufficient command over his feelings to proceed. If ever a sermon produced a really Christianizing influence, it was on this memorable occasion. It was impossible for any one, young or old, to have quitted the sacred edifice without taking with him or her a sense they had never experienced before, of a national sorrow joined with an awful consciousness of the instability of earthly greatness. The following day the excitement increased. Every shop in this busy hive was partially closed. Those which on the Saturday had been resplendent with the brightest colours of the rainbow, were now uniformly gloomy and monotonous. Hardly any business was done, except buying and selling materials for mourning; and there was but one subject of conversation, the terrible affliction that had befallen the sovereign and her people.

We can remember but one incident that presented similar features to the observer. This was the death of the Princess Charlotte. At the intelligence the nation was moved throughout the length and breadth of the land, but London surrendered itself to a sorrow that seemed to be without a feature of consolation. The old crone and the blooming girl felt the loss of the young and beautiful Princess, as of a beloved daughter or a favourite sister; and the stern man of business forgot the object of his speculations while brooding over such a melancholy evidence of the mere nothingness of objects of human interest. The Prince Consort has been permitted a longer career of usefulness and honour; but the age of forty-two is still too early for the close of a life full of objects of a noble ambition, and we cannot readily reconcile ourselves to the loss we know we have sustained by his demise. We shall miss that benevolent brow, and those kindly intelligent features, from our Court spectacles; still more shall we miss the energetic intellect that was to have presided at that most magnificent of spectacles fixed for next May; and it will take a prolonged interval before the people for whose enjoyment he laboured so earnestly will be able to forget the good he effected. For years the name of the Prince Consort will be fruitful of sorrowful suggestions, largely mixed with tender and grateful recollections, as of a friend lost, but not forgotten.

WAR WITH AMERICA.

IN one of Mr. Samuel Lover's most amusing stories, a village tailor of extravagantly bumptious impulses, goes about the thoroughfare frequented by the fighting boys of the district, dragging his upper garment behind him with one hand, while he flourishes over his head a pretty specimen of the native shilalegh, crying out with all the force of his lungs—"Who'll thread on the tail o' me coat? I'll be blue moulded for want of a bating." The narrative asserts that the rural heroes were not to be provoked—they looked on and smoked on with good-humoured apathy, and the self-elected champion of that particular portion of creation was always forced to retire to his shopboard *minus* the beating he so much desired.

Englishmen have been quite willing to consider their Transatlantic kinsmen to be about as good men as themselves in all manly attributes; and notwithstanding some shortcomings, they have been as ready to allow that they might hold an equally honourable position in the opinion of the world. It is not their fault that certain characteristic specimens of "the genuine Yankee" choose to rival the Irish tailor in their belligerent audacity—generally selecting John Bull for the most offensive declarations. John's forbearance is as well known as his ability to establish his manliness on a sufficient provocation. A domestic quarrel by which neither honour nor profit can be gained, every respectable man would do his best to avoid, and the English nation has allowed this impression to influence them under the various hostile manifestations which have from time to time been exhibited by the United States of North America. The latter have not been satisfied with a conspicuous display of gratification at our difficulties, but have shown their readiness to increase them by every means in their power. During the Russian war they gave material support to our enemies, while they evinced a captious desire to quarrel with us on the most frivolous pretences. At St. Petersburg the time of the American Minister was chiefly taken up in listening to the plans of his compatriots to be presented to the Russian Minister of War, for the total annihilation of British military and naval power. It is quite true that such designs were not approved of by the better class of American citizens, nor were the feelings out of which

they arose shared by them; but the foundation of the governing power of the United States lay in the intensely democratic masses of their very mixed population, not in the intellectual or commercial section of the people, and the government could only rely on democratic support. In consequence the relations of the two countries have rarely been in a satisfactory state. In short, it was only a sense of the enormous profit the Great Republic drew from their trade with England that maintained at Washington a semblance of respect for our alliance.

Under such a state of things broke out the war between the Northern and the Southern States of the American Union, when both parties in the quarrel exhibited a strong reliance on our support. The attitude of strict neutrality we at once took up and have since honourably maintained, there is little doubt satisfied neither, but the more popular party in the North assumed that because we did not enter thoroughly into their views respecting what they were pleased to term a rebellion, we were not playing into their hands. Consequently, England became the favourite subject of denunciation for all the publications that support extreme Federal views, and very intelligible threats were circulated far and wide, as to the extent of punishment we should shortly receive.

That Mr. Abraham Lincoln's administration were ready to endorse some of these sentiments was made sufficiently plain by the tone of Mr. Secretary Seward in his curt communication to Lord Lyons; while the direction in which we were menaced was shadowed forth in a proclamation addressed by him to the American populations bordering on Canada. Nothing has been more clearly apparent than the desire of the ultra-democrats to engage in a war with Great Britain for the conquest of her North American Colonies, and the government at Washington hope by the gratification of this feeling, not only to bring back to themselves the popularity they have lost by the ill-success of their movements against "the rebels," but to diffuse the same over the population of the South, till they can render their leaders accessible to a compromise that shall unite the two divisions into a grand demonstration for what they would consider a truly national object. That hos-

tility to England is to be found among the Secessionists is notorious, several of their leaders having previous to the war distinguished themselves in Congress by the bitterness of their anti-British sentiments, and at New Orleans the same feeling has been displayed in arbitrary proceedings against our countrymen. Something of this may be due to our not having forced the blockade of their ports, and to our delay in recognising Mr. Jefferson Davis as the President of a distinct State—both which acts they expected from us; but the animosity is more directly due to the careful and constant teaching of a virulent antagonism to the policy of England which the youth of the Great Republic had received from the ordinary sources of education.

The Confederates applied themselves to enlist the sympathy of Europe in their behalf, while firmly holding their own against the military and naval armaments which the greater resources of the Federal States enable them to organize. Many months have passed in warfare, yet little real advantage has been gained for the Union—unless we so regard a successful landing at Port Royal, a position of some importance on the coast of Virginia, one of the most energetic of the Confederate States. An expedition that has been sent to block up the ports of the Savannah and Charleston by sinking ships laden with stone, promises to be more mischievous, but we trust that the design may miscarry.

The blockade of the Southern ports has not prevented the sailing of many ships, though it has almost entirely put an end to their trade. Some privations it is very probable the citizens have been forced to endure, for there can be no market for their produce till it can be safely exported to Europe. It is natural, therefore, that their leading statesmen should have been desirous of representing their case to the principal European powers interested in their commerce, not without a hope that they may obtain either moral or material support. Two of the most eminent for talent and energy contrived to make their escape in a vessel that ran the blockade and landed her passengers safely at Havannah. Commander Wilkes of the United States, in command of a thirteen-gun steam-sloop, the *San Jacinto*, calling at this port, heard that Messrs. Slidell and Mason, accredited envoys from the Confederate States to certain European powers, had taken passage in the British Royal Mail Steamer *Trent*, and acting on

instructions from his superiors, he intercepted this vessel soon after she had left the neutral port and was still in neutral waters, boarded her with his boats' crews armed, and forcibly took from under the protection of the British flag the two envoys with their private secretaries, whom, in spite of the protest of the English Admiralty agent, the Captain of the Mail Steamer, as well as the captives, he carried to New York, whence they were sent in the *San Jacinto* to Boston, where they are now prisoners at Fort Warren.

The gratification derived from this unjustifiable proceeding by the majority of the countrymen of Commander Wilkes was intense, and displayed itself in the most extravagant eulogies of his bravery and determination—though what particular valour there could be in seizing an unarmed merchant vessel by the help of an overwhelming display of cutlasses and bayonets, and in carrying away from it four unarmed civilians, it would puzzle cleverer men than even the citizens of New York and Boston to describe. Some thought it best to put forward a plea of justification, and quoted Vattel, Puffendorf, and other writers on the Law of Nations with surprising liberality. To do this, however, they were obliged to make a remarkable change in the character of their prisoners. Hitherto the seceding States had been systematically treated as a portion of the empire in rebellion against the government, and all concerned in aiding and abetting their design were stigmatized as rebels. Now, however, it was acknowledged that those states were "belligerents," and that their envoys held the position of "ambassadors." Such a concession was made to bring in the despatches carried by such persons as contraband of war which was equally liable to seizure as the persons of those by whom they were carried. But even to the acceptance of this view of the case there were insurmountable difficulties. The vessel ought to have been seized and her character tried by a properly constituted tribunal before she could be condemned for carrying contraband of war—instead of which Commander Wilkes had acted in the capacity of Admiralty Judge, had allowed the vessel to go on her way, and had not succeeded in securing the despatches, the alleged offence; he had merely taken possession of the passengers of a neutral trading vessel carrying mails from one neutral port to another.

Wise and moderate men of the American

community regarded the act of the popular Commander, as an outrage for which there was neither excuse nor defence, and their only hope was that the more prudent portion of their government might have sufficient influence over their colleagues to avoid by a prompt disavowal the serious consequences which such an unprovoked insult was otherwise sure of producing. In the meantime Commander Wilkes became an object of hero-worship—wherever he showed himself, his photograph was regarded as almost as precious as a portrait of Washington—the popular press demanded his promotion, and so great became the enthusiasm of demonstrative Rowdies in his behalf, that had the election of President been pending, it is not at all improbable that he would have been proposed for that distinction. Unfortunately the hostility to England has not been confined to the lower classes of New York; when Commander Wilkes arrived at Boston, the capital of one of the most influential of the Northern States, he received a public ovation, at which the judges and merchants identified themselves with the populace, in commendation of that officer's conduct.

Mr. Lincoln, however, and his chief supporters did not go quite so far as the *Vox Populi* strenuously demanded. Nothing was at first said officially against the Commander of the *San Jacinto*. If he had overstepped the strict line of his duty, as on his first landing he seemed ready to admit, they were evidently not disposed to consider it a fault, but they had the discretion to refrain from the expression of any approval. They were not disinclined to go with the stream in sanctioning the action—indeed, it is believed that certain members of the Administration employed every available means of increasing the excitement that existed on the subject, with a view to securing it to themselves as a profitable investment.

While this fever at New York was at its height, the *Trent* arrived at her destination, and immediately the outrage to which the English flag had been made to submit became the one absorbing subject of conversation in Great Britain. It is scarcely possible to express the amount of public indignation it excited among all ranks of society and individuals of all political parties. Staid old business men were as much excited as any of their juniors who were most accessible to warlike impressions;

and civilians rivalled those whose profession is war in the heartiness and manliness of their opinions. Meetings were held in various parts of the country, at which declarations were made of the feelings with which the transaction was regarded; and from various bodies of sailors came spontaneous offers of service to avenge the insult. The Press took up the subject with a rare union of sentiment; all the great political parties were evidently of one opinion, and of one determination. Indeed, the talent with which the case was handled by our principal public writers, shows how deeply the intellect as well as the feelings of the nation had been stirred by the occurrence.

A Government presided over by a man of such energy as Lord Palmerston was not likely to lose time in useless discussions on so grave an emergency. A Cabinet Council was immediately summoned, the law officers of the Crown were appealed to for the true character of the incident as affecting international law, and after the case had been fully and maturely considered by the statesmen then assembled, a despatch was at once addressed to the President of the United States. The communication was moderate in tone, insisting only on the surrender of Messrs. Slidell and Mason, but was clear in meaning.

The Message of the President has reached us, but it contains no reference to the outrage on the British Flag. To us this appears designedly offensive, as though Mr. Lincoln thought it of too little importance to be brought before the attention of the people in a State document. The paper may be satisfactory to those for whom it has been composed, but we cannot find anything in its wordiness agreeable to Europe. However, if any doubt can be entertained of the intentions of the Executive regarding the offence committed against us, the proceedings of the two Houses of the Legislature allow of our entertaining no doubt whatever. Their first employment was to pass a vote of thanks to Commander Wilkes for his "spirited conduct" in boarding the British mail steamer and in forcibly taking away her passengers. This act is pregnant with meaning, and highly characteristic. It is a specimen of Yankee bounce in its most offensive shape, and nothing is left us but to treat the additional insult in a way that shall render it memorable.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of the outrage in England, appeared an account of it in the French journals. The comments of the most influential of them were written with as much good sense as liberal feeling; indeed, had the offence of Commander Wilkes been committed in a ship sailing under the Imperial flag, the writers could scarcely have expressed a heartier indignation. Nothing could be more generous than the sympathy which seemed to breathe in every line, nothing more friendly than the sentiment proclaimed in every paragraph. Such a line of conduct was truly worthy of a nation as proud of its position as of its honour, and was enhanced in value by a knowledge of the unremitting efforts made by the Northern Americans since the commencement of the Civil War, to pay flattering court to the Emperor of the French while indulging in rabid abuse of the English Government, and decrying everything that had the slightest connexion with England's prosperity. As it is a well-established fact that no opinion on matters of political importance can be published in the French journals without the sanction of the Emperor, these kindly notices were generally accepted as proofs of the loyalty of our powerful ally. Even amongst Englishmen who most distrusted the Napoleonic reserve, and could never reconcile themselves to the Napoleonic mystery, there have been found politicians willing to pay to such public professions of amity the homage of entire conviction.

It is singular that almost the only evidence of divided opinion in Europe as to the character of the transaction appeared in the British Empire. It will be remembered that on the outbreak of the Russian War, two or three public men of considerable influence distinguished themselves by the intensity of their opposition; the patriotic feeling, however, was so strong throughout the country that it forced them out of their commanding position, silenced, and left them without followers. At the first prospect of another war we find the same argument as noisily advocated. It amounts to this—that as a nation we ought to submit to be kicked, and keep our hands in our breeches pockets, because the punishment really does not hurt us at all; and while we hold fast by our money, it cannot make us a bit the poorer. Englishmen must have greatly degenerated if they require an answer to such sneaking rubbish as this. They must be

perfectly aware that such notions did nothing towards raising this empire to its present exaltation; and, if acted upon, that they could not maintain it there a day.

Another small division of the body politic—one far more mischievously inclined than “the Peace Party”—is to be found only in a neighbouring island. We shall have said quite enough of it when we state that it is the small knot of virulent journalists and frothy orators, self-styled “the Young Ireland Party.” While the exponents of peace principles were energetically representing that there has been no affront offered to the English flag, and are as vehemently declaring that Commander Wilkes was perfectly justified in taking passengers out of the mail steamer, the exponents of rebel principles are frantically asserting that the flag of the Saxon has been treated with the greatest possible contempt, and that in this exceedingly agreeable fact Irishmen are invited to see the first act of the stupendous drama which will close with their restoration to freedom, &c. &c. &c. A letter of advice, written by Mr. Smith O'Brien to the President of the United States, recently published by the former, is an exposition of this frantic tomfoolery worthy of its author.

We have thus entered into all the bearings of the American difficulty, that the reader may have the case before him in its entirety. It is of national interest, and, as a matter of course, of incalculable importance. It is impossible to exaggerate the gravity of the evils which may arise out of it. There is, however, but one course open to us. We have endured so many indignities—the Vancouver Island seizure, and the dismissal of our consuls will be prominently remembered amongst them—that further forbearance is absolutely impossible, unless we intend to take up the position of a fourth-rate power, and sink altogether out of the respect of the two worlds, where at so prodigious an affluence of courage and enterprise we have succeeded in establishing an empire on which it is no empty boast to say the sun never sets.

Before we consider the contingencies of the future, let us see if we cannot draw some advantage from the lessons of the past. We have twice already been at war with the American people—first as a revolted colony, lastly as a great Republic. On each occasion we undervalued the warlike resources and enterprise of a nation

distinguished by most of those attributes we took special pride to ourselves in possessing. When they rebelled, we sent against them in the field incapable commanders and badly appointed troops—on the sea, ships with half the proper complement of ordnance and men. The result was that, with one or two brilliant exceptions, we fared badly in every encounter. The time has gone by, we hope, when court favour could give to an inexperienced officer the direction of any important enterprise, and my Lords of the Admiralty, we trust, will have a full sense of their responsibility when they shall send a naval expedition for hostile purposes into the American waters. At present it happens that our fitness for undertaking a great war was never more evident; and we share the Duke of Wellington's opinion, that such an empire as Great Britain ought never to be drawn into a little one. Thanks to the general feeling of the necessity for preparation which has been developed during the last few years, we are prepared with warlike material of a marvellously effective character, never possessed by us before. We have abundance of ordnance of a destructive power unknown in either ancient or modern warfare; we have ships so cased with iron as to be invulnerable to an ordinary broadside, and so armed with newly-discovered projectiles as easily to effect the destruction of the most powerful vessel that could be opposed to them. We have artillery of such extraordinary range, that neither fort nor ship could stand against their fire, while they would be far out of range of the enemy's cannon.

The institution of the *Naval Reserve* has reinforced our warlike marine with a body of picked seamen, in courage and skill superior to any navy in the world; we have an army of well-disciplined troops that have proved their devotion to the service in the hard-fought battles of the Crimea, and in many an adventurous campaign in our Indian Empire; and we have a prodigious force of Volunteers, who have learned their duties sufficiently to be ready for any emergency that may call them into action. We should little appreciate the spirit which animates the ranks of these gallant fellows, should we doubt their willingness to follow the stirring example of the men of the Naval Reserve, in declaring their readiness for foreign service. Indeed, this has already been done. They, however, have been

enrolled only for home defence, and will have plenty of military work carved out for them in which their soldierly qualities will be thoroughly tested. More troops of the Line have been sent to reinforce Canada, and other regiments are available to aid the Marines in any demonstration that may be thought necessary to the one object which the British Government ought to hold in view—that of making the war, if war is forced upon us, short, sharp, and decisive. Mild measures, small hostilities, proceedings half-warlike and half-conciliatory, will not only be totally useless, but irremediably mischievous. We must show that we are in earnest, and with the least possible loss of time make an impression that "Britishers" are not quite so contemptible a race as the New York Rowdies and Boston orators are pleased to declare, and the Government at Washington seem determined to believe.

The American Federal navy consists of ten ships of the line—

Name.	Tonnage.	Guns.	Built.
Pennsylvania	3241	120	1837
Columbus . .	2480	80	1819
Ohio	2757	84	1820
North Carolina	2633	84	1820
Delaware . .	2633	84	1820
Vermont . .	2633	84	1840
New Orleans .	2805	84	1815
Alabama . .	2633	84	1818
Virginia . .	2633	84	1818
New York . .	2633	84	1853

It possesses the same number of fifty-gun frigates, from 1637 to 1867 tons, 2, the *Constitution* and the *United States*, built as far back as 1797, the others from fifteen to rather more than forty years old. There are also 2 sloops of 24 guns, and 7 of 22, and 7 of 20, and 4 of 16 guns; two brigs of 6 guns, and 1 of 4. Three store and troop vessels, carrying 2, 4, and 1 gun respectively, of from 468 to 327 tons. These are sailing vessels. The steam navy consists of six screw frigates of from 4580 tons to 3680 tons, that have not been afloat much more than fifteen years. Six screw sloops of from 40 to 13 guns, of from 2360 tons to 1446 tons, all built within the last five years; with three side-wheel vessels of 15, 11, and 9 guns, and from 2450 tons to 1446 tons. Eight second-class screw sloops, carrying from 6 to 5 guns, from 1289 tons to 694 tons; with one side-wheel of 4 guns and 698 tons. Four third-class screws, one of 8, three of 5 guns, of

from 549 tons to 464 tons, with four side-wheel steamers, two of 3 and two of one gun, of from 582 to 395 tons, and two steam tenders of 3 and 1 gun, and 382 and 217 tons, with Stevens' iron battery of 8 guns and 4683 tons, all of recent structure. This, however, is a very imperfect list, issued as far back as last May—the real naval force may be considered to double this in guns and tonnage. The older vessels are comparatively useless, but the new ones are exceedingly destructive.

In the *United Service Magazine* for December, there is a list of ships of the Royal Navy in commission on foreign service, amounting to 233 of every possible degree of armament—sailing vessels, and screws, and iron ships, of powers never before brought into action. This, however, can hardly bear comparison with our steam reserve fleet in ordinary at Chatham—the *first division* comprising 13 steamers, 200 guns, and 2000 horse-power; the *second division*, 19 steamers, 699 guns, and 6720 horse-power; and the *third division*, 24 steamers, 531 guns, and 7180 horse-power. Many of these are armed with the most formidable batteries ever employed in warfare. Even with this important addition, we are unable to give an adequate idea of the naval force at the disposal of the Admiralty; so busy are now our dockyards, and so enormous our powers of production when any extraordinary stimulus prevails in the Government establishments. There can, however, be no doubt that a flotilla could be immediately despatched across the Atlantic, of a strength never before seen in American waters.

Of course it is equally necessary to prepare to defend as well as to assault. The very mixed population of the Northern States of America contains a large percentage of Irish, whose bitter hostility to England is far more clear than its cause. There have been harsh and unwise measures resorted to from time to time during the English domination of Ireland; but whatever mistakes may have been committed in this way, there can be no question that the present generation of Irishmen have no real cause of complaint. A liberal spirit pervades all the laws passed by the Imperial Legislature for the advantage of the sister country, and a material prosperity has been expanding itself unmistakeably throughout the land. Nevertheless, the peasantry have expatriated themselves

in enormous masses into a country where they fancied they should enjoy a measure of freedom unknown to them at home. They have carried with them the fierce spirit that no effort at conciliation could tame; and though they were generally far lower in the social scale in the country of their adoption than they were in their native land, being the merest drudges in the labour market, they maintain a conviction that England is as much the cause of their disappointment as of their expatriation, and would eagerly avail themselves of the first opportunity to return to their abandoned homes in the character of avengers. The connexion which has always been carefully maintained between them and the "Young Ireland Party," would be improved upon, and an invasion on a large scale would readily be organized. This we should have to deal with in one of two places—by blockading the American ports so as to shut them in, by guarding the Irish coast so as to shut them out. Our steam navy can be increased to any extent, and there can be little question that the seaboard on both sides of the Atlantic could be so watched as to render a formidable descent in any part of Ireland almost impossible.

The other point of attack would be *Canada*. There preparations are being energetically made to resist an invasion with whatever force it can be attempted. It is as impossible to question the patriotic spirit of the Canadians, as to doubt their conviction of the value of the blessing they enjoy in living under the mild government by which they are ruled. Should they contrast them for a moment with what they would have to endure under the fierce republicanism that reigns paramount in "the model republic," there would be no need of arguments to strengthen their desire to defend their flourishing country. The population are known to be as loyal as they are brave, and are sure of not lessening the reputation for both qualities they have already won. But a very extensive frontier requires adequate protection, and for its defence large bodies of regular troops, including an ample proportion of cavalry and artillery, will be available as fast as they can be forwarded. Already several regiments have been despatched; but for the defence of a line of frontier 1500 miles in length of easy access from the American side, and for the preservation of a territory, including the various provinces of British America, which exceeds the United States when

intact, stronger reinforcements will be demanded. The colonists have not been unregardful of the insults of their republican neighbours, and are well aware of their aggressive intentions. They are getting ready for the conflict, and will make a stout fight whenever and wherever they are attacked; but the prodigious military resources the Federal Government have been accumulating for the annihilation of the Secessionists, which are at the disposal of the Federal commanders, give to the prospect of a Canadian invasion unusual perils. They must and will be met by defensive preparations on a scale unusually large, and the strength and character of the reinforcements which have recently been despatched across the Atlantic, show that the Government are fully sensible of the gravity of the crisis.

There is still one more contingency to consider and prepare for. Although a deficit of forty millions sterling in his exchequer may have compelled the Emperor of the French to slacken a little that extraordinary energy in pushing the warlike resources of the empire to their extreme limit, which has awakened in this country such general apprehension for its object, it should be borne in mind that the magazines and arsenals of France, her docks and ports, are full to overflow of engines of destruction on the most formidable scale, while her garrisons and barracks contain a military force superior in arms and numbers to the Grand Army with which the first Napoleon invaded Russia—a force, that with the assistance of an admirable combination of railways and steam transports, may be directed against the opposite coast with a facility totally unknown in former wars. Perhaps we have no cause to doubt the loyalty of our formidable ally; nor should we doubt it, could we obtain any satisfactory reason for the prodigious expenditure which has for the last few years been devoted to the production of extraordinary means of offence and defence, while it was alleged that *the Empire was Peace!*

We ought to be satisfied with the tone of the French press when commenting on the outrage on board the *Trent*; in point of fact, however, the insult offered to our neutral flag ought to be considered an insult offered to all; and a nation holding the proud position France enjoys, whose policy throughout the American quarrel has been identical with that of England,

could scarcely have noticed such an attack on neutral rights without indignation. France, too, is not without a cause for taking up the gauntlet on her own account, one of her merchant vessels having been purposely run into by the *San Jacinto*, and the flag she bore otherwise treated with special insolence. Indeed, it is now well known that the Washington Government sent instructions to the commanders of certain of their vessels of war to intercept any merchant ship proceeding to a European port, and forcibly to take from her any fugitives from the Southern States who might be suspected of carrying despatches.

The industry of Imperial France is also gravely affected by this quarrel, and her policy and her dignity would be equally consulted by a joint action with Great Britain in obtaining satisfaction for the gross outrage that has been committed against the rights of neutrals. By interposing between the belligerents, she would help to put an end to a state of things that the longer it is prolonged the deeper will it affect the commerce of Europe.

This is a wise and dignified course of action for our faithful ally, but its adoption is by no means certain. Whether he has still "a mission" to perform, we cannot say; it is as impossible to imagine the Emperor's intentions as to penetrate his designs. One thing, however, is sure—that upon entering on war we ought to be prepared for all eventualities. General Scott, there is little doubt, was sent by his Government to make a communication to the Emperor of France; he had a long interview with a member of the Emperor's family, after which he immediately hurried back to America. The course of events may show what was the nature of General Scott's mission. Lord Palmerston is not the man to overlook any possible contingency, and the spirit of the nation, whose destiny may now with perfect truth be said to be in his hands, will warmly support him in any measures he may think it necessary to adopt to secure the country, should she be assailed by new dangers during her engagement with her present adversary.

It is not difficult to anticipate the course of action of the Washington Government in forcing on a war with this country. To realize the Monroe doctrine by the appropriation of the entire American continent is the dream of Yankee patriotism, and the neighbouring British

colonies have long been doomed to follow the example of Texas, California, and other portions of the soil that have recently been absorbed into the Union. Mr. Abraham Lincoln, and some of his ministers, appear to be under the impression that this aspiration for dominion is still the first and dearest wish of every citizen of the Republic, whether Secessionist or Republican, between whom all differences of opinion would at once be set aside when the grand national object should be made attainable. Doubtless they also imagine that by provoking a war with England, directly America should be attacked by the latter, the American animosity known to exist in the South would force the Confederate Government to join the Federalists in a combination against what would be considered the common enemy. It so happens that the ablest and most influential of the two captive envoys from the South has distinguished himself in Congress by his anti-British sentiments, and it is not unlikely that attempts may be made to influence the leading Secessionists, through him, to forget their domestic differences for the purpose of urging together a more profitable warfare against a foreign foe. The Washington Ministry may also entertain a hope of engaging one or more of the great European Powers in hostilities against Great Britain, as soon as she is engaged in a war that must draw away from her shores a very important portion of her naval and military resources. Whatever may be the reliance of the President and his council on such contingencies, it is certain that they feel themselves in a desperate condition, and have made up their minds to play a desperate game.

To defeat such objects is to make the war exclusively beneficial to the Southern States. The message lately published by their able President, Mr. Jefferson Davis, shows how strong is their position and how hopeful their prospects. The manner in which they have inflicted defeat after defeat upon the Federalists, and maintained a beleaguering force almost within sight of the Federal capital, entitles them to the distinction of a belligerent power. An acknowledgment of their independence by the British Government should be the first fruits of a refusal by Mr. Lincoln to liberate their distinguished citizens, Messrs. Slidell and Mason, and their secretaries, from their prisons in the North, and to surrender them unharmed to the British Ambassador.

We are interposing as friends of the Confederates, and the true character of this interference should be demonstrated by our subsequent course of action. No room should be left for misconception of our motives. We must so completely identify ourselves with their dearest object—the achievement of their independence—that the sense of their obligation should dissipate the miserable prejudice and stilted ambition on which those who attempt “to feed fat the ancient grudge” entirely rely. Lastly, the throwing open the Southern Ports, and setting free for exportation the produce of the plantations, would make them dependent on England for their material prosperity, and knit still more closely the bonds of amity and reliance. The eternal division of the Union thus effected, would be a measure of sound policy for this country; indeed, we might add, for all countries. With the consideration of what further changes might follow, we need not trouble ourselves at present. There exist in the South, elements out of which a great nation might easily be formed, and we cannot entertain a doubt that such elements will, if wisely directed, be grandly developed in the fulness of time.

There is a matter of great importance connected with this question of peace or war, which cannot be too strongly urged upon the consideration of the British Government. North American spies beset all our manufactories of weapons and combustibles—all our ship-building docks and arsenals; in short, everywhere where information can be obtained respecting our military and naval resources and their destination. Ostensibly this comprehensive system of espionage has been organized to secure to the Federal Government early notice of contraband of war destined for “the Rebels,” but it is not improbable that another use was intended, and a knowledge of the attempt to obtain the whole of the saltpetre in the market, which attempt the proclamation lately issued has rendered abortive, strengthens this surmise. The hostility of Mr. Seward has been developing itself in preparations for taking us at a disadvantage. We trust that his unprincipled agents will be hunted out, and returned to their employers with all possible despatch. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the American Admiralty are well aware of what we have been doing, and have given instructions for doing something in direct antagonism to it.

We may expect to have the most powerfully propelled steam-vessels of light draught, armed with a destructive battery of Paixhans, pitted against our less heavily armed craft, wherever they may be found; while our heavy line-of-battle ships and formidable flotillas, the while, will look for an enemy in vain. It is now the time to test the efficiency of our 100-lb. Armstrongs, and other formidable ordnance; and if they be reliable weapons, we cannot do better than employ them for the defence of all vessels likely to be selected for attack, not forgetting our gold-ships sailing from Australia, that must otherwise become an easy prey. We may also anticipate the production of floating batteries and steam-rams, submarine infernal machines, and steam-directed missiles of a nature quite as destructive as anything of the kind that has been completed either in France or in England. The energy of our enemy would only be exceeded by his enterprise: and while the most daring efforts would be made to surprise and overpower our weaker vessels, the most strenuous exertions would be employed to destroy our strongest. Our naval commanders, if judiciously selected, and properly provided, are not likely to be caught at a disadvantage. They must be well aware of the character of their opponents, and ought to understand their responsibility too well to trust anything to chance. Daring and promptitude, combined with skill and enterprise, however prominent, will not suffice, unless they be directed with a necessary amount of caution. If this be done, there can be no disasters to chronicle, such as our ill-managed navy suffered in 1815, and the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*, instead of being the exception, will be the rule of our nautical campaign.

The financial condition of the Federalists is not quite so trustworthy as it may appear to a superficial observer. Hitherto the bankers and merchants have answered the appeal of their Government with remarkable energy; but when all commerce shall be at an end, and the increase of taxation render the revenue more and more difficult to collect, they will not be able to render the President further assistance. The idea of a foreign loan may probably be entertained; but the result of the borrowings of many of these Northern States is so notorious, that no European capitalist, in his senses, would risk his money on such security as they could offer. Under these circum-

stances the American funds may be expected to suffer great deterioration; nor shall we be surprised if payment of the interest should suddenly cease. This, however, is conjectural. If we cannot rely on the American sense of moral obligation, we can implicitly on the fierceness of their antagonism; and this we shall have to combat.

On the loyalty of our powerful ally, therefore, will depend, in an eminent degree, the future of this grave crisis in the affairs of our Fatherland. If he really delights in the rôle of judge of the highest court of appeal in Europe, and grand referee of national quarrels, he now possesses a noble opportunity for showing his large sense of justice, and high elevation above all selfish ambition. We would venture to remind him of the consequences which followed the miserable policy of Louis XVI. in our quarrel with our revolted colony. His interposition was the means of inoculating France with that republican virus which shortly afterwards spread a raging disease over the kingdom, that destroyed the Church, the Throne, and the State. It was Bourbon wisdom, and like the over-reaching sagacity of that dynasty, was the wisdom of utter foolishness. The more completely the Napoleon policy contrasts with this, the greater, the nobler, the wiser will appear the sovereign for whom that dynasty has been superseded by the French people. Napoleon the Third has been the faithful ally of Queen Victoria in two memorable wars, and was prepared to join with her in a demonstration against Mexico, which recent events have rendered unnecessary. There is no obligation to stand in his way, there is every honourable inducement that should prevail upon him, to convince England of the kindly feeling towards her he has so often avowed, by a declaration of his readiness to combine with her in arms as well as in diplomacy, to secure satisfaction from the Washington Government for the outrage which Commander Wilkes has committed against the flags of both nations. But should the Emperor exhibit anything like reticence on this point, England must be content, and will be content, to proceed in the quarrel alone. Her resources, we have not the slightest doubt, will suffice for any emergency, and the spirit of her people, we are equally sure, would be as capable of dealing with the danger, were still more powerful enemies to attempt her destruction.

THE ROUND OF WRONG.

CHAPTER XII.

(continued.)

MADAME Chermidy conceived, caressed, debated, and rejected the idea of a crime, while closing her parasol and bowing to Germaine, who did not know her.

Germaine received her with that expansive grace and openness of heart, which only the happy ones in this world can have. The visit of an unknown lady was not calculated to embarrass her, for she daily received kind neighbours, who had felt an interest in her recovery, and came to rejoice with her at her health. The widow stammered confusedly, owing to the tumult of her thoughts.

"Madame," she said, "you could not expect—I did not expect, myself—had I but known—Madame, I have just arrived from Paris—the Duke de la Tour, who honours me with his friendship——"

"You know my father, madame," Germaine quickly interrupted her; "have you seen him recently?"

"Within a week."

"My poor father—how is he? He writes to us very rarely. Tell me about my mother!"

Madame Chermidy bit her lip.

"I did not expect," she went on, without replying, "to find you in such good health. The last letter the Duke received from Corfu——"

"Yes; I was in a very low state, but I was refused admission to paradise. Pray sit down by my side—at the present moment my father and mother no longer feel alarm. Oh, I am really saved—but you can see it, I am sure. Look at me carefully."

"Yes, madame. After what we heard at Paris it is a miracle."

"A miracle of friendship and love. The Countess, my mother, is so kind; my husband is so good to me."

"Ah! that is a pretty boy playing there. Is he yours, madame?"

Germaine rose from her seat, looked at the widow, and recoiled in horror, as if she had stepped on a viper.

"Madame," she said to the unknown, "you are Madame Chermidy!"

The widow rose in her turn, and marched straight on Germaine, as if to trample her under-foot. "Yes," she said, "I am the mother of the Marquis, and

the wife, before heaven, of Don Diego. How did you recognise me?"

"By the tone in which you spoke of your child."

This was said with so much gentleness that Madame Chermidy was affected with a strange feeling. Anger, surprise, and all the emotions that choked her burst forth in one intense sob, and two large tears coursed down her cheeks. Germaine was not aware that people can cry from rage. She pitied her enemy, and said to her simply, "Poor creature."

The tears dried instantaneously, like drops of rain falling into a crater.

"Poor creature! This to me!" Madame Chermidy replied, acridly. "Well, yes, I am to be pitied, because I have been deceived; because my good faith has been abused; because heaven and earth have conspired together to betray me; because I have been robbed of name, fortune, the man I love, and the child I bore in grief and lamentation!"

Germaine was terrified at this explosion of wrath, and she turned her eyes toward the house, as if seeking aid.

"Madame," she said, trembling, "if you have come to my house for this purpose——"

"Your house; perhaps you will call your servants to drive me from *your* house. In truth, that is admirable! Why, it is *my* house; you have nothing you do not derive from me! Your husband, your child, your fortune, the very air you breathe, all come from me; they are a pledge I entrusted to you; you owe me everything and will never repay me! You were vegetating in Paris on a wretched pallet; the physicians condemned you to death; you had not three months to live. I was promised it! Your father and mother would have died of hunger had it not been for me! The La Tour family would now be but a pile of dust in the common ditch. I have given you everything: father, mother, husband, child, and life; and you dare to tell me to my face that I am in *your* house. You must really be very ungrateful!"

It was difficult to reply to this savage eloquence. Germaine crossed her arms on her chest, and said, "When I examine my conscience I cannot find myself guilty of anything save of recovering. I never contracted any engagements with you, as I meet you to-day for the first time. It

is true that without you I should have been dead long ago; but if you have saved me it was against your will, and the proof of it is that you have now come to reproach me with the air I breathe. Did you select me as wife for the Count de Villanera? Perhaps you did; but you chose me because you believed me hopelessly condemned. I do not owe you any gratitude for that. And now what can I do to be of service to you? You can command me in everything, except dying."

"I ask nothing, I want nothing, I expect nothing."

"Then what did you come here to do? Oh, I see! you expected to find me dead."

"I had a right to do so, but I ought to have made some inquiries about your family: the La Tours never paid their debts."

At this coarse remark Germaine lost patience.

"Madame," she said, "you see that I am quite well; as you only came here to bury me, your journey is over. Nothing keeps you here."

Madame Chermidy resolutely seated herself on the stone bench as she said, "I shall not go till I have seen Don Diego."

"Don Diego!" the convalescent said. "You shall not see him! I will not let you see him. Listen to me attentively, madame. I am still very weak, but I will find a lion's strength to defend my husband. It is not that I doubt him; he is good, he loves me as a sister, and will soon love me as a wife. But I do not wish to have his heart distracted between past and present; it would be dreadful to condemn him to choose between us. Besides, you see that he has made his choice, as he no longer writes to you."

"Child! you have not learned what love is in your barley-water. You know not the empire we assume over a man when we have made him happy! You never saw what golden threads, finer and closer than those of a spider's web, we weave about his heart. I have not come to declare war against you without arms; I bring with me the remembrance of three years of passion, gratified and never satiated. You are at liberty to oppose to this your sisterly kisses and schoolgirl caresses. Perhaps you fancy you have extinguished the fire I kindled? Wait till I have blown on it, and you will see a grand conflagration."

"You shall not speak to him, even were he weak enough to consent to this fatal interview; his mother and I will manage to prevent it."

"I care not for his mother! I have claims on her too, and I will prove them."

"I know not what claims a woman can have who has behaved like you, but I know that the church and the law gave the Count de Villanera to me, on the same day as they gave me to him."

"Listen. I leave you the entire disposition of all the property you possess. Live, be happy and rich: cause the happiness of your family, nurse the old age of your parents, but leave me Don Diego. He is nothing to you as yet, as you have just confessed; he is not your husband, he is only your physician, your nurse, the assistant of Dr. le Bris."

"He is everything to me, madame, since I love him."

"Ah! now we have it—come, let us change the key. Give me back my son. He is mine, at any rate; I hope you will not deny that: when I handed him over to you, I made my conditions. You have not kept your word, so I withdraw mine."

"Madame," Germaine replied, "if you really loved little Gomez, you would not dream of depriving him of his name and fortune."

"I do not care; I love him for myself, as all mothers do. I would sooner have a bastard to kiss every morning than hear a Marquis call you mamma."

"I am aware," Germaine replied, "that the child was yours, but you gave him to me. You have no more right to reclaim him than I have to give him up to you."

"I will appeal to law. I will reveal the mystery of his birth. I run no risk now; my husband is dead, so he cannot kill me."

"You will lose your cause."

"But I shall gain a glorious scandal. Ah! Madame de Villanera is punctilious about the honour of her name! Infamous deeds have been done to render the name of the Villaneras illustrious. I will pilory this grand name which Italy disputes with Spain. I will move the trial from court to court: I will have it inserted in all the papers: I will amuse the public-houses of Paris with it, and the old Countess will burst with spite. The lawyers may say what they please, the judges do as they like! I shall lose my trial; but all future Villaneras will have the Chermidy stain."

She spoke with so much heat that her language attracted the attention of the little Marquis. He was about ten yards from them, being engaged in planting branches in the sand, to make a little garden. He quitted his labour and planted himself before Madame Chermidy, with his fist thrust in his side. On seeing him approach Germaine said to the widow, "Passion must render you very forgetful, madame. For an hour you have been claiming this child, and never once thought of folding him to your heart!"

The Marquis offered his cheek with considerable reluctance, and then said to his terrible mother in the broken language of children of that age:

"What 'oo say to mamma?"

"Marquis," Germaine replied, "this lady wants to take you to Paris. Will you go with her?"

The boy's only reply was to throw himself into Germaine's arms, and cast an angry glance at Madame Chermidy.

"We all love him," Germaine said; "you as well. That is clear."

"It is natural, he is so like his father." The widow said to her son, "Look at me; do you not know me?"

"No."

"I am your mother."

"No."

"You are my son—my son!"

"Not 'oo son; mamma Germaine's son."

"Have you not another mother?"

"Yes, I have mamma Nera. She is gone to mamma Vitre's."

"It seems that all the world is his mamma, save myself. Do you not remember me at Paris?"

"What dat Paris?"

"I gave you sugarplums."

"What sugarplums?"

"Come, children are little men; they cut ingratitude with their teeth. Marquis de los Montes de Hiero, listen to me. All these mammas are those who have brought you up, while I am your real mother, your only mother, the one who bore you."

The child understood nothing, except that the lady was scolding him. He cried bitterly, and Germaine had difficulty in consoling him. "For see, madame," she said to the widow, "that no one keeps you here, not even the Marquis."

"I will tell you my final resolve," she replied, firmly. But a well-known voice interrupted her: it was Dr. le Bris, who

had arrived from Corfu at full gallop. He had seen Lump at a window of the Trafalgar Hotel, and had brought the grand news at full speed. Madame Chermidy's driver, whom he found at the door of the villa, caused him an awful alarm by telling him that he had brought a lady. He ran through the house, kicked up every servant he came across, and rushed down the garden steps at full speed.

The doctor did not think that Madame Chermidy was capable of a crime; still, he breathed a sigh of satisfaction on finding Germaine as he had left her. He felt her pulse before anything else, and said, "Countess, you are rather agitated, and I think that solitude would be of great service to you. Be kind enough to sit down, while I lead this lady back to her carriage."

He gave this decree with a smile, but in such a tone of authority that Madame Chermidy accepted his arm without a reply.

When they had gone a little distance, he said to her, "I hope, my lovely patient, that you do not intend to undo my handiwork? What on earth have you come to seek here?"

She replied, simply, "What letter did you write to the old Duke?"

"Ah! I see; in truth, we had a stormy week; but fine weather has returned."

"Is there no resource, Key of Hearts?"

"None, I am sorry to say."

"What do you gain by it?"

"Only the satisfaction of doing my duty. It is a famous cure, come: they are not to be counted by dozens."

"My poor fellow, people say you will get on, but I am afraid you will grovel all your life. Clever men are sometimes very stupid."

"What can I do? It is impossible to satisfy the whole world."

"What will become of me? I lose everything."

"Do you think so?"

"Undoubtedly!"

"Do you count thousands as nothing? you are a woman of sense, you looked out for the solid."

"Are you expressing your own opinion?"

"Mine and some other persons'."

"Is Don Diego one of them?"

"Possibly."

"They are very unjust. For a trifle I would return him all he gave me."

"You are quite certain he would not accept it. Good-bye, madame."

"Is that Mathieu the Duke sent you from Paris still in your service?"

"Yes; why?"

"Because I told you to be on your guard against him."

"That was the very reason I prevented his being turned away."

Madame Chermidy returned hurriedly to town. This retreat strongly resembled a rout, and Lump, who was awaiting news at the window, guessed at the first glance that the battle-field had remained in the hands of the enemy. The widow rushed up-stairs, threw herself into an easy-chair, and said to her accomplice, "The day is lost!"

"Has she recovered?"

"She is cured!"

"The impudent creature! Did you see the Count?"

"No; they will hide him from me so cleverly that I shall not get at him. Le Bris almost turned me out of doors."

"If ever he gets a patient again may I lose my good name. And my little Jew—was he an ass?"

"Or a rogue. He has cheated us like all the rest!"

"Who can one trust in, if we cannot put faith in a convict? I suppose they have discharged him?"

"No; he is still there."

"Come, there is a chance! You will not give in altogether?"

"Nonsense! I must see Don Diego."

"We will find him for you."

"We will hire some cottage near the villa."

"Ah! if you ever get him to yourself, you will do anything you please with him: you are magnificent."

"It is my passion. I claimed the child and threatened a lawsuit. He will be afraid to come."

"If he comes you will carry him off?"

"Like a feather!"

"Perhaps you did wrong to speak about a trial, for he is too haughty to yield to that. Attacking a Spaniard with threats is like stroking a wolf against the hair."

"If threats are of no use, I have another idea. I will make a will in favour of the Marquis, leave him every farthing, and kill myself."

"Is that your scheme? That will be a deal of use."

"What a goose you are! I will kill myself without hurt. The will will prove that I do not care for money—the knife will prove that I do not care for life. But

I shall not pretend to stab myself till he turns the handle of the door."

Lump considered the invention excellent, though not precisely novel. "Good," she said; "he is a simple gentleman: he will not allow a woman he once loved to commit suicide for his sake. What asses men are! If I had been as pretty as you I would have played them some tricks."

The next day the two women, escorted by a hired servant, proceeded to the south of the island. They found, near the Villa Dandolo, a pretty house for sale or lease, with a meadow. It was the one the dowager had chosen for the Duke, in case he came to spend the summer in Corfu, and it was also the castle in the air of poor Mantoux, called *Littleluck*. The house was hired on the twenty-fourth, furnished on the twenty-fifth, occupied on the morning of the next day, and the news was speedily sent to Don Diego.

For three days the count had been in torture. Germaine told him of the visit she had received. The poor child did not know how he would receive the news, and yet she wished to break it to him herself. In announcing to Don Diego the arrival of his former mistress she assured herself in a moment if he were really cured of his love. A man taken by surprise has not the time to prepare his face, and the first impression that appears on it is the true one. Germaine played for a heavy stake in subjecting her husband to such a trial, for a glance of joy in the count's eyes would have killed her more surely than a pistol-ball. But women are made so, and their heroic love prefers a sure danger to uncertain happiness.

The count was thoroughly cured; for he heard the news with evident dissatisfaction; his brow was clouded by a sorrow not at all exaggerated, because it was sincere. He did not seem either outraged or scandalized; for Madame Chermidy's behaviour, though impertinent in the eyes of all the rest, was excusable for him. He did not put on the grimace of the governor of a province who hears that the enemy has effected a descent upon his shores; but he evinced the chagrin of a man whose felicity a foreseen accident has arrived to trouble.

Germaine could not repeat to him without some degree of anger the insolent remarks of this woman and her monstrous pretensions. The doctor joined in chorus with her; and the old countess openly regretted that she had not been there to throw the creature into the sea or out of

the door. But Don Diego, instead of espousing the quarrel of the whole family, applied himself to soothe anger and dress wounds. He defended his old mistress, or rather pitied her, as a gentleman who no longer loves, but flatters himself that he is still loved. He performed this duty with such delicacy that Germaine admired him for it, as she appreciated once again the rectitude and firmness of his mind. She allowed him to bestow his pity on Madame Chermidy, because she was quite sure she had his whole love.

The dowager was far less tolerant, for the claim to the boy and the threat of a scandalous trial exasperated her. She spoke of nothing less than handing the widow over to the magistrates, and having her disgracefully expelled as an adventuress. "Mr. Stevens is our friend," she said; "he will not refuse us this slight service." She considered that the visit of Madame Chermidy to Germaine bore all the character of an attempted murder, for the presence of so venomous a creature was enough to kill a convalescent. And the doctor did not say no.

The count tried to calm his mother. "Do not be alarmed," he said; "she will bring no trial; she is not so unnatural as to compromise her son at the same time as us. Anger doubtlessly led her astray. It's easy for us who are happy to speak sensibly; but she must be indignant with me, and regard me as a great villain, for I abandoned her without any cause of reproach. I have not written a line to her in eight months, and have given my whole soul to another. She would be still more angry with me if she knew that the happiest days of my life are those I spent far from her and near Germaine, or if I were to tell her that my heart is full of love up to the brim, like those goblets which one drop more would make run over. Let me dismiss her with kind words. Why should I not go and open my heart to her, and show her there is no room left for her? It only needs one hour of gentleness and firmness to change this embittered love into pure and durable friendship. She will no longer dream of making a scandal; she will remain worthy to meet us in society, and to inquire at times after her son. There are few women who do not run the risk of elbowing in society some ex-mistress of their husbands, still they do not pluck out each other's eyes; past and present live happily together, so soon as the frontier that separates them is distinctly traced. Con-

sider, besides, that our situation is rather exceptional. Whatever we may do, whatever that unhappy woman may do, she will still be in the sight of God the mother of our child. If she had only been its nurse, we should consider it our duty to insure her against wretchedness; then let us not refuse to take an innocent and prudent step which may save her from despair and crime."

Don Diego spoke with such good faith that Germaine offered him her hand, and said, "I told that woman she should never see you again; but had I then heard you speak with so much reason and experience I would have fetched you myself and taken you to her. Order the carriage without loss of time; run and say farewell to her, and pardon her the ill she has done me as freely as I pardon her."

"Very fine!" the Countess Dowager said; "but if he were to get into the carriage I would unharness the horses with my own hand. Don Diego, you did not consult me when you took a mistress; you did not listen to me when I told you you had fallen into the clutches of an intriguer. But, as you consult me to-day, you must hear me to the end. I arranged your marriage; I suffered you, on behalf of the family, to form a bargain, which would be odious among the middle classes; but the greatness of the interest involved, and the principle to be saved, excuse much. Heaven has allowed an affair, begun so badly, to turn out well; but it shall never be said that, during my lifetime, you left your holy and legitimate wife to go to your old mistress. I am well aware you no longer love her, but you do not despise her sufficiently for me to consider you cured. This Chermidy had you for three years in her clutches, and I will not let you run the risk of falling into them again. You may shake your head, my son, but the flesh is weak. I know it from your case, if not from my own. I am acquainted with men, although I had never one to pay court to me. But when a woman has been at the play for fifty years, she may be allowed to know something of the plot; and remember this: the best of men is not worth a dump, and you may consider yourself the best of men if you like. You are cured of you love, but these parasitic amours belong to the family of the acacia. You pull up the tree and burn the roots, but yet scions spring up by thousands. Who can guarantee me that the sight of this woman will not make you lose your head?"

for your brain is not strong enough to bear such a shock. A man who has once drunk will drink, and you drank so heavily that people thought you drowned in liquor. If you had been married three or four years, if you were living the life you will soon lead, if the marquis had a brother or a sister, I might, perhaps, relax the bridle. But, supposing that your madness were to come on again, I should have done a pretty thing in marrying you to our angel. For these reasons, my dear count, you will not go to Madame Chermidy's, even to say good-bye to her; and if you chose to go against my will, you will not find your mother or wife here on your return."

Don Diego could say nothing in reply, but he felt ill at ease for several days. M. le Bris changed his patient, and took care of his friend's mind. He tried to uproot the obstinate illusions the count still yielded to as regarded his mistress, and he pitilessly broke all the pieces of coloured glass which the poor gentleman had allowed to be placed before his eyes. He told him all he knew about the lady's past history; he showed her to him, ambitious, greedy, cunning, in fact, such as she was. "I am called the tomb of secrets," the doctor thought, while unpacking his budget of scandal, "but justice has the right to open tombs." He saw that Don Diego still doubted, so he made him read the last letter he had received from Madame Chermidy. The count was seized with horror at finding in it a hint at assassination, for which a reward of twenty thousand pounds was held out.

The duke arrived upon this, and furnished a living proof of Madame Chermidy's criminality. The poor old gentleman had travelled without accident, thanks to that instinct of self-preservation we have in common with the brutes: but his mind had dropped all its ideas on the road, like a necklace of beads of which the string is broken. He managed to find the Villa Dandolo, and dropped in on the astonished family with no more emotion than if he had just left his bedroom. Germaine leaped on his neck and smothered him in caresses, and he endured them like a dog, that affords amusement to a child.

"How kind and good you are!" she said to him. "You knew my danger and came hurrying to me."

"Stay, let me see; you are not dead, then? how have you settled matters? I am very pleased at it—that is, not extremely; and Honorine is furious with

you. Is she not here? she came to marry Villanera—if she would only pardon me."

It was impossible to get a word from him as to the Duchess' health; but he spoke of Honorine as much as they liked. He described all the happiness and wretchedness she had caused him; all his conversation turned on her, all his questions related to her; he wished to see her at any price, and he displayed the craft of an Indian savage to discover Honorine's address.

The poor old man's unexpected arrival was a serious grief to Germaine, and a cruel lesson for Don Diego. The Dowager, who never had any sympathy for the Duke, took but slight interest in the ruin of his intellect, but she triumphed at having in her power a victim of Madame Chermidy's. She attached herself closely to the poor old Duke; she dragged from him all the secrets of his wretchedness and his decadence, and she continually turned the handle of this cracked instrument, whose music was sweet to her maternal ears.

The Duke had been mooning about the house for some hours, when Madame Chermidy sent to let Don Diego know that she was his neighbour, and expecting him. The Count showed the letter to M. le Bris.

"What reply would you give in my place?" he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"I would offer her money. She came here to take your name, person, and fortune; when she saw that the Countess was not dead, she resigned the first and fell back on the other two. When she sees that she will have to resign the second too, she will be satisfied with money."

"But this trial, the scandal she threatens us with!"

"Offer her money."

"But her son!"

"Money, I tell you; of course it must be a good round sum. You give a penny to a man who begs in his shirtsleeves, a shilling to the man who has a coat, and five to a man who wears a suit of black; now, calculate how much you must offer one who begs in a coach and four."

"Will you go and see what she wants?"

"Of course. You hired me by the month, so the visits are not counted."

The doctor proceeded to Madame Chermidy's. When he entered he found her prepared for a scene; seated languishingly in a large chair, with pendant

arms and unloosed hair, she looked like Niobe, all tears.

"Good day, madame," the doctor said; "pray don't disturb yourself, it is only I."

She sprang up, and ran to him, saying:

"Is it you, my friend? You caused me great pain the other day—ought you to have received me in such a way after so long a parting?"

"Do not talk about that, pray. I have not come as a friend, but as an envoy."

"Shall I not see him, then?"

"No; but if you are anxious to see anybody, I can show you the Duke."

"What, is he here?"

"Since the morning—a pretty object you have made of him."

"I am not responsible for all the old fools who lose their heads for me."

"Nor for the thousands they lose at your house. Granted."

"In good faith, Key of Hearts, do you believe that I am a woman of money?"

"Massive! how much do you want to return to Paris and keep quiet?"

"Nothing."

"Your passage will be paid, even if it cost ten thousand pounds."

"There are two of us. I brought Lump."

"The sum may be doubled."

"What would you gain by that! If I am what you suppose, I would take the money to-day and make a disturbance to-morrow. But I am worth more than all of you."

"Much obliged."

"Stay, handsome ambassador. Carry this to the king, your master, and tell him that if he has any commissions for the next world, he can send them to me this evening."

"What! extreme measures so soon."

"Yes, my friend; there is my last will and testament. The parcel is not sealed: you can read it."

He read:—

"On the point of voluntarily quitting a life which the desertion of Count de Villanera has rendered hateful to me—"

"Naughty woman!" the Doctor said, breaking off his reading.

"It is the pure truth."

"Oblige me by omitting that sentence. In the first place it is not grammatical."

"Women only write letters well; they have no speciality for wills."

"Well, then, I proceed:"

"I, Honorine Lavenaze, Widow Chermidy, being of sound mind and body, bequeath all my estates, funded property,

&c., without reserve, to Gomez, Marquis de los Montes de Hierro, only son of the Count de Villanera, my old lover. Signed, sealed, and delivered," and so on."

"And it will come into operation to-morrow."

"I believe not."

"You defy me?"

"Certainly."

"And why should I not kill myself, if you please?"

"Because it would cause too much pleasure to three or four honest people of my acquaintance. Good-bye, madame."

The door had hardly closed on the Doctor, when Lump came from an adjoining room, accompanied by Mantoux.

CHAPTER XIII.

PLAYING WITH EDGED TOOLS.

MATHIEU MANTOUX could not console himself for the recovery of Germaine. He accused the druggist of having sold him adulterated arsenic, a very forgery of poison. In his grief he neglected his duties, and wandered dreamily about the villa, the object of his walk being ever that pretty little property of which he had once hoped to be lord. Through continually looking at it, he knew the minutest details about it, just as if he had been brought up there from the earliest age; he knew how many windows the house had, and there was not a tree in the garden which did not remind him of something. He had entered the grounds more than once: indeed, it was a matter of no great difficulty, for though this earthly paradise was surrounded by a hedge of cactus and aloes, a formidable defence if carefully looked after, three or four aloes had blossomed in the month of August, and the flower kills the plant. Thus, the impenetrable barrier had fallen at several places, and Mantoux's livery easily forced its way through, without fear of being torn.

On the 26th of September, about four in the afternoon, this melancholy scamp was dreaming of his ill-luck as he walked along the hedge. He thought with a bitter sweetness of his first interview with Lump, and Madame Chermidy's obliging reception. When he compared his present situation with that he had dreamed of, he found himself the most unhappy of men: for we are apt to regard that as lost which we have all but gained. The apparition of an enormous mass mov-

ing heavily about the garden interrupted the course of his ideas : he rubbed his eyes and asked himself whether he saw Lump or her shadow ; but he remembered that shadows do not have so much substance. Lump saw him, and made him a sign to come to her ; she was thinking at the very moment of the best way of getting at him.

"Hilloh !" she said ; "it's you, is it, the excellent nurse ! You took good care of your mistress—she is cured."

He replied, with an enormous sigh, "I never had any luck."

"We are alone," Lump went on ; "no one can hear us, and there is no time to lose. Are you pleased at seeing your mistress in such good health ?"

"Certainly, miss ; and yet your lady promised me something else."

"What did she promise you ?"

"That my lady would soon die, and I should have a pension of £60 a year."

"You would have liked that better, I suppose ?"

"Why, I should have been my own master, instead of serving others for the rest of my days."

"And you never thought of giving the disease a helping hand ?"

Mantoux looked at her with evident trouble : he did not know whether he had to do with a judge or an accomplice. But she helped him from the dilemma by adding, "I know you : I saw you at Toulon. When I unearthed you at Corbeil I knew your history."

"Oh, then, you are in the swim. You had a reason for sending me here ?"

"Of course : if I had not had work to do, I should have chosen an honest man. There are enough of them, perhaps too many."

"That's the meaning of the pension, is it ?"

"Of course."

"I'll bet, then, that you wrote me the anonymous letter."

"Who else could it be ?"

"But what interest have you in it ?"

"Why, your mistress stole my mistress's husband. Now do you understand ?"

"I'm beginning to do so."

"You ought to have begun sooner, you ass !"

"I did not understand, I allow, and yet I worked."

"With what ?"

"I bought some arsenic, and she took some every night."

"On your word ?"

"On my honour !"

"You did not give her enough."

"I was afraid of being caught ; it's found in dead bodies."

"You coward !"

"Oh, I should like to know who would have his neck stretched for £60 a year !"

"My lady would have given you as much as you wanted."

"You ought to have told me so ; now it is too late."

"It is never too late ; come and speak to my lady."

Mantoux waited for the Doctor's departure in a room opening out of the saloon : a few words of the conversation reached his ear ; but for all that, he only half comprehended the bargain about to be made with him. He approached Madame Chermidy with respectful distrust, and the widow did not think it advisable to enter into explanations with him until she had received an answer from Don Diego. She was greatly agitated, and walked up and down the saloon repeatedly : she listened to Lump without hearing her, and looked at the convict without seeing him. The courtesy of Count de Villanera was sufficiently well known to her for her to see in his absence and silence alarming symptoms.

"He no longer loves me, then," she thought ; "I would not mind about indifference, for I could soon warm up his coldness. But I must have been blackened in his eyes : he must have been told everything, and he despises me ! Were it not for that he would never have treated me thus. To offer me money through that odious le Bris ! and in what terms ! If he regard me with the same eyes as his ambassador, it is all over with me ! he will never come back again. Widower or not, he is lost to me. Then, what good would simple vengeance do ? well, be it so : I will avenge myself. But we will wait : if he does not hasten here as soon as he has received my message, it is because all is lost."

"I beg your pardon, madame," Mantoux interrupted her ; "I must go and serve my dinner, and if your ladyship has any orders to give me —"

"Go and serve your dinner," she said ; "you are in my service. Listen carefully to all that is said, and repeat it to me."

"Yes, madame."

"Wait a moment ! perhaps M. de Villanera will come himself during the evening, and if so I shall not want you. Still,

hang about here till the morning—if he were not to pay me a visit—but it is impossible. You will run here as soon as he has gone to bed. No matter about the hour: Lump may be asleep, but do you ring, and I will let you in.”

“It is not necessary, madame, when a man has been a locksmith—besides, I have my tools still.”

“Well, I will wait; but I feel sure the Count will come.”

Mantoux served at table, but though he kept his ears wide open, the name of Madame Chermidy even was not once pronounced. It was a family dinner, with only one stranger, Mr. Stevens. The old Countess asked him whether the English law allowed magistrates to expel adventurers without any other form of trial; and he replied that the legislature of his country protected individual liberty even in its abuses.

The Doctor said with a smile, “Very good, so far; and now about lady adventurers?”

“They are treated rather more severely.”

“Even when they have a fortune of a quarter of a million, say?”

“If you know many of that sort, Doctor, send them all to England; they will be crowned with roses there, and marry lords.”

The Dowager made a face, and turned the conversation.

During the whole meal the aged Duke kept his eyes fixed on Mantoux’s face. His poor forgetful brain managed to recognise a man he had seen but once at Madame Chermidy’s. He took him on one side after the dessert, and led him mysteriously to his bedroom.

“Where is she?” he said. “You know where she is hidden, for they are hiding her from me.”

“My lord,” he replied, “I do not know of whom——”

“I am speaking of Honorine, you know. Honorine—the lady in Paris at whose house I saw you.”

“Madame Chermidy?”

“Ah! I was certain you knew her, and that you have seen her. My daughter has seen her too, so has the Doctor, everybody but me. Go and find her, and I will make your fortune.”

And the truthful Mantoux replied, “I can swear to your lordship, that I do not know where Madame Chermidy is.”

“Tell me at once, you scoundrel! I will not mention it to a soul; it shall be

a secret between us two; but,” he added, in a menacing tone, “if you do not lead me to her this evening, I will have your head cut off.”

The convict trembled, as if the old man could read his soul. But the Duke had already changed his key; he was crying.

“My lad,” he said, “I have no secrets from you, and I must tell you the misfortune that threatens us. Honorine means to kill herself this evening. She told the doctor so, and she has sent her will to my son-in-law. They pretend she will not do it, and only wanted to frighten us, but I know her better than all of them. She will certainly kill herself, and why should she not? She has killed me who am now speaking to you. Did you notice that large knife on her mantelpiece in Paris? She thrust it into my heart one day. I can well remember it. She will stab herself with the same knife to-night, if I do not find her in time. Will you lead me to her?”

Mantoux protested that he did not know the lady’s address, but he could not persuade the old madman. Up till ten o’clock the duke followed him everywhere, into the garden, pantry, kitchen, with the patience of a savage. “You can do as you like,” he said to himself, “but you will be obliged to go to her, and I will follow you.”

People go to bed at an early hour in the Ionian Islands, and by midnight the whole house slept, save the duke and Mantoux. The convict crept downstairs without a sound, but in crossing the north garden he fancied he saw a shadow glide through the olive-trees. He struck out into the fields and crept along the hedges, by winding paths, to the house he knew so well. The obstinate shadow followed him in the distance, up to the hedge before the cottage, and he asked himself if he was not the victim of an hallucination: he mustered up his courage, however, turned back and looked for the enemy; the road was deserted, and the apparition lost in the darkness.

A profound obscurity veiled the cottage; the only window illumined was that of Madame Chermidy on the ground-floor, and Mantoux understood that he was expected. He unrolled a bundle of skeleton keys he had wrapped in linen to deaden the sound of the iron, but he had not time to set to work before Madame Chermidy opened the door. “Speak low,” she said; “Lump has just gone to sleep.”

The two accomplices entered the room, and the first object that attracted Mantoux's eyes was the dagger of which the duke had spoken to him.

"Well," the widow said; "has the count retired to bed?"

"Yes, madame."

"The wretch! what did they say at dinner?"

"They did not mention your name."

"Not a word about me?"

"No! but after dinner the duke asked me for your address. I found him much altered."

"Did he say nothing else?"

"Some nonsense—that you were about to kill yourself, and had made your will."

"I said so and wrote so, to force the count to come and see me. Is he gone to bed?"

"Oh, certainly, madame. His lordship's room is close to ours, on the little back corridor. The duke put out his candle at eleven o'clock."

"Listen: if they said any harm of me at the table, pray repeat it without fear; I shall not be vexed—on the contrary, feel pleased."

"They did not once open their mouths about you."

"What! I told them I was going to commit suicide this night, and they did not even take the trouble to say it was a happy release!"

"They paid no more attention to you than if you did not exist."

"Well: I will remind them that I am alive. Lump tells me that you gave the countess arsenic."

"Yes, but it did not act."

"Suppose you were to give her a knife, that would act, perhaps?"

"Oh, madame! a knife—that would be a dangerous matter."

"What difference is there?"

"In the first place, madame, the countess was ill, and illness has a good broad back. But to kill a person in good health! that is heavy work."

"You shall be paid for your trouble."

"And suppose I am caught?"

"Find a boat, and go to Turkey; the police will not follow you so far."

"But I wanted to stay here; I wished to buy some property."

"Land costs nothing in Turkey."

"No matter. What your ladyship desires is worth two thousand pounds."

"Two thousand pounds!"

"Oh! I trust you are not going to beat me down!"

"Be it so, then—it is a bargain."

"And ready money!"

"On the nail."

"Have you it with you? for if you did not pay me the sum, I could not conveniently go to Paris to fetch it."

"I have five thousand pounds in my box."

"Grant me five minutes' reflection."

"Reflect!"

Mantoux turned to the mantelpiece, mechanically took up Madame Chermidy's Corsican dagger, and felt the point on his nail. Madame Chermidy was not even looking at him; she was awaiting the result of his deliberations.

"I have it," he said; "I would rather stay here than go to Turkey, because our people are better treated at Corfu. Then, I have learned a little Italian, and shall never learn Turkish; and, lastly, the house and garden you have hired suit me so exactly."

"But how on earth will you—"

"I have an excellent plan—instead of killing my mistress, I shall kill you. In the first place, I receive five thousand pounds instead of two thousand pounds. Secondly, no one will think of accusing me, as you made your will, and promised to commit suicide this night. You will be found on your bed, stabbed with your own dagger, and it will be seen that you are a woman of your word. Lastly, allow me to say, without meaning any offence, that I would sooner kill a profligate woman like you, than an honourable lady like my mistress, who has always treated me well. It is a first step I am going to try in the path of virtue, and I trust that the God of Abraham and of Jacob will reward me for doing His work."

* * * * *

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

THE shadow which had followed Mantoux from the Villa Dandolo to Madame Chermidy's garden was the duke.

An instinct as infallible as reason told the madman that Mathieu was awaited by Madame Chermidy. He watched for his departure, and he stayed until the right moment at the end of a dark passage. When he heard the convict open his bedroom door, he managed to stifle his voice and compress the nervous laugh which shook his old body from head to foot. He

was careful to take off his boots, so as to descend the stairs unnoticed by his guide, and walked the whole distance in his stockings over the pebbles, sharp grass, and through thorns which rendered his very footsteps bloody. He neither noticed the length of the road, nor fatigue, nor pain; the empire of a fixed idea rendered him insensible to everything; he feared nothing in the world but missing his guide, or being noticed by him. When Mantoux redoubled his speed, the duke ran behind him, as if he had wings. When the convict turned his head, the duke fell on his stomach, crept along ditches, or hid himself behind a thorny hedge of cactus or pomegranate.

Although he stopped at the hedge surrounding the cottage, a secret voice told him that the only window from which a light shone on the ground-floor was that of Madame Chermidy's room. He saw his conductor stop at the door; a female came to open it, and his old heart bounded with disordered joy on recognising the creature that attracted him.

She was not dead, then; he would see her, speak to her, and perhaps attach her once more to life! His first movement was to rush towards her, but he restrained himself; he felt sure that she would not kill herself in the presence of the domestic, and he determined to wait till she was alone, ere he rushed into her house, surprised her, and tore the dagger from her grasp.

He remained in hiding for a long hour, without noticing the departure of time. He loved Madame Chermidy as he had never loved wife or daughter; he felt ideas of devotion, abnegation, disinterested attentions, and humble slavery germinating in his brain. This absolute, unreflecting, unmeasured, and unlimited love was not a new sentiment with him, for he had loved himself in this way for sixty years. His egotism had changed its object but not its character; he was ready to sacrifice the whole world to a caprice of Madame Chermidy, as before to his own interests or pleasures.

Since the day the ungrateful woman quitted him, he had not loved; his heart could only beat near her, his lungs only breathed in the atmosphere she had inhaled. He passed through the world like an inert body launched into vacuum.

At times a gleam of reason crossed his mind, and he said to himself, "I am an old madman—why do I talk of love? In fact, love sits well on an old dotard

of my age. If she grant me a little friendship, I shall have all I deserve. If she will endure me in her house as a father, I shall find paternal feelings in a nook in my heart. She is unhappy, she laments Villanera's desertion; I will console her with kind words." The hope of seeing her caused him a fever; his eyes, worn with sleeplessness, pained him terribly, but he hoped he should weep when he fell at Honorine's feet. The duke, seated in a corner of the garden, opposite the house, resembled an animal which has run for three days across a desert in search of water, and now halts, before its last leap, in front of the coveted fountain, with haggard eye and pendent tongue.

The last candle was extinguished in the house, and the window he watched faded away into darkness like the others. But the house, invisible to an indifferent observer, was not so to the duke, and the window he longed to approach shone like a sun before his inflamed eyes. He saw Mantoux come out of the house and fly across the fields at headlong speed, without turning to look back; and then he quitted his hiding-place, and crept up to the window, which his eyes had not once turned from. He did not even think of going to try if the door was fast, so much did this window possess him! He leaned on the sill, he felt the woodwork and frame, he thrust his face against the panes, to which he pressed his nose and mouth, and refreshed his torrid lips by the contact with the glass.

The silence of night reigned within and without, but the sickly senses of the old man fancied they could see Madame Chermidy kneeling at the foot of her bed, with her head buried in her hand, and her rosy lips parted in prayer. To attract her attention to him, he tapped gently on the window; but no one replied. Then he thought he could see her asleep, for the most contradictory hallucinations succeeded each other in his brain. He reflected for a long time on a way of approaching her without startling or arousing her, and to gain his end he felt capable of anything, even of pulling down the wall with no other instruments than his fingers. While passing his hand over the window, he felt that the panes were set in leadwork, and he set about removing one with his nails. He worked with such a will that he at length succeeded; his nails were repeatedly bent back or broken on the glass, his fingers were

all bleeding, but he paid no attention to it; and if he stopped every now and then, it was merely to lick the blood from his fingers and listen whether Honorine were still asleep.

When the square of glass was thus partly unfastened, he pushed it gently by the end, and gradually loosened it, stopping every time that the glass cracked a little or a violent pull shook the whole window. At length his patience was rewarded: the transparent pane remained in his hand. He laid it noiselessly on the sand of the walk, gave a bound as he laid his finger on his lips, and inhaled the atmosphere of the room through the opening he had made. He expanded his chest with eager delight, for it was the first time he had breathed for ten days.

He thrust his hand into the room, felt the inside of the window, and caught hold of the bolt. The panes were small, the orifice was narrow, the lead cut his arm and impeded his movements; still the window gave way and creaked on its hinges. The duke was terrified at the sound, and fancied all was lost; he fled to the bottom of the garden and clambered up a tree, with his eyes fixed on the house, his ears open to the slightest sound. He listened for a long time, and heard nothing but the gentle and melancholy croaking of the frogs along the road; then he came down from his observatory, and crawled on hands and knees to the window, at one moment lowering his head not to be seen, at another raising it both to see and hear. He returned to the spot whence fear had driven him, and assured himself that Honorine still slept.

The window was wide open and no longer creaked; the night breeze entered the room without awaking the lovely sleeper. The duke clambered through by the window and crept noiselessly along the room, joy and fear making him tremble like a tree shaken by the wind. He tottered on his feet but did not venture to hold on by any article of furniture. The room was encumbered with property of every description, trunks opened and closed, and even upset furniture. The duke steered through these impediments with infinite precaution, gliding along past every object without touching it, and thrusting his wounded hands forth into the darkness. At each step he took he murmured in a low voice, "Honorine, are you there? do you hear me? It is I, your old friend,

the most unhappy but most respectful of your friends. Be not alarmed, fear nothing, not even that I shall reproach you. I was mad at Paris, but the voyage has altered me. I am a father come to console you. Do not kill yourself, for it would kill me!"

He stopped, was silent and listened, but he heard nothing save the beating of his own heart. He felt afraid, and sat down on the ground to calm his emotion and the boiling of his blood.

"Honorine!" he exclaimed as he rose, "are you dead?" It was death in person that replied to him: he stumbled against an article of furniture and his hands swam in a pool of blood.

He fell on his knees, rested his head on the bed, and remained in the same position till daybreak. He never asked himself how this misfortune had happened; he felt neither surprise nor regret; the blood flowed to his brain, and all was over. His head was only an open cage whence reason had fled: he passed the last hours of the night resting on a corpse, which was gradually turning cold.

When Lump came to see whether her cousin were awake, she heard through the door a shrill and discordant cry like the croak of a raven. She saw a blood-dripping old man, who shook his head as if desirous to hurl it from him, and who incessantly repeated "Aca! aca! aca!"—it was all left to the duke of the gift of speech, that finest privilege of humanity. His face grimaced horribly; his eyes opened and shut as if moved by springs; his legs were paralysed, his body nailed to the chair, his hands dead.

Lump had never known but one human feeling, adoration for her mistress; it is the lot of poor relations to attach themselves furiously to their family, either in love or hatred. The enormous woman threw herself on the body of her mistress with a cry the like of which could only be heard in the desert; she bewailed her as tigresses must mourn over their whelps. She tore the knife from a large gaping wound that no longer bled; she raised in her arms the lovely inanimate corpse, and covered it with maddened caresses. If souls could be divided, she would have resuscitated her dear Honorine at her own expense. But rage soon succeeded to grief, and Lump did not for a moment doubt that the duke was the assassin. She threw the body on the bed, and fell with her entire weight on the duke; she struck him, she bit him, she tried to tear

his eyes out. But the duke was insensible to physical pain; he replied to all these assaults by that uniform cry which would henceforth be his only language. Animals have different sounds to express joy or pain; but man attacked by paralytic madness is at the lowest scale of creation. Lump was weary of beating him before he began to suspect that he was being struck.

In the meanwhile, Germaine, fair and smiling as the morn, had awakened her mother and husband, seen the child dressed, and gone down into the garden to breathe the balmy air of autumn. The doctor and Mr. Stevens soon joined her there. The sea-breeze was gently caressing the leaves that glistened with dew; the beautiful oranges and enormous lemons swung at the end of the green stalks; the wrinkled jujubes and pistachio nuts fell with a resounding noise at the foot of the trees; the olives stained the pale leaves of the olive-trees black; the heavy clusters of yellow grapes hung along the trellises; the figs of the second crop distilled honey in large drops; and some forgotten pomegranates smiled amid the foliage like those chubby nymphs of Virgil who conceal themselves that they may be better seen. The season of flowers was past, but the fine yellow and red fruits are the fragrant flowers of autumn, and the eyes rejoice to gaze on them.

The whole family was assembled round little Gomez, who was teasing a tame tortoise; the only absentee being the duke, whose windows were still closed, and his sleep was respected. Mathieu Mantoux, who had redoubled his zeal since the doctor had kept him in his place, was washing his linen on the bank of a small stream that ran down to the sea.

Mr. Stevens's servant came in all haste to summon his master; a crime had been committed in the vicinity; all the village was in alarm, and they ran to the judge at once. Mr. Stevens, in excusing himself to his friends, asked the messenger for some details.

"I know nothing," the man replied. "I hear it is a French lady found dead in her bed."

"Close here?" the doctor interrupted.

"About half a mile off."

"Did you hear whether she was a new arrival?"

"I believe so: but her maid only talks French, and no one could understand her."

"You saw the servant—a stout woman?"

"Enormous!"

"That will do," M. le Bris said. "My dear Mr. Stevens, there is the breakfast-bell, and, if you believe me, you will come and sit down. The dead woman is quite well, I will guarantee you."

Mr. Stevens did not understand a joke, and the doctor added: "Does the English law punish people who promise to commit suicide and do not keep their word?"

"No! but it punishes suicide when it is proved."

"Well! I cannot get on with that English law!"

Mr. Stevens continued: "Seriously, doctor, have you any reason for believing in a false alarm?"

"I give you my word that the lady has not received a scratch. I know her well, and she is too sweet on her white skin to make holes in it."

"But suppose she has been assassinated?"

"Do not believe it, my excellent friend. Are you anything of a naturalist?"

"Not much."

"Then you do not know the difference between the blue-headed and black-headed tomtit?"

"No!"

"The blue-heads are dear little innocent creatures that allow themselves to be killed without any resistance, while the black-heads are the assassins. Now the lady in question is a black-headed tomtit."

"I do not understand you," Mr. Stevens said. "Why was I sent for, then?"

"Most subtle judge, if you were sent for, it was not for the pleasure of having a chat with you. It was to attract another person, who will not disturb himself. What do you say, dear count?"

"He is right," said the dowager.

The count made no reply, for he was more affected than he would like to be seen. Germaine offered him her hand, and said, "Go with Mr. Stevens, and let us hope that the doctor is a true prophet."

"Confuse it," the doctor said; "then I shall go too, though no one did me the politeness to invite me. But, if the lady be not hopelessly dead, I swear by my diploma that the count shall not say a word to her."

Mr. Stevens, the count, and the doctor got into a carriage, and in ten minutes stopped before Madame Chermidy's house.

As soon as they could see it, the doctor changed his opinion, and thought that some misfortune had happened. A compact crowd was assembled, and the Maltese policeman, who had hurried up at the news of the count, could hardly keep them back.

"Hang it all!" M. le Bris said to himself, "has the little lady killed herself to play us a trick? I did not think her so strong-minded as that."

M. de Villanera was gnawing his moustaches without saying a word: he had loved Madame Chermidy for three years, and had believed himself sincerely loved, and his heart was lacerated by the thought that she had killed herself for him. The reminiscences of the past revolted against all the doctor's assurances, and victoriously pleaded Honarine's cause.

The crowd opened a passage to Mr. Stevens and his companions, and under the escort of the police they entered the chamber of death. Madame Chermidy was lying on her bed in the dress she had worn on the previous evening: her lovely face was contracted by a horrible pang, and her half-opened lips displayed two rows of little teeth clenched in the last convulsion of death. Her eyes, which a pious hand had not closed in time, seemed to gaze on death with terror. The dagger was in the middle of the room where Lump had thrown it, and the blood had poured over her clothes, the sheets, the furniture, and everywhere. A large glazed pool before the mantelpiece announced that the unhappy woman had been struck there, and a dark-red track showed that she had possessed strength enough to walk as far as the bed.

The waiting woman, who had summoned the police, and aroused the neighbourhood, no longer uttered a sound: it seemed as if she had expended her fury in exhausting her strength. Cowering in a corner of the room, with her eyes fixed on the corpse of her mistress, she saw the man of law move backwards and forwards. Even the arrival of the count and Dr. le Bris did not arouse her from her torpor.

Mr. Stevens carefully examined the state of the room, and dictated the description of the corpse with the impassiveness of justice. The doctor, being requested to assist the inquiry, began by stating all he knew, shortly explained the causes which might have induced Madame Chermidy to kill herself, repeated the conversation he had with her, and recited

the will he had carried himself to the count. The statements of the deceased woman, the place where the body was found, the doors of the house shut, the weapon having belonged to her, and, lastly, the vicinity of the waiting woman, who heard no sound—all these proved facts confirmed the idea of a suicide.

This word pronounced in a whisper had the effect of an electric shock upon Lump: she jumped up, ran to the doctor, looked him in the face, and shrieked, "Suicide! did you say suicide? You know very well she was not the woman to kill herself! Poor angel! She had such a happy life! She was in such splendid health! She would have lived a hundred years if you had not assassinated her. Besides, why is not the old villain here? where have you put him? Go and look at him, or have him here: you will see he is all covered with her blood!" She then noticed the Count de Villanera, who had sunk on a chair, and was silently weeping. "At last you are here, then!" she said to him: "you should have come sooner. Ah, my lord! you have a strange way of paying your love debts!"

While the judge and the doctor proceeded to the next room, where a painful surprise awaited them, Lump dragged the count to the bedside, forced him to look at his former mistress, and listen to a funeral harangue which made his hair stand on end. "See! see!" she said, amid her sobs; "look at those lovely eyes that smiled on you so tenderly, that pretty mouth that gave you such sweet kisses, those long black tresses which you liked so to unfasten! Do you remember the first time you came to our house? when all had left, you fell on your knees to kiss that hand; but how cold it is! And do you remember the day her boy was born? Who laughed then? who swore fidelity till death? Kiss her, then, faithful knight."

The count, motionless, rigid, and colder than the corpse he was gazing on, expiated in one moment three years of illegitimate happiness.

The duke was then brought in, who paid, and very dearly, for a life of egotism and ingratitude.

The blood with which he was covered, his presence at Madame Chermidy's, the pane missing from the window, the scratches on his hands, and, above all, the loss of reason, caused it to be believed for an instant that he was the assassin. The doctor examined the wound, and

found that it passed entirely through the heart: hence, death must have been instantaneous, and it was impossible for the victim to have dragged herself to the bed. Mr. Stevens, while dining with the duke on the previous evening, noticed how much his intellect was weakened, and the doctor explained in a few words how a homicidal mania might have germinated in a single night in this deranged brain. Even if he had committed the crime, justice could have no dealings with a madman: nature had condemned him to a speedy death, after a few months of an existence worse than death.

But, on examining the corpse more closely, there were found, in her clenched hand, a few hairs shorter and coarser than those of a woman, and of more natural colour than those of the old duke. A policeman, too, in moving a table that had been upset, picked up a button bearing the arms of the Villaneras. Lastly, the drawer in which Madame Chermidy had placed her money was quite empty. Hence another assassin must be sought than the duke. Lump was cross-examined, but no light could be drawn from her: she merely struck her forehead, and said, "What a fool I was! That is the scoundrel! I should like to have him flayed alive; but what is the good—he would speak. Bury my mistress, throw me out on the dungheap, and let him go to the devil!"

The police proceeded the same day to the Villa Dandolo, where they found Mathieu Mantoux sewing a button on his red waistcoat. It was noticed that the button was new, and that his hair resembled the specimen found in Madame Chermidy's hand. On being arrested he exclaimed, through old associations, "little luck." Mr. Stevens sent him to Guildford Castle, on the west of the town, on the beach. He was so fortunate as to escape during the night, but he fell into one of those large nets which fishermen spread at night and take up in the morning.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

If you have seen the sea at the period of the equinoctial gales, when the yellow waves mount foaming to the top of the pier, when the shingle mourns as the sea beats over it, when the wind howls through the gloomy sky, and the tide brings in scattered fragments of wreck interlaced with seaweed—if you have seen all this, then go and see it again in summer, and you will not recognise the scene. The shining pebbles are arranged side by side on the beach, the sea is spread out like a blue sheet beneath the smiling azure of the sky; the huge oxen lying on the cliff idly turn their nostrils to the spring breeze; white sails glisten in the distance; and the pink sunshades of the ladies ornament the pier.

The Count and Countess de Villanera, after a long tour, of which Paris never knew the history, returned, three months back, to their town mansion. The countess-dowager, who started with them, and the Duchess de la Tour, who joined them on the old duke's death, share without jealousy the management of the household and the education of a beautiful child. It is a girl, and bears a striking likeness to its mother; hence she is more beautiful than her elder brother, the late Marquis de los Montes.

Dr. le Bris is still the physician and best friend of the family. The duke and the little marquis both died in his arms, the first at Corfu, the other at Rouen, where he caught a typhus fever.

The little marquis is said to have had a fortune of nearly a quarter million left him by a distant relation: on the death of the child, the family sold the estates and expended the money in pious works.

A chapel has been recently built to the south of the island of Corfu, on the site of the Villa Dandolo: it is served by a young priest of exemplary piety and sorrow, M. Gaston de Vitré.

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE OCEAN.

CHAPTER V.

(continued.)

WHEN the time for their appearance draws on, the herring boats set out from every northern port, equipped with enormous nets, often 1200 feet in length. The yarn of which they are made is so thick that it sinks with its own weight, and does not require to have stones fastened to the bottom; for it has been found that the herring is more easily caught in a loosely hanging net. The upper end is kept floating on the water by means of empty barrels, and the whole is fastened to the boat by long cords. The herrings are principally caught at night, and to prevent any collision, or perhaps to attract the fish, each boat has one or two lights. Off Yarmouth bank, where several thousand boats are often fishing at one time, these ever crossing lights produce a fairy-like scene. The meshes of the net are accurately calculated to the size of the herring, just wide enough to let the head through to the gill flap, but not the pectoral fins. Thus the poor fish entangles itself in the large perpendicular wall which human craft has placed before it, and as it can neither advance nor retreat, it remains hanging till the fisherman pulls the net in again. In this manner such enormous quantities are sometimes captured, that we hardly dare to quote their numbers, though Cuvier and Valenciennes are our authorities. A Dieppe fisherman caught in one night 280,000 herrings, and threw an equal number back into the sea. At times large boats have been compelled to cut away their nets; for they almost pulled them down by their weight.

The oldest document relating to the herring fishery dates from the year 709, and is found in the Chronicles of the Monastery of Evesham; while the first French documents only go back to 1030. Under William the Conqueror, Yarmouth was already celebrated for its rich herring fishery; and Nieuport, Dunkirk, and Brill carried it on upon a large scale for centuries; till William Beukelings, of Bieroliet, who died in 1449, discovered or introduced a better mode of packing the fish in layers in barrels, instead of salting them in irregular loose heaps, through which the best fish were lost. It is a question whether Solon or Lycurgus bene-

fited their country more than this simple fisherman did his: for the pickle-herring* played a great part in converting a small unknown people into a powerful nation.

In 1603, the value of the herrings exported from Holland was 1,936,000*l.*; in 1615, their capture employed 2000 busses, with 37,000 men. Three years later, we find the United Provinces sending 3000 herring busses to sea; 9000 vessels served to carry the fish to other countries, and the entire trade employed close on 200,000 persons. At that time Holland supplied the whole world with herrings; and we may safely say, that this little fish was the most effective ally of the Dutch in casting off the Spanish yoke; for it supplied them abundantly with money, the principal material of war. If Charles V. could have foreseen that Beukelings' invention would cost his son and successor so dearly, he would hardly have shared a herring over the fisherman's grave with his sister, the Queen of Hungary, or emptied a glass of wine to his memory!

But everything human is liable to change; and thus, toward the middle of the seventeenth century, the Dutch herring fishery sank, through a succession of unlucky circumstances. Cromwell gave it the first blow by his Navigation Acts; Blake, the second, by his victories. In 1703, a French squadron destroyed the greater part of the busses. The rivalry of the Swedes, and, at a later date, the English blockade during Napoleon's rule, completed the ruin of this once so enormous trade.

In 1814, the Dutch herring-fishers made another weak attempt to revive it with 106 boats, which had only increased to 128 in 1843. The whole produce of the last-named year was 468,000 florins, entailing a loss of 200,000 florins. What a falling off was there! In 1833 not a single buss left a Dutch port; and only 49 flyboats (little vessels of small tonnage) pursued the herring fishery. Still, the period of the deepest ruin appears now to have ceased. So long ago as 1836, 117 busses were equipped for the great summer fishing; and the winter fishing in the Zuyder See is continually growing more important.

In the second half of the last century, when the herrings had begun to be un-

* Our word "pickle" is evidently derived from the illustrious Beukelings.

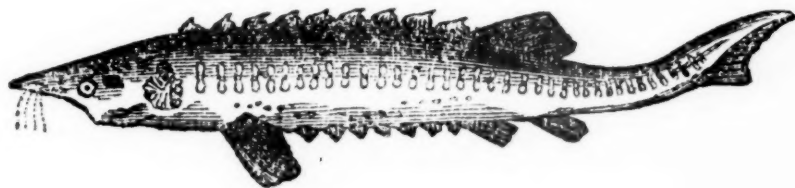
faithful to the Dutch, they seemed to have a special delight in being caught by the Swedes and pickled; so that in 1781, the town of Gothenburg alone exported 136,649 barrels of herrings, each containing 1200 fish. A few years later, however, the herring shoals began to grow so irregular in those parts, that, in 1799, their export was entirely forbidden.

From this time the Scotch Herring Fisheries began to flourish, curiously enough at so late a date, when we remember that the British waters are fuller of herrings than any other. If we reflect on the present greatness of British commerce, it sounds almost fabulous that up to the middle of the sixteenth century, the Herring Fishery on the British coasts was entirely in the hands of the Dutch and Spaniards, and that the Scotch only determined at the beginning of this century, to work the gold mine that lay before their door.

But, although they appeared late on the scene, they have overcome all their

rivals. In 1826, the Scottish fisheries employed no less than 10,633 vessels and boats, with crews of 44,695 fishermen, who handed over the raw material to 76,041 salters. In the same year, the Scotch herrings were preferred to the Dutch at Hamburg. Spirit of Beukelings, weep bitter tears at the obscured renown of thy countrymen!

The English Herring Fishery is also very considerable. In the small port of Yarmouth, it employs 400 vessels from 40 to 70 tons, the largest of which have crews of 12 men. Three of these boats, belonging to the same owner, brought ashore in 1857, 285 lasts, or 3,762,000 fish; and as 14*l.* is the price of a last, we doubt whether a whaler ever made a more successful voyage. The importance of the Herring Fishery to Yarmouth is proved by the fact, that 4 to 5000 men, for at least a couple of months in the year, find employment from it, and that it brings into circulation nearly 700,000*l.* We must not be surprised, then, that in the



THE COMMON STURGEON.

Baltic the Herring Fishery is called the *great* fishery, whaling, on the other hand, the *small*.

The herring is, however, a very whimsical gentleman, and plays even his new friends most annoying tricks. There is scarcely a fishing port on the coast of Britain which has not experienced the greatest changes in its visits, both of time and quantity. The real reason of these irregularities is unknown: the firing of cannon, the noise of the steamers, the manufacture of kelp, have in turn been alleged when the wished-for Herring delayed its visits.

But measures have been taken to cure this; and though the herring now appears in the remote fiords of Norway, and is off again ere the fishermen hear of it, the most marvellous invention of the century—the electric telegraph—is about to be employed in capturing fish. The wire has just been completed in England which is to run along the entire Scandinavian coast from one fiord to the other, and tell all the movements of the fish army to the whole population with light-

ning speed. Poor Herring! who would have thought when Franklin made his first experiments with the mysterious power, it would be eventually employed for thy destruction!

It was formerly generally believed that the herring shoals migrate to us from high northern latitudes; but new investigations have proved the utter error of this opinion. The mere fact is decisive, that the herrings are often seen on the south coast of Ireland much earlier than at the places that lie further to the North, and that herrings are caught during the whole winter on our coasts. Beyond the Polar Circle the herring is not seen at all, though a smaller species was found by Sir John Franklin on the coast of North Greenland. There can, therefore, be no doubt that it remains in the deep sea during the winter around those coasts on which it appears in such countless numbers from April to November. After spawning is over, it retreats to the deep water, where it is protected against storms and changes of temperature.

Though the common herring of our

northern seas is the most important of all the Clupeæ, there is not a sea or coast on which other varieties of this family do not appear in enormous quantities.

The Pilchard (*Alosa pilchardus*; *Clupea pilchardus*, Cuv.) appears on the west coast of France, but especially off Cornwall and Devonshire, in such quantities that, in 1827, this fishery alone employed 10,521 men, and required a working capital of 441,215*l*.

When the shoals of pilchards approach the coasts, the peasants of Brittany quit their fields to reap the maritime harvest. Eight to ten men enter a boat of an equal number of tons, sail some eight miles to sea, then lower sail and mast, and throw out the seine, which they spread by continuing their rowing. The master, who stands at the stem, throws right and left as far as he can the roe (*rogue*), which serves as a bait. This is principally obtained from Drontheim, and consists of various fish eggs. So soon as he sees that the cork floats of the net are moving sharply, and that the surface of the sea is covered with many silvery scales, he knows that a large quantity are caught. He then fastens the net to a buoy, to which he also attaches the end of a second net. Thus five to six nets are thrown out one after the other, and they pull back to the first one, which is emptied while the others are filling.

The sprat (*Clupea sprattus*), a small fish hardly four inches long, is caught in such masses off the coasts of Kent, Essex, and Suffolk, that it not only affords the population of London a cheap and pleasant meal during the winter, but is employed to manure the fields. In the winter of 1829—30, the Sprat fishery was so productive that whole cargoes of 1000 and 1500 bushels, which only cost 6*d*. per bushel, were taken to Maidstone as manure for the hop gardens. Nieuhoff's Sardinelle, a Clupea found off the coast of Malabar, is used in a similar way to manure the maize fields and cocoa plantations. The Sprat is just as fickle as the common Herring, and sometimes degenerates. Thus, on the coast of Ostend, it has been bitter and unsaleable for the last four or five years.

The Black Sea Herring (*Clupea pontica*), which the winds often toss in myriads on the Crimean coast, only requires some improvements in the way of curing, to gain a great commercial value; and the Herring of New York plays the same important part on the American coast as the

common herring in our seas. When writing of the Clupeidæ, an Englishman cannot omit notice of Leach's Herring (*Clupea Leachii*), a native species, or of the White-Bait (*Clupea alba* Yarrell), formerly supposed to be the young of the Shad.

The Mediterranean appears to be the real home of the Anchovy (*Engraulis vulgaris*; *Engraulis encrasiocolus*); at spawning-time it is found by thousands in the shallow water. It is more rarely seen in the ocean. The anchovies of Provence are, without doubt, the best. This little breed of herrings is principally caught near Antibus, Frejus, and St. Tropez; and enormous cargoes are taken to the fair of Beaucaire, whence they are transported all over the world.

The fishermen's wives have an extraordinary knack of removing, with the thumb-nail, the head of this little fish, with the entrails and liver attached to it.

After the Clupea, no race of fish is so valuable to man as the family of the haddocks, which, in addition to the common Haddock (*Gadus æglefinus*), the Ling (*Lota molva*), the Whiting (*Merlangus communis*), and many other agreeable varieties, comprises the Cod (*Gadus morrhua*). This handsome large fish, which, either fresh or salted, dried in the air or in stoves, is eaten by millions, and is a source of profit to thousands, usually attains a length of two to three feet, and a weight of twenty to forty pounds, though Pennant mentions a cod caught off Scarborough, in 1775, which was five feet eight inches in length, and weighed seventy-eight pounds. It generally swims in twenty-five fathoms of water, where it lives on the smaller fish, sepias, crustaceans, in fact, anything that comes across its voracity. For this reason, and on account of its weight, it is caught with hooks, and not with nets.

The whole North Atlantic, from Iceland to Gibraltar, and from Norway to Labrador, is the habitat of the Cod; but it is nowhere found in such abundance as on the Eastern Coast of America, where it occupies, between 40 and 60° N. Latitude, all the bays and shallows to the extreme edge of the great Bank of Newfoundland. So soon as spring approaches, regular fleets set out to capture it: England alone supplies above 2000 ships, with 30,000 men; France, half this number; America, as many as both countries together. It is calculated that each ship, during the season, averages

40,000 fish; and an idea may be formed of the voracity as well as the number of the Cod, when we state, that a practised fisherman can catch four hundred in a single day, one after the other; but it is terrible work for the arms. Off the Dogger Bank, and on the coasts of Norway and Iceland, the cod-fisheries are also very valuable.

In addition to its excellent firm flesh, the liver oil of the cod is frequently employed by physicians; and it has restored many a scrofulous child to health. The bladder is also used by the Icelanders to make isinglass.

The best sort of isinglass is, however, produced from the sturgeon (*Accipenser sturio*), a fish which principally inhabits the Caspian, and the rivers flowing into it, the Volga and the Don, although it is also met with in the rivers flowing into the Baltic and the Mediterranean. It is also caught occasionally in the Thames. This valuable cartilaginous fish is about eight feet long, and hence occupies a high place among fish. The bladder is prepared in the following way. The mucous skin of the bladder is carefully separated from the external membrane, which is easily done by laying it for a time in water. It is then washed very clean, dried by being pressed tightly in a cloth, rubbed soft between the hands, and rolled through cylinders. After this, it is bleached in the fumes of burning sulphur, and dried in the air. The bladder consists almost of pure isinglass: in cold water it swells, in hot it dissolves; and on being allowed to get cold, becomes an almost colourless transparent jelly. It is frequently employed in the culinary art, and to clarify a variety of fluids. If a strong solution of it is spread on silk, we have court-plaister; and when mixed with gum, it is used for cleansing silk fabrics. In addition to the finest isinglass, the sturgeon produces the most splendid caviare, which is prepared from its salted and dried roe.

The common Sturgeon (*Accipenser sturio*) is one of the most valuable fishes. It inhabits the German Ocean and the Baltic, the Mediterranean, and Caspian Seas; and at times attains a length of eighteen feet, and a weight of five hundred pounds. Its long, narrow, pentagonal body has a row of large, bony, sharp tubercles at each edge. It is still highly esteemed for its firm, white flesh, though not treated with such respect as by the Greeks and Romans, who had it brought to table by

garland crowned slaves, and to the accompaniment of music. On the other hand, the smallest of the sturgeon family, the sterlet (*A. ruthenus*), which is chiefly caught in the Caspian and Volga, is considered an extraordinary dainty, and fabulous sums are paid for it in Russia; for it can only be eaten fresh, and hence it has to make a long journey in tanks from its native shores to the kitchen of the modern Luculluses. Prince Potemkin is said to have frequently paid three hundred roubles for a Sterlet soup.*

One of the most important inhabitants of the North Atlantic, and the rivers that pour into it, from Greenland to France, is the common Salmon (*Salmo salar*), which attains nearly the size of the cod, but far surpasses it in flavour. In spring and summer it quits the sea, to spawn on the pebbly beds of the rivers, swimming up the stream in a triangular phalanx, and often in such numbers, that they check the passage of the water. Neither the rapidity of the streams, nor the height of the waterfalls, which it surmounts with astonishing strength, can check its progress; but it falls a prey to man, who kills thousands of salmon. They are caught either in nets or in boxes placed behind the weirs; also with spears, either by day, or at night, when the glare of torches attracts it to the surface. In the Liffey, where it often falls back when attempting to leap over the falls, baskets are kept ready for it on the bank; and at the Kilmarnock Falls, in Scotland, branches of trees are laid on the rocks by the country people, to catch the fish after its unsuccessful leap. Nowhere was the salmon fishery ever carried on to a larger extent than in the British rivers. There was a time when 200,000 were annually caught in the Tweed; but during the last forty years, complaints have been incessant about the dying-out of this valuable fish. The instinct which impels the salmon to leave salt water every year, and care for the preservation of its fry far up the country, and which afterwards conducts the young fish from the sweet water of their first home to the distant salt ocean, is one of the most curious manifestations in the whole of Nature's dominions.

Though the Mediterranean knows not the herring, the cod, or the salmon, the capture of the Tunny affords the inhabi-

* The sturgeon is a great cleanser of rivers, its head being peculiarly shaped to stir up the mud at the bottom.—W. F. A.

tants of Sicily and Provence some compensation for their loss. The flesh of the *Thynnus vulgaris*, which usually attains a length of from two to three feet, but at times reaches to eight or ten, is firm and fibrous like that of the Sturgeon, but far better tasted. In May and June, the Tunnies appear on the coasts of the Mediterranean in large shoals, swimming in a triangle; they are very timid, and the apprehension of danger drives them back to sea: but this is employed to destroy them; for on their approach being signalled by the scouts lying on the rocks, boats put off far to sea, and drive the shoal ashore, when it is surrounded by nets, and the fish are killed with long staves. The Tunny fishery is carried on upon a large scale with the French Madrague, or the Sicilian Tonnaro. Rows of long and broad nets, weighted at the bottom with stones and lead, and kept upright by means of cork floats, form a wall parallel with the coast, and extend at times for more than an Italian mile. Cross nets divide it into several chambers, in which small openings are left landwards. The fish run their heads against the net, and are compelled to escape through the nearest opening. Through this antechamber they are driven further and further into still narrower prisons, till they reach the last called the chamber of death. Here they are brought to the surface by means of a strong horizontal net; and the work of destruction begins by killing them with long sticks. This scene is one of the great amusements of the rich Sicilians; and the fishery is one of the principal resources of the Island. When Louis XIII. visited Marseilles, a fish massacre was arranged in honour of him, which so delighted the sensitive monarch that he was often heard to say that it was the pleasantest day he ever spent throughout his journey to the South.

The common Mackerel (*Scomber L.*) belongs to the same species as the Tunny, and deserves mention, both for its excellent meat, and its graceful form. It dies almost immediately on being taken out of the water; and, as it soon putrefies, an exception is made in its favour in Sabbath-reverencing England, and it is allowed to be sold on Sundays. Like all the varieties of the Scomber, it is very voracious, and produces severe ravages among the herrings, although itself rarely exceeding fourteen inches in length. Like the herring, it was formerly

supposed to migrate; but the probability is, that it only retires to deeper water during winter. It is an inhabitant of the North Atlantic; and large quantities are caught on the British coast. It is taken in long nets, but principally with the hand line. It will bite at any bait; but as a rule prefers anything glittering, such as a long shining piece of a brother fish, or a piece of tin, a sixpence with a hole in it, or a piece of scarlet cloth. The boat proceeds quietly under sail; and there is one wind so favourable for the fishing that it is called the Mackerel-breeze. The line is short, but weighted with lead; and in this way a couple of men can catch a thousand a day. The quicker the boat moves, the greater the luck; for the Mackerel shoots sideways at the bait.* The drift-nets used in this country in the Mackerel fishery are well corked at the top, but without lead at the bottom.

The last member of the Scomber family (*Scombridæ*) we have to mention is the Bonita, which is one of the fiercest persecutors of the flying fish in the tropical waters. It has a likeness to the Tunny, but is of a more graceful shape, and hence cleaves through the sea at a higher speed. It belongs to those rare, pelagian fishes, which are met in shoals, in blue water far from any land.

The common Eel (*Muræna Anguilla*) is too well known to require any full description. It generally lives in rivers and ponds, but is also found in the sea. In the Baltic enormous quantities are caught at times. The usual length is two to three feet; but they have been caught six feet long, weighing 15lbs. Although susceptible of heat and cold, the eel can live for a long period, according to Pliny, six days out of the water, so that it at times crawls about meadows and damp places, to chase snails and worms, a faculty which it owes to the small opening of its gill-flap. Its proverbially slippery skin is used in some countries, on account of its brightness and transparency, for window panes, and to make whip-thongs and harness. Yarrell describes three species of Eel as found in this country. *Anguilla acuti-rostris*, or Sharp-nosed Eel, the broad-nosed Eel, and the Snig (*Anguilla medi-rostris*).

The Roman Muræna (*M. Helena*) is

* A capital account of mackerel-catching will be found in Maxwell's *Wild Sports of the West*.

akin to the common Eel, both in size and in its mode of life. Its dirty greenish brown skin is covered with dull yellow spots. Although it can live in either sweet or salt water, it prefers the latter, especially the coasts of the Mediterranean. We mention the *Muræna*, principally on account of the strange fondness the Romans felt for it, and by which it has even achieved an historic reputation.

They were fed in large artificial tanks or *Piscinæ*, which, we read in Pliny, were first employed by a certain Caius Hirrius, who lived in the time of Julius Caesar. Soon after, fattening *Murænae* became a passion with the Patricians and Knights. At Bauli on the Gulf of Baiæ, now Baja, the orator Hortensius had a *piscina*, when he took such delight in a favourite *Muræna*, that he burst into tears on its premature decease. In the same Villa, Antonia, daughter of Drusus, had valuable rings (*inaures*) fastened on one of these slippery favourites, so that people walked for miles to gaze at the richly adorned fish.

The Knight, Vedius Pollio, even attained a scandalous immortality through the *Murænae*. He used to cast among them slaves who had committed any crime, and revelled at the sight of the gnawed and lacerated corpse. As this monster was a friend of Augustus, this does not at all agree with the ideas of the urbanity of the court, which we feel on reading Horace or Virgil.

The Conger (*M. conger*; *Anguilla conger*, Shaw; *Conger vulgaris*; *Le congre*, Cuv.) is distinguished from the common Eel by its white-spotted lateral line, its tentacles growing from the upper jaw, its darker colour, its shorter under-lip, and its size. Congers have been caught ten feet in length, and weighing one hundred pounds. It inhabits the North Atlantic and its bays, and the Mediterranean; and in the spring makes its appearance at the mouths of rivers. Large numbers are caught off the coast of Cornwall and Devonshire, and after being dried, they are exported to Spain and Portugal. The Conger is very voracious, and appears fond of eating crabs when they have cast their shell.

Although the Lamprey (*Petromyzon Marinus*) differs materially from the eel family in the structure of its gills, the softness of its cartilaginous frame, and its funnel-shapen mouth studded with hooked teeth, we will mention it here, on account of its external resemblance. The

Lamprey is about three feet long, and of a dusky dim green colour. It inhabits the sea; but usually swims up the rivers in spring. Although it can move very fast by means of its snake-like wriggling, it is usually found with its mouth affixed to a large stone, to which it adheres so firmly that a weight of upwards of twelve pounds can be picked up with it without it loosing its hold. Like the eel, it takes a deal of killing; and the head when cut from the body will continue sucking for hours. The Lamprey has been considered a delicacy for centuries. Henry I. died of an indigestion produced by indulging to an excess in this dainty dish; and every Christmas the city of Gloucester presents Queen Victoria with a Lamprey pasty, as it was wont to do under the Plantagenets and Tudors.

The Slime Eel (*Myxine glutinosa*) bears a great likeness to the Lamprey, but stands at a far lower class of organization, as it (the only one of the fishes) has no eyes, and possesses a much softer skeleton. When boiled, it dissolves almost entirely into slime. Instead of seven gill-holes on either side, it only has one on each side the stomach, an arrangement which is admirably adapted for its mode of life, for it digs deep into the entrails of the fish. Thus, in this, the lowest of the vertebrate animals, the same harmony between its structure and its wants is found.

The family of the Flat Fish, or *Pleuronectidæ* to which the Halibut, Turbot, Sole, Plaice, &c., belong, commends itself to our attention, not only through its strange unsymmetrical form, but also through its utility for man.

Their eyes lying above each other on the same side of the head, and the skew mouth running vertically, make their appearance something frightfully odious; but the fitness of this arrangement soon reconciles us to the apparent monstrosity. As they lie nearly always on their side on the slimy or sandy bed of the sea, an eye on the lower side would be evidently useless for them, while both organs of vision on the same side command a wide field, and not only facilitate their finding their prey, but inform them of the menacing approach of a powerful enemy. We have already mentioned that the natatory bladder is absent in the flat fish; for this organ would have been of little use to them, as they live on the bed of the sea, and are not intended to traverse the water in every direction like most of the

fish. The upper side of the flat fish is of a dark colour, the other perfectly bright and white, fortunately for the defenceless creatures; for if, as is usually the case, the back and belly were of different colours, their piebald appearance would betray them to their foes. They swim along slowly in a horizontal position; and it is very advantageous for them that the ventral and pectoral fins on the lower side, where there is so much less space for their movements, are much smaller than those on the upper side. At any sudden alarm, they travel at great speed through the water, in a vertical position, and flash past the observer with a meteoric glance; but they soon return to their ordinary position, and, on account of the great similarity of colour, can hardly be distinguished from the slimy bottom.

The number of species decreases as the northern latitude increases. In England there are sixteen; on the coasts of Norway, ten; in Iceland, five; and in Greenland, only three varieties.

Many of them attain a considerable size, especially the Halibut or Holibut (*Pleuronectes hippoglossus*; *Hippoglossus vulgaris*, Cuvier and Fleming). In April, 1828, a specimen, seven feet six inches long, three feet six inches broad, and weighing three hundred and twenty pounds, was caught off the Isle of Man, and sent to the Edinburgh market. Olaus tells us, that he had seen fish of this species five ells in length; and the Norwegian fishermen assert that a single Halibut will at times cover a boat. But we should act wisely in remembering, that these stories come from the homes of the Kraken and Sea-serpents. At any rate, the Halibut deserves the title of Maximus much more than its congener, the Turbot, which is found in the Mediterranean as well as the German Ocean; and was regarded by the Romans as the greatest ornament of their epicurean tables, as Juvenal's well-known satire sufficiently proves to us. It is often confounded with the former fish; but is easily distinguished by the large irregular rounded tubercles on the upper side of its body. It is principally caught off the north coast of England, and commands a high price. In one year no less than 87,978 were sold at Billingsgate.

Among the flat fish, the Sole (*Solea vulgaris*, Cuv.; *P. solea*) is inferior to the Turbot alone in flavour. It inhabits the sandy bed of the sea, where it lives

upon small testaceous animals and the young fry of other fish. Its territory extends from the Baltic and the Scandinavian coasts to Spain, Portugal, and the Mediterranean. An immense number is caught with the drag net round England, and 86,000 bushels found their way to London in one year.

Even more common is the Plaice (*Platessa vulgaris*, Cuv.; *P. platessa*), which is reckoned among the inferior flat fish. Once such a quantity was brought to Billingsgate, that though many hundreds were sold at 3d. a dozen, a large pile was left. A dealer, who tried in vain to sell 100 bushels at 4d. the fifty fish, gave them to the poor.

The Rays resemble the flat fish, as regards their form, but differ from them materially in many other respects. Like the Shark and the Sturgeon, the Ray is a cartilaginous fish, and is the ugliest of the whole family. Its clumsy broad body, its long narrow tail, generally armed with one or more rows of sharp thorns, the dirty colour, and the covering of slime, indubitably stamp it as one of the most repulsive creatures nature has formed.

Though the flat fish are so defenceless, the Ray employs its tail excellently to repulse any hostile attack. If a suspicious form approach it, it rolls itself up with its head against the root of the tail, and flogs away with the latter in every direction.

The Sting Ray of the South American waters inflicts very serious wounds with its double-pronged, barbed thorns. An Indian who accompanied Sir Richard Schomburgh, was stung by one, and he fell on the sand and rolled about, biting his teeth in agony; but not a tear escaped from his eye—not a cry was heard from the suffering savage. A boy, less master of his feelings, when stung in a similar way soon after, uttered a piercing yell, threw himself on the ground, rolled face and head in the sand, and even bit at it. Only epileptic persons, Schomburgh declares, could fall into such convulsions. Although both were stung in the foot, they felt the greatest pains in the temples, the neighbourhood of the heart, and under the arms. Still, this cannot be produced merely by the wound—it is very possible there was some poisoning influence at work. A labourer, stung by a Sting Ray in Demerara, died in the most terrible convulsions.

The Rays are very voracious. All fish, naked and shelled, molluscs and crusta-

ceans, that they meet are swallowed without distinction. Their masticating muscular jaws are so powerful that they crush the hard shells of the crab with ease. In our seas, they attain considerable dimensions: Willoughby mentions a Skate (*Raia batis*), weighing 200 lbs., which afforded an ample meal for 120 professors and students at Cambridge. But all the European varieties are far inferior in size to the immense Devil Rays or Sea Devils (*Cephaloptera diabolus*) found near the South Sea Islands. This monster lives with his fellows, and frequently comes to the surface, where it looks like a flat reef. It is from 12 to 15 feet broad, and Letson obtained from a fisherman at Borabora a tail of this animal which was five feet in length. The inhabitants of the Society Islands kill the Devil Ray with harpoons, and employ its raw skin to rasp their wood work.

On his voyage to Africa, M. Vaillant saw, in 10° N.L., three Giant Rays swimming round the ship. He only succeeded in catching the smallest; but this measured 28 feet across, and 21 in length to the root of the tail, which was only 22 inches long. The mouth was so large that it could swallow a man with ease: the back was brown, the stomach white. Its weight was estimated at two tons.

Such voracious and well armed animals as the Rays, would have attained a dangerous supremacy, if they were as prolific as most other fish. Fortunately they only bring into the world one young one, which, as among the sharks, is enclosed in a quadrangular fibrous case, and swims around freely after its prison is burst.

Here nature has again provided for the necessary restriction of an otherwise overpowering race; while, in other cases, she prevents the extirpation of the creatures with which she has populated the sea, by the countless eggs they lay.

If the Cod did not annually lay nine million eggs, as Leuwenhoek counted; and the Sturgeon above seven millions; if flat fish, and Mackerel and Herrings, were not propagated by hundreds of thousands, they could not possibly hold their own against the infinity of their enemies. "Not an egg too much," every one will say, who reflects that out of the fish-eggs left in shallows or coasts, or in rivers, to be incubated by the enlivening beams of the sun, hardly one in a hundred produces a living creature; that fish and molluscs, crustaceans and sea birds swallow the spawn with equal voracity: that,

further, danger threatens the young defenceless from every side; for might is right, is the rule in the ocean: and, lastly, that the insatiable voracity of man has to be satisfied. But if very few fish die a natural death, or of old age, their free life, at any rate, offers them some compensation from this death by violence. What martyred cart-horse, or caged singing bird, would not willingly exchange its miserable fate for that of the free fish, which, besides, through the greater simplicity of its structure, its want of higher sensibility, its powerful digestion, and, above all, through the more even temperature of the element in which it passes its life, is not exposed to those numerous diseases which attack warm-blooded creatures, and domestic animals more especially.

Still, the proverb, "Sound as a roach," must not be taken as strictly true. Thus, the Salmon-trout suffers from a leprous disease; the Carp, from an eruptive or cutaneous complaint; the Perch, from dropsy; the Eel, from a frequently mortal disease of the skin; and nearly every fish is tormented by worms, which frequently produce internal ulcers. When the circumnavigator, Dumont D'Urville, stopped off the Auckland Islands, he found the flesh of all the fish caught there traversed in every direction by long worms, which gave it a marbled appearance. At first, the sailors paid little attention to this, as they considered these worms were blood-vessels; but when they noticed that their officers no longer ate them, they returned to their salt pork. D'Urville had apparently healthy fish of every description cut open, and found them nearly all attacked by the same worm disease.

Some of the fresh-water fish, such as the Carp and Pike, attain a very great age; of course, we do not know so accurately to what length the marine fish spin out their thread of life, although the enormous size of some Halibuts, Tunnies, Cods, Rays, etc., seems to indicate a really patriarchal age. Two methods have been suggested to decide the age of fish. If their scales are examined through a microscope, they will be found to consist of concentric rings, which some persons fancy are of the same nature as the yearly rings on the trunks of trees; and when the scales are wanting, as in the Rays, the rings on the joint-bones of the vertebrae give a similar account of the age of the animal.

To be continued.)



HAYDN RECEIVING A VISIT FROM THE BARON VON SWIETEN.

Tales of the Musicians.

No. 6.—SCENES IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN young Von Swieten came half an hour later to ask for the young composer, Signor Metastasio could not inform him where "Giuseppe" might have gone. How many hours of despondency did this forgetfulness of the wise man and renowned poet prepare for the poor, unknown, yet incomparably greater genius—Haydn!

When Joseph, after a long walk, stood at length before Puderlein's house, he experienced some novel sensations, which may have been naturally consequent upon the thought that he was to introduce himself to a young lady, and converse with her; an idea which, from his constitutional bashfulness, and his ignorance of the world, was rather formidable to him.

But the step must nevertheless be taken. He summoned all his courage and went and knocked at the door. It was opened, and a handsome damsel of eighteen or nineteen presented herself before the trembling Joseph.

The youth, in great embarrassment, faltered forth his compliments and the message from Master Wenzel. The pretty Nanny listened to him with an expression both of pleasure and sympathy—the last for the forlorn condition of her visitor.

When he had ended, she took him, to his no small terror, by the hand, without the least embarrassment, and leading him into the parlour, said, in insinuating tones, "Come in, then, Master Haydn, it is all right; I am sure my father means well with you, for he concerns himself with every duncce he meets, and would take a

poor wretch in for having only good hair on his head. He has often spoken to me of you, and you may rely upon it, he will assist you; for he has very distinguished acquaintances. But you must yield to his humours a little, for he is sometimes a little peculiar."

Joseph promised he would do his best, and Nanny went on, "You must also accommodate yourself to my whims, for, look you, I lead the regiment alone here in the house, and even my father must do as I will. Now, tell me what will you have? Do not be bashful; it is a good while since noon, and you must be hungry from your long walk."

Joseph could not deny that such was the case, and modestly asked for a piece of bread and a glass of water.

"Pshaw!" cried Nanny, laughing, and tripped out of the room. Ere long she returned, followed by an apprentice boy, whom she had loaded with cold meats, a flask of wine, and a pair of tumblers, till his arms were ready to sink under the burden, although he dared not complain, for he had been in the family long enough to be sufficiently convinced of Mademoiselle Nanny's absolute dominion. Nanny busily arranged the table, filled Joseph's glass, and invited him to help himself to the cold pastry, or whatever else stood awaiting his choice. The youth did not await a second invitation, but commenced, at first timidly, then with more courage, till, after he had, at Nanny's persuasion, emptied a couple of glasses, he took heart to attack the cold meats more vigorously than he had done for a long time before; making at the same time the observation mentally, that if Mademoiselle Nanny Puderlein was not quite so noble and accomplished as his former patroness, the honoured Mlle. de Martinez, still, so far as youth, beauty, and polite manners were concerned, she would not suffer by a comparison with the most distinguished dames in Vienna. In short, when Master Wenzel Puderlein came home an hour or so after, he found Joseph in high spirits, with sparkling eyes, and cheeks like the roses, already more than half in love with the pretty Nanny.

Joseph Haydn lived thus many months in the house of Wenzel Puderlein, burgher, house proprietor, and renowned *friseur* in the Leopoldstadt of Vienna, and not a man in the Imperial city knew where the poor, but talented and well-educated artist and composer was gone. In vain he was sought for by his few

friends; in vain by young von Swieten; in vain, at last, by Metastasio himself; Joseph had disappeared from Vienna without leaving a trace. Wenzel Puderlein kept his abode carefully concealed, and wondered and lamented like the rest over his loss, when his aristocratic customers asked him, whom they believed to know everything, if he could give them no information as to what had become of Joseph. He thought he had good reasons and undoubted right to exercise now the hitherto unpractised virtue of silence, because, he said to himself, he only aimed at making Joseph the happiest man in the world. But in this he would labour alone; he wanted none to help him; and even his *protégé* was not fully to know his designs till he was actually in possession of his good fortune.

Joseph cheerfully resigned himself to the purposes of his friend, and was only too happy to be able undisturbed to study Sebastian Bach's works, to try his skill in quartettos—to eat as much as he wished, and day after day to see and chat with the fair Nanny. It never occurred to him, under such circumstances, to notice that he lived in a manner as a prisoner in Puderlein's house; that all day he was banished to the garden behind the house, or to his snug chamber, and only permitted to go out in the evening with Wenzel and his daughter. It never occurred to him to wish for other acquaintance than the domestics and their nearest neighbours, among whom he was only known as "Master Joseph;" and he cheerfully delivered every Saturday to Master Wenzel the stipulated number of minuets, waltzes, &c., which he was ordered to compose. Puderlein carried the pieces regularly to a dealer in such things in the Leopoldstadt, who paid him two convention guilders for every full-toned minuet—and for the others in proportion. This money the hairdresser conscientiously locked up in a chest, to use it, when the time should come, for Joseph's advantage.

With this view, he inquired earnestly about Joseph's greater works, and whether he would not soon be prepared to produce something which would do him credit in the eyes of the more distinguished part of the public.

"Ah—yes, indeed!" replied Joseph; "this quartetto, when I shall have finished it, might be ventured before the public; for I hope to make something good of it. Yet what shall I do? No publisher will

take it; it is returned on my hands, because I am no great lord, and because I have no patron to whom I could dedicate it."

"That will all come in time," said Puderlein, smiling; "do you get the music ready, yet without neglecting the dances; I tell you a prudent man begins with little and ends with much; so to work."

And Joseph went to work; but he was every day deeper and deeper in love with the fair Nanny; and the damsel herself looked with very evident favour on the dark though handsome youth. Wenzel saw the progress of things with satisfaction; the lovers behaved with great propriety, and he suffered matters to go on in their own way, only interfering with a little assumed surliness, if Joseph at any time forgot his tasks in idle talk, or Nanny her housekeeping.

But not with such eyes saw Mosjo Ignatz, Puderlein's journeyman and factotum hitherto; for he thought himself possessed of a prior claim to the love of Nanny. No one knows how much or how little reason he had to think so, for it might be reckoned among impossibilities for a young girl of Vienna, who has reached the age of fourteen to determine the number of her lovers. The Viennese damsels are remarkable for their prudence in what concerns a love affair. However that may have been, it is certain that it was gall and wormwood to Ignatz to see Joseph and the fair Nanny together. He would often fain have interposed his powder-bag and curling-irons between them, when he heard them singing tender duets; for it must be owned that Nanny had a charming voice, was very fond of music, and was Joseph's zealous pupil in singing.

At length he could no longer endure the torments of jealousy; and one morning he sought out the master of the house to discover to him the secret of the lovers. How great was his astonishment when Master Wenzel, instead of falling into a violent passion, and turning Joseph out of doors without further ado, replied with a smile:

"What you tell me, Mosjo 'Natz, look you, I have long known, and am well pleased that it is so."

"Nein!" cried Ignatz, after a long pause of speechless astonishment; "Nein, Master von Puderlein! you should not be pleased. You seem as if you knew not that I—I, for several years have been the suitor of your daughter."

It was Wenzel's turn to be astonished, and he angrily replied, "I knew no such thing; I know not nor will I know any such thing. What, 'Natz, are you mad? the suitor of my daughter. What has come into the man? Go to! Mind your powder-bag and your curling-irons, and serve your customers, and set aside thoughts too high for you; for neither my daughter nor myself will wink at such folly."

"Oho, and have you not both promised? There was a time, Master von Puderlein, when you and mademoiselle your daughter——"

"Hold your tongue and pack yourself off!"

"Master von Puderlein, you are a man of honour; are you doing me justice for my long years of faithful service? I have always taken your part. When people said 'von Puderlein is an old miser and a blockhead,' I have always said, 'that is not true,' even if it has been often the truth that people said."

"Have done, sir, will you?"

"Master von Puderlein, be generous; I humbly entreat you, give me your daughter to wife."

"I will give you a box on the ear presently, if you do not come to reason."

"What!" cried Ignatz, starting up in boiling indignation, "a box on the ear, to me—to me, a free-spoken member of the society of periwig-makers!"

"And if you were a king, and if you were an emperor, with a golden crown on your head, and a sceptre in your hand, here in my own house I am lord and sovereign, and I will give you a box most certainly if you provoke me much further."

"Good," answered Ignatz, haughtily; "very good, Master von Puderlein. We are two henceforth. This hour I quit this treacherous roof, and you and your periwig stock. But I will be revenged; of that you may be sure; and when the punishment comes upon you and your faithless daughter, and your callow bird of a harpsichord-player, then you may think upon 'Natz Schuppenpelz!'"

The journeyman then hastened to pack up his goods, demanded and received his wages, and left the house vowing revenge against its inmates. Von Puderlein was very much incensed; Nanny laughed, and Joseph sat in the garden, troubling himself about nothing but his quartetto, at which he was working.

Wenzel Puderlein saw the hour approaching when the attention of the Im-

perial city, and of the world, should be directed to him as the protector and benefactor of a great musical genius. The dances Joseph had composed for the music-seller in the Leopoldstadt were played again and again in the halls of the nobility. All praised the sprightliness and grace that distinguished them; but all inquiries were vain at the music-dealer's respecting the name of the composer. None knew him; and Joseph himself had no idea what a sensation the pieces he had thrown off so easily created in the world. But Master Wenzel was well aware of it, and waited with impatience the completion of the first quartetto. At length the manuscript was ready; Puderlein took it, carried it to a music publisher, and had it sent to press immediately, which the sums he had from time to time laid by for Joseph, enabled him to do. Haydn, who was confident his protector would do everything for his advantage, committed all to his hands; he commenced a new quartetto, and the old one was soon nearly forgotten.

They were not forgotten, however, by Mosjo Ignatz Schuppenpelz, who was continually on the watch to play Master Puderlein some ill trick. The opportunity soon offered. His new principal sent him one morning to dress the hair of the Baron von Fűrberg. Young von Swieten chanced to be at the Baron's house, and in the course of conversation mentioned the balls recently given by Prince Esterhazy, and the delightful new dances by the unknown composer. In the warmth of his description, the youth stepped up to the piano and began a piece, which caused Ignatz to prick up his ears, for he recognised it too well; it was Nanny's favourite waltz, which Joseph had executed expressly for her.

"I would give fifty ducats," cried the Baron, when von Swieten had ended, "to know the name of that composer."

"Fifty ducats!" repeated Ignatz. "Your honour, hold a moment; for I believe I can tell your honour the name of the musician."

"If you can, and with certainty, the fifty ducats are yours," answered Fűrberg and Von Swieten.

"I can, your honour. It is Pepi Haydn."

"How? Joseph Haydn? Why, how do you know? Speak!" cried both the gentlemen to the *friseur*, who then proceeded to inform them of Haydn's abode in the house of Wenzel Puderlein; nor

did the ex-journeyman lose the opportunity of bepowdering his ancient master with abuse, as an old miser, a surly fool, and an arch tyrant.

"Horrible!" cried his auditors, when Ignatz had concluded his story. "Horrible! This old *friseur* makes the poor young man, hidden from all the world, labour to gratify his avarice, and keeps him prisoner! We must set him at liberty."

Ignatz assured the gentlemen they would do a good deed by doing so: and informed them when it was likely Puderlein would be from home; so that they could find the opportunity of speaking alone with young Haydn. Young von Swieten resolved to go that very morning, during the absence of Puderlein, to seek his favourite; and he took Ignatz along with him. The hairdresser was not a little elated, to be sitting opposite the Baron, in a handsome coach, which drove rapidly towards the Leopoldstadt. When they stopped before Puderlein's house, Ignatz remained in the coach, while the Baron alighted, entered the house, and ran upstairs to the chamber before pointed out to him, where Joseph Haydn sat deep in the composition of a new quartetto.

Great was the youth's astonishment when he perceived his distinguished visitor; he did not utter a word, but kept bowing to the ground. Von Swieten, however, hesitated not to accost him with all the ardour of youth, and described the affliction of his friends (who they were, Joseph knew not) at his mysterious disappearance. Then he spoke of the applause his compositions had received, and of the public curiosity to know who the admirable composer was, and where he lived. "Your fortune is now made," continued he. "The Baron von Fűrberg, a connoisseur, my father, I myself—we all will receive you; we will present you to Prince Esterhazy; so make ready to quit this house, and to escape, the sooner the better, from the illegal and unworthy tyranny of an avaricious periwig maker."

Joseph knew not what to reply, for with every word of Von Swieten his astonishment increased. At length he faltered, blushing, "Your honour is much mistaken, if you think I am tyrannized over in this house; on the contrary, Master von Puderlein treats me as his own son, and his daughter loves me as a brother. He took me in when I was

helpless and destitute, without the means of earning my bread."

"Be that as it may," interrupted the nobleman, impatiently, "this house is no longer your home: you must go into the great world under very different auspices, worthy of your talents. Speak well or ill of your host as you please and as is most fitting; to-morrow the Baron and I come to take you away."—Thereupon he embraced young Haydn with cordiality, quitted the house and drove back to the city, while Joseph stood and rubbed his forehead, and hardly knew whether all was a dream or reality.

But the pretty Nanny, who listening in the kitchen had heard all, ran in grief and affright to meet her father when he came home, and told him everything. Puderlein was dismayed; but he soon collected himself, and commanded his daughter to follow him, and to put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Thus prepared, he went up to Haydn's chamber; Joseph, as soon as he heard him coming, opened the door, and went to meet him, to inform him of the strange visit he had received.

But Puderlein pushed him back into the chamber, entered himself, followed by the weeping Nanny, and cried in a pathetic tone, "Hold, barbarian, whither are you going?"

"To you," answered Joseph. "I was going to tell you——"

"It is not necessary," interrupted Puderlein; "I know all; you have betrayed me, and are now going to leave me like a vagabond."

"Ha, surely not, Master von Puderlein. But listen to me."

"I will not listen; your treachery is clear; your falsehood to me and to my daughter. Oh, ingratitude, see here thine own image! I loved this boy as my own son; I received him when he was destitute under my hospitable roof, clothed and fed him. I have dressed his hair with my own hands, and laboured for his renown, and for my thanks, he has betrayed me and my innocent daughter. There, sir, does not your conscience reproach you for the tears you cause that girl to shed?"

"For Heaven's sake, Master von Puderlein, listen to me. I will not leave you; I will not be ungrateful; on the contrary, I will thank you all the days of my life for what you have done for me, so far as it is in my power."

"And marry that girl?"

"Marry her?" repeated Joseph, astonished, "marry her? I—your daughter?"

"Who else? have you not told her she was handsome? that you liked her? have you not behaved as though you wished her well, whenever you have spoken with her?"

"I have, indeed, but——"

"No buts; you must *marry* her, or you are a shameless traitor! Think you a virtuous damsel of Vienna lets every callow bird tell her she is handsome and agreeable? No! the golden age yet flourishes among our girls! Innocence and virtue are paramount with them! They glance not from one to another, throwing their net over this one and that one; they wait quiet and collected, till the one comes who suits them, who will marry them, and him they love faithfully to the end of their days; and therefore are the Viennese maidens famed throughout the world. You told my innocent Nanny that she was handsome, and that you liked her; she thought you wished to marry her, and made up her mind honestly to have you. She loves you, and now will you desert and leave her?"

Joseph stood in dejected silence. Puderlein continued, "And I, have I deserved such black ingratitude from you, eh? have I?"

With these words Master Wenzel drew forth a roll of paper, unfolded and held it up before the disconcerted Joseph, who uttered an exclamation of surprise as he read these words engraved on it, "Quartetto for two violins, bass viol, and violoncello, composed by Master Joseph Haydn, performer and composer in Vienna.—Vienna, 1751."

"Yes!" cried Puderlein, triumphantly, when he saw Haydn's joyful surprise; "yes! cry out and make your eyes as large as bullets; I did that; with the money I received in payment for your dances, I paid for paper and press-work, that you might present the public with a great work. Still more! I have laboured to such purpose among my customers of rank, that you have the appointment of organist to the Carmelites. Here is your appointment! and now, go, ingrate, and bring my daughter and me with sorrow to the grave."

Joseph went not; with tears in his eyes he threw himself into Puderlein's arms, who struggled and resisted vigorously, as if he would have repelled him. But Joseph held him fast, crying, "Master von Puderlein! listen to me! there is no

treachery in me! Let me call you father; give me Nanny for my wife! I will marry her—the sooner the better. I will honour and love her all my days. Ah! I am, indeed, not base nor ungrateful.”

Master Wenzel was at last quiet; he sank exhausted on an arm-chair, and cried to the young couple, “Come hither, my children, kneel before me, that I may give you my blessing. This evening shall be the betrothal, and a month hence we will have the wedding.”

Joseph and Nanny knelt down, and received the paternal benediction. All wept and exhibited much emotion. But all was festivity in No. 7, on the banks of the Danube that evening, when the organist, Joseph Haydn, was solemnly betrothed to the fair Nanny, the daughter of Wenzel Puderlein, burgher and proprietor in the Leopoldstadt in Vienna.

The Baron von Fürnberg and young von Swieten were not a little astonished

when they came the next morning to take Haydn from Puderlein's house, to find him affianced to the pretty Nanny. They remonstrated with him earnestly in private, but Joseph remained immovable, and kept his word pledged to Puderlein and his bride, like an honourable young man.

At a later period he had reason to acknowledge that the step he had taken was somewhat precipitate; but he never repented it; and consoled himself, when his *earthly* muse mingled a little discord with his tones, with the companionship of the immortal partner, ever lovely, ever young, who attends the skilful artist through life, and who proved herself so true to *him*, that the name of JOSEPH HAYDN shall, after the lapse of centuries, be pronounced with joyful and sacred emotion by our latest posterity. But we have not yet done with our hero: the sequel must remain for another chapter.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

FAREWELL! thou old and dying year!

Thy wrinkled brow is sad:

Thy cheek is wet with many a tear,

Thy path with snowflakes clad.

Farewell! Farewell!

Hark! to the midnight chimes, that tell

Thy swift fled reign is o'er;

Thou canst with us no longer dwell.

Farewell for evermore!

Farewell! Farewell!

Farewell, old year! what wasted hours

Are passed away with thee!

We might have twined a crown of flowers,

To gild thy memory!

Farewell! Farewell!

We might have raised some angel song;

We might have built some shrine;

To be to the surrounding throng

A keepsake gift of thine!

Alas! Alas!

Alas, old year! that thou must go

So weak and poor away!

Sound not the chimes like knells of woe,

Entreating thee to stay?

Farewell! Farewell!

Thou sinkest, and the pine trees' moan

Echoes thy parting breath;

And I—as there thou liest alone,

Weep o'er thy mournful death.

Farewell! Farewell!

But ah! a lovely child is here!

He standeth at my feet—

A joyous boy—devoid of fear.

He speaks in accents sweet,

Rejoice! Rejoice!

He shows me with his little hand

A path which lies before,

It leads up to a pleasant land—

Now I can weep no more!

Rejoice! Rejoice!

Fair child! though I have left undone,

Within thy father's reign,

The deeds of good, that scarce begun,

Were cast away again;

Though man is weak, though life is frail,

Yet, hand in hand with thee,

I'll strive more gallantly to sail

O'er life's tempestuous sea!

Rejoice! Rejoice!

TRIPS AFTER HEALTH, AND HOW TO PROFIT BY THEM.

(*Known as "Health Resorts of Britain."*)

BY SPENCER THOMSON, M.D.

CHAPTER X.

TORQUAY—TEIGNMOUTH—SALCOMBE—DEVONSHIRE GENERALLY—CORNWALL—FALMOUTH—
PENZANCE AND THE CORNISH CLIMATE—LAST OF THE SOUTH COAST.

TORQUAY.

TAKE your map of England, place your finger midway between Brighton and Hastings, it will rest upon Beachy Head. Carry the finger on past Brighton, past the coast of Sussex—the same, almost straight line, continues along the sea-margin of Hampshire, crossing the noted ports of Southampton and Portsmouth on the one hand, and the Isle of Wight on the other. Still keep the finger on the same course, it skirts the sea-board of Dorsetshire, and, leaving Weymouth behind, enters upon the county of Devon. But scarcely have you got thus far, ere the straight or nearly straight coast-line takes a sudden turn to the south, and we find the bay-indented shores of this famed county of Devonshire, standing almost at right angles with the course we have just traced over. The first two indentations we meet with are the embouchures of the rivers Ex and Teign, better known through the names of their towns, Exmouth and Teignmouth. A little to the south of the latter comes the jutting promontory of "Hope's Nose," forming one of the enclosing arms of Torbay, and having at its landward extremity the town of Torquay, which thus lies in the north-east corner of the bay. Situation could scarcely be selected more favourable to the mildness of climate and equability of temperature for which Torquay is so celebrated as a health resort. Passing Torquay, or rather Torbay, we reach the embouchure of the river Dart—Dartmouth. The situation of Torquay, between this river on the one hand, and the rivers Ex and Teign on the other, is assigned by Sir James Clark as one reason why the Torquay district itself is "drier than other places" on the south-west coast, "and almost entirely free from fogs," the rain appearing to be in some degree attracted by the rivers, although it seems to be unquestioned, that the

high-lying district of Dartmoor also exerts considerable influence as a rain-divertent. "Torquay is well sheltered from the north-west, and is in a great measure protected from north-east winds." Moreover, "the extent of sheltered country around Torquay has this additional advantage, that it enables the invalid, by extending his rides into the higher parts of the district to change his climate, in some degree, frequently; a matter of consequence to those especially who remain the whole season at Torquay." As we have already remarked, Torquay lies at the north-east corner of Torbay, but the town itself is situated in a smaller bay, under the shelter of the verdure-clad and wooded eminences of Park Hill, Waldon Hill, and the Bradons, which are studded to their summits with villas. A short way from Torquay, nearer the extremity of the promontory, lies Meadfoot, a sheltered spot on the coast, where the visitor or invalid will find good accommodation, with greater seclusion, but, of course, without many of the conveniences of Torquay itself.

Situated as it is in a district which has been named the Garden of Devon, the beautiful Bay of Torbay presents the most charming—and to the invalid, most salutary variety of scenery; at one place the rugged rock, at another the wooded cliff rises from the water, and these again are succeeded by the wooded and cultivated slope, till the lofty elevation of Berry Head terminates the view. This irregularity of coast comes in advantageously as regards the site of Torquay itself, for it enables the invalid, even within the limits of the town, to take up his abode in very different descriptions of atmosphere, from the prevailing warmth of the lower sites, to the bracing breezes of those which are high up the hill.

Most persons are aware that Torquay derives its chief celebrity from the com-

parative warmth and mildness of its climate, as contrasted with other places in Britain; and hence its high claims to usefulness in the case of consumptive invalids. Mild, however, as the climate is, its equability, not only as regards humidity, is, perhaps, a more striking and beneficial characteristic. Although the climate of Devonshire generally is a damp one, it would appear that Torquay is

drier than other parts of the county, and drier when compared with other districts of Britain than it has generally been considered; the reason we have already given, being the attraction of the rain, by the vicinity of the rivers, and of the elevation of Dartmoor. The following, copied from Mr. Vivian's tables, will best illustrate the above:—Taking the

AVERAGE NUMBER OF DAYS UPON WHICH RAIN FALLS.

	Annual.	Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.
At Torquay it rains	132	35	50	32	35
Undercliff	146	39	32	33	42
Clifton	169	45	36	41	45
Hastings	153	39	31	33	49
London	178	48	43	44	48

Again, taking

THE QUANTITY OF RAIN IN INCHES.

	Annual.	Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.
At Torquay there falls	28.20	6.82	5.61	6.38	9.39
Undercliff	23.48	4.65	4.06	4.29	9.48
Clifton	32.56	8.43	5.69	9.44	9.00
Hastings	32.81	7.59	5.80	6.40	13.02
London	24.80	5.85	4.80	6.67	7.43

As might be expected, even without reference to the above tables, the autumn and winter months are considerably the most damp at Torquay. Moreover, as stated by Dr. Shapter, in his work on *The Climate of the South of Devon*—"During the winter season the south wind is often accompanied by a warm thick mist, which is particularly relaxing, and, from its frequency, not unaptly styled 'Devonshire weather.' This wind, traversing the Atlantic from the warmer latitudes, reaches the coast charged with a greater degree of moisture than the air can contain, when cooled by the lower temperature of the local climate; the result is, the misty appearance of a great dew deposit." Evidently then, if Torquay is not so regularly moist in every season of the year as it has been usually considered, it is, in winter, a moist and relaxing climate; and this point requires to be taken into consideration by those persons

who, either of their own accord, or in accordance with medical opinion, fix upon it for a residence. For however beneficial the soft moist atmosphere may be in some diseases and states of constitution, it is no less injurious in others.

But, as already remarked, the claims of Torquay, as a health-resort, rest upon the warmth, and especially the equable warmth of its climate. That is, while it is warmer than perhaps any other place in Britain during winter, it is comparatively cool in summer. There is not, as the table will show, any very great difference in this respect, between Torquay and some of the other winter residences of these islands; but the difference would be much greater were comparison made with less sheltered, and especially, with more directly inland localities.

The following table shows the average temperature of the places indicated:—

MEAN TEMPERATURE.

	Annual.	Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.
Torquay	52.1	44.0	50.0	61.2	53.1
Undercliff	51.3	41.8	49.6	60.6	53.5
Clifton	51.2	39.9	49.7	63.8	51.4
Hastings	50.4	39.0	47.4	61.7	52.2
London	50.3	39.1	48.7	62.3	51.3

The visitor in health, and the invalid who is not too great an invalid to undergo a little fatigue, will find abundant scope for pleasant walks and excursions in the vicinity of this favoured spot, this

garden of Devon. One of the most beautiful and interesting of these is the picturesque little village of Babbicombe, with its steep hill-side and terraced gardens. Not far from this, but nearer

the extremity of the promontory—Hope's Nose—a most picturesque spot—Ansty's Cove—is well worthy of a visit. The cove is “divided into two unequal parts, by an out-jutting crag, through a narrow cleft of which a flight of rude steps, and a somewhat narrow and precipitous path, afford the means of intercommunication. These two divisions are of a singularly diverse aspect. The southern and smaller is clothed with verdure almost to the water's edge, the green surface being here and there interrupted by protruding masses of the red rock. The other is almost all rock, beautiful in its many varied tints and multitudinous lines.” Towards the middle of the promontory, between Babbicombe and Ansty's Cove and Torquay, there is a curious cave, “Kent's Cavern,” celebrated for its fossil treasures. Beneath the bed of mud which forms the floor of the cave have been found “bones of the hyena, tiger, bear, wolf, horse, deer, elephant, hippopotamus, elk, rat, dog, sheep, rabbit, and some bones of birds.” Many of them gnawed and some perfect. Few persons there are who would not be interested in the facts disclosed by this curious and long-hidden page of creation's book; facts which offer so wide a field for speculation and research. On the side of Torquay, opposite to that on which lies Babbicombe, the Tor Abbey Sands, Livermead, and Cockington are favourite resorts for those who do not travel far; and still nearer, commanding a full view of the bay, with its lively scenes, the Beacon Hill is easily reached.

A pleasant excursion to the southward leads past Paignton and Goodrington, to the fishing-town of Brixham, where William of Orange landed, on the 5th of November, 1688. Many of the finer kinds of fish, turbot, soles, whiting, mullet, &c., are the produce of this fishing-station; and on Saturdays, when the principal fish-sales take place, the scene is a very animated one. One mile east of Brixham harbour we reach the south-west corner of Torbay—the “marble steep” of Berryhead, a worthy termination of the favoured Bay of Tor. We might say more of many other pleasant resorts around Torquay, and especially of the wild and picturesque district of Dartmoor, with its Druidical remains, its Sacred Circles and Forts, its Cromlechs, Barrows, and Cairns, telling of people, customs, and pagan worship long passed

away; but these scarcely belong to our notice of a health resort.

Truly one might almost long for a little, only a little, threatening to health, which would consign us to so pleasant, interesting, and beautiful a resort as Torquay.

We have given our first attention to Torquay, as the place which stands highest in repute in the south-western division, and we might almost have said in Britain, in its own peculiar way, but it by no means stands alone, for the whole coast, from Lyme Regis, where we part from Dorsetshire, to Plymouth, where we meet the Cornish border, is crowded with health resorts of greater or lesser note. Of these, Sidmouth is the most easterly, Exmouth, Dawlish, Teignmouth meet us before we reach Torquay, and Salscombe after we have passed it, not to mention many smaller places.

For the district we are now in, Exeter is the head quarters, for here we find the commencement of the South Devon Railway, which runs its course of fifty-three miles to Plymouth, missing, however, our first and last localities, Sidmouth and Salscombe; and this district of South Devon has the soft mild climate, where the tenderest plants, both of vegetables and human kind, can live and flourish in winter. “It has a winter temperature nearly two degrees higher than that of the coast of Sussex and Hampshire, and from three to four degrees higher than that of London. The difference is most remarkable during the months of November, December, and January; amounting, on the average, in the sheltered places, to five degrees above London. In February the difference falls to three degrees, and in March and April the excess of the mean temperature over that of London does not amount to one degree.” The chief difference taking place in the night. Of course the mildness of the climate in particular localities varies greatly according to their shelter, exposure, &c.; shelter, generally, meaning protection from the north and east, although in some cases it is desirable from south-west gales as well. As a general rule, the most sheltered sites, and those possessing the most equable and mildest climate, are to be found directly upon the shore, deriving their freedom from cold, in part, to the immediate vicinity of the sea, and their site, to the geological and topographical peculiarities of the

district, which exhibits a succession of gorges, chines, glens, vales, or whatever they may be called, often traversed by a stream, and which open out as they approach the coast, thus giving the requisites of a south or west exposure, a sufficient space for the erection of a watering-place and all its appurtenances, few or many as the case may be, vicinity to the sea, and shelter, by means of the hills which form and surround the depression; in some instances the elevation of ground being further aided by trees and plantations. It is not intended, however, to convey the idea that the only sheltered and temperate sites for invalid winter residence in Devonshire are of necessity on the coast; there are inland places to which we shall allude, but, as remarked by Sir James Clark, "it will be found that as we recede from the coast, the cold, especially during the night, is more intense, and the range of temperature greater."

SIDMOUTH,

Fifteen miles from Exeter, but not by rail, is, like Bournemouth, tree sheltered, although rising grounds around give their aid. That the climate is a mild one, the more delicate plants which survive winter exposure sufficiently indicate. Mr. Lee, in his *Watering Places of Britain*, describes the winter as often "too mild to be agreeable to those in robust health; snow seldom remains on the ground; November is gloomy, with fogs; December generally fine and equable, the wind being from the north; in January heavy gales are not unfrequent; February, though usually mild, is not unfrequently troubled by storms; in March, north and north-west winds prevail; September and October are agreeable." Sir James Clark, although admitting that there are some sheltered situations for invalids, regards Sidmouth more as a summer and autumn bathing locality.

Our course by rail from Exeter is down the west bank of the Exe, at the mouth of which lies our next locality,

EXMOUTH,

To reach which, on the east side of the river, we must boat it across the estuary, at least till the direct line is made, leaving the rail at the Star Cross or New Cross Station. The town consists of an old and new portion, the former occupying the lower position, and on this account

open to the objection of damp, and liable to exhalations from the extending river estuary; whilst the new, or higher part, is exposed to high winds. Upon the whole, opinion seems adverse to Exmouth as an established winter resort; although, undoubtedly, shelter is to be found. But, in summer, the want of shelter makes it less close and hot than many other places. Nevertheless, although Exmouth is said to be the oldest established watering-place in Devonshire, it has not maintained its ground against its young and rising rivals. Between Exmouth and Sidmouth, four miles east of the former, in a sheltered valley, lies Salterton, one of the smaller watering-places, chiefly frequented in summer, but also well adapted in many respects for the winter residence of the invalid who prefers quiet, and does not require a large space for exercise.

If, instead of leaving our train at Star Cross, we continue our course, three miles and a-half brings us to

DAWLISH,

A place ranking next to Torquay as a winter residence. The rail carries us between the beach and the town, and a fine promenade walk has been formed on the beach side of the line, which thus, instead of becoming, as was thought it would, an eye-sore and deformity, has been converted into a real acquisition. Dawlish extends a good distance up its narrow valley, and the best protection is to be found rather here than close upon the sea, where there is considerable exposure to the east winds in spring. Like many other places, Dawlish has sprung into notice during the present century; previously it was merely a small fishing village, but its site and climate have brought it into certain favour. Its limitation in every way is its chief objection; nevertheless, it possesses many of the establishments which now seem the rule in every place of the kind. Moreover, the sea-bathing is extremely good.

Three miles of rail, and five tunnels, through rough, projecting headlands—a pretty good allowance for nervous travellers—bring us to

TEIGNMOUTH.

These tunnels, arched out of the solid rock, do not require interior building, as in most other places. The last, which is the longest, passes through the somewhat noted "Parson" rock, having just

traversed the "Clerk"—both being well known headlands. At Teignmouth, as at Dawlish, the rail divides the beach, in part of its course, at least, from the town, and here, too, we have the promenade on the outer side of the rail. Teignmouth, which is divided into the East and West Towns, is not one of the recent places, but is noticed before the Conquest, and in the reign of Henry VIII. its haven is said to have been capable of admitting vessels of 800 tons burden. It was not, however, until the end of the last century that it began to attract attention as a watering-place, and to receive the consequent additions of new buildings which have progressively converted it into the now handsome and well-frequented Health Resort. The old parts of the town are for the most part irregularly built, with narrow streets; the new part, or visitors' quarter, in the modern style, is situated on the Den or Dene, a tongue of land having the river on one side and the sea on the other. The Den, which is the great attraction of the place, not only includes the principal public buildings, rooms, baths, &c., as well as the best houses, but it has also the chief drive and promenade, skirting the sea. Teignmouth has the usual mild climate of Devon, myrtles and other tender plants growing well, unprotected, throughout the year. It is somewhat exposed to the east wind, but as that prevails only in March and April, it does not suffer much in that respect; from the north it is tolerably protected. "The average temperature is almost six degrees higher than that of London from October to May, and five lower from June to September." This comparative coolness in summer, and a deficiency of shelter as compared with the neighbouring places in winter, as well as good sands, make Teignmouth chiefly a summer resort. Yachts and pleasure-boats abound for those who like them. We must not forget that Teignmouth boasts of possessing the longest bridge in Britain—a light structure of wood and iron—which crosses the estuary of the river.

About two miles up the Teign from Teignmouth, the village of Bishop's Teignton has a good reputation as a sheltered locality; and, to some invalids, the slight distance from the sea, and comparative protection from even southerly gales, is an advantage.

When we depart from Teignmouth by rail, we take leave of the sea, and do not

come upon it again till we reach Plymouth, the line to Torquay being simply a branch from the Newton Abbot station, and that branch we need not take now, having already been to Torquay by a more expeditious route of our own. From Newton Abbot, the rail cuts across the southern projection of Devon. At the extreme south of this projection we find a place where not only myrtles, fuchsias, and heliotropes flourish, but where the orange and the lime are also out-of-door plants, and ripen their fruits.

SALCOMBE,

Within sight of the sea, lies a short distance up "Kingsbridge Water," an indentation on the coast, which is guarded on either side by the promontories of Prawl Point and Bolt Head. The former of these is a fine majestic headland, with a natural arch beneath, through which a boat may be taken in calm weather; the latter, with an almost equal elevation, opposes it on the further side of the bay: there is no lack of wild scenery, and of steep and rugged cliffs around, contrasting with the tropical greenness of the little watering-place which lies in their midst; probably the warmest place on the south coast. Salcombe has yet the disadvantage of being too much shut in, of affording but small space for exercise, and limited accommodation for invalids; not being an invalid station only, but a busy little sea-port with a thriving trade. A couple of ruined towers mark the site of the castle, which stood so memorable a siege from the Parliamentary forces.

What would our consumptive invalids do without that curved stretch of coast, the South-West District of Sir James Clark, which, extending from the ancient port of Lyme Regis—a port when many of its new neighbours were but shingle, and bare, untenanted shore—terminates at the upheaved slate-pointed promontory of Bolt Head, which we have just left. Between these two points lie "bits" of winter climate, if we may so speak, which are scarcely to be matched in Britain; but yet, bits of peculiar climate, much warmth, and, in winter especially, much moisture. There can be no doubt that Devonshire climate *is* moist and relaxing. Differences there are, no doubt, in the extent of this, but yet it is never altogether lost; and, as a consequence, there are certain kinds and states of constitution which receive injury rather than benefit from residence in it. Even many

lung cases are better away. Moreover, cases that will do well at certain times of the year, must leave at others; and people who do well for two or three months, will, if they stay longer, begin to fall back. Here, however, we are getting upon ground which should be left to the medical adviser. Suffice it to say, that, as a broad rule, persons of relaxed habit, or suffering from diseases of relaxation, should not resort to Devonshire except under medical sanction. We speak of it more with reference to the winter resorts, rather than to the summer watering-places—of its sea-side, rather than of its inland localities; for some of these—as Chudleigh and Moreton Hampstead—are said to possess a much more bracing air and climate.

The county of Devon has one peculiarity which we have not heretofore encountered: it has two coast lines, divided entirely from each other—the one north, facing the Bristol Channel; the other south, looking towards the English Channel. Moreover, there is no other English county similar to Devon in these respects. Consequently, having left its south shore, we must, before reaching its north, coast-wise, at least, turn the Land's End, and traverse the most remote county of England—too remote, perhaps, for a great proportion of our readers, yet not without interest, both to the traveller, and to some classes of invalids.

Penzance, in the extreme west of Cornwall, the "Land's End District" of Sir James Clark, is the principal health station, and includes Marazion, which is but a short distance from it. The pretty little Dutch-founded town of Flushing, near Falmouth, has also some reputation as a health resort. Probably the Cornwall and West Cornwall lines of rail will by degrees bring into notice other spots suited for invalid residence, although the extreme distance from the great centres of English life must prove a serious obstacle. The rails we have just mentioned are in direct communication with the South Devon from Exeter; but if you wish to visit Falmouth neighbourhood, with a view to health shelter, you must stop at Truro. Possibly, amid the many arms and intricate windings of Falmouth's most commodious harbour, you may find other sheltered nooks as yet unknown, and, of course, the whole neighbourhood partakes of the general mild Cornish climate, of which, however, we shall speak presently. Falmouth itself, for long the chief Go-

vernment packet-station, is an old-fashioned, irregular town, but, like so many others, throwing out its new and more airy suburbs. Being at Falmouth, if you have the ambition of standing as far towards the south pole as you can on the soil, or rather, we must say, on the rocks of England, you can do so now, by visiting the well-known Lizard Point. If you are an invalid, you will leave such a distinction to the tourist, and push on to Penzance, the health-place of Cornwall, which, by virtue of its name, meaning "Saint's head," takes for its arms John the Baptist's head on a charger. Situated on the shores of Mount's Bay, the bay of the noted St. Michael's Mount, Penzance faces the east, but is well sheltered from the west, the quarter whence come the gales, and real gales they are, which sweep over the south-western, peninsula-like, sea-girt county of Cornwall. The climate of Penzance, and indeed that of Cornwall generally, is very peculiar. We quote from Mr. White's *Walk to the Land's End* an excellent description of it. After noticing the great and early productiveness of the land in some parts, and especially in the immediate vicinity of Penzance, he says:—

"From the Orkneys down to Cornwall, there is an increase of one degree of temperature for every 111 miles; the mean of the year being 46° in the north, and 52° at Penzance. From east to west the increase is one degree for every 66 miles; and while the winter temperature of Greenwich is 35° , that of Penzance is 42° . This part of Cornwall has thus a winter less cold by many degrees than any other part of the kingdom. The first traces of vegetation appear earlier in this country, as already mentioned, than on the opposite side of the channel, or even in the north of Italy. But there are modifying circumstances, and unless these are taken into account, the idea suggested by 'perpetual spring,' will prove fallacious. Owing to the narrowness of the country, and its position between two seas, the Cornish summer is not so hot as in countries three or four hundred miles nearer the north; the harvest is later, and the air, loaded with damp, while it retards the ripening of grain, produces on some constitutions a feeling of languor and depression unknown in a drier atmosphere. Though the difference of temperature between the two seasons be much less than in other places, approaching to equality; and though the winter be mild, it is wet,

and the summer is cool and humid. These are considerations not to be lost sight of in discussing the important question of change of air. Whether on the cliffs of Devonshire or Cornwall, there were few days on which I did not find my overcoat acceptable, and the evenings were almost invariably chilly.

"Another modifying influence is the quantity of rain. The average yearly rain-fall in Cornwall is 44 inches; in Middlesex it is 24 inches. The popular saying that 'Cornwall will take a shower every day in the week, and two on Sundays,' is thus seen to have had a substantial origin.

"In the winter months the sea is from 4° to 8° warmer than the land; hence the little snow that falls is soon melted along the borders of the coast. At times a gusty drizzle sets in and lasts for two or three weeks, making everything miserable out of doors, and damp within. That misty rain which saturated me at the Lizard, happily but for a few hours, was a specimen. The valleys, too, are subject to fogs.

"But the Cornish winter is not a cheerless season; quite the reverse. Dwellers in Middlesex and the neighbouring counties, have not unfrequently to lament that in some of the autumn and winter months the sky is covered with thick, leaden clouds, through which the sun never pierces for weeks. Such a state of things rarely occurs in Cornwall; if there be much rain, there is also much sunshine; more than falls to our share here in the east. Except on the extraordinary occasions referred to, the rain seldom lasts beyond a few hours, and for one half of the day the sun will be so bright and warm, that it is only by observing the vegetation you are reminded of January. Such a winter, as some think, more than compensates for the deficiencies of summer; and we see that rain every day for nine months does not necessarily imply constant gloomy weather."

Sir James Clark thinks that one principal advantage of the Penzance climate is its comparative warmth during the night at all seasons, but remarks: "In the spring Penzance loses its superiority of climate. In April and May it is decidedly inferior to the more sheltered spots on the south coast of Devon, and

to the Undercliff." This inferiority is chiefly owing to the north-east exposure of Penzance, and might probably be counteracted by the selection of a more specially invalid position; for it must be remembered that Penzance was not sited and built with any special view to climate advantages, and that whatever it has to offer in that way is simply incidental. The accommodations for invalid residence in and around Penzance are good, and the surrounding country offers abundant facilities for exercise in walks and drives; certainly a consideration, when taken in connexion with the equable winter temperature. For those who are able to extend their rambles further, the Lizard Point on the one hand, and the Land's End on the other, offer different kinds of interest. The former has the bold, varied scenery of its rocky coast, but then its rock is not common rock, but the beautiful, fire-hardened red and green-veined serpentine, which is too hard to be affected by the never-ceasing wash of the waves, and would endure, probably, when the granite which composes the Land's End promontory had given way, and granite is not the most yielding of materials.

The interior of Cornwall generally does not seem, apart from its mineral interests, to offer much to the stranger; a succession of low hills and barren moors, without wood, and covered with heath and furze, look coarse and naked. The scenery of the north coast is said to be grand, "the cliffs high, steep, and craggy, and going straight down into the ocean," with occasional sandy beaches between them, but subject to the beating of a "tremendous sea" along their entire length. "The coast scenery on the south is not so striking, but in many parts is very beautiful; and the mouths of the valleys opening seawards, and often traversed by small rivers fringed with wood, present views that may not be excelled."

"Tourists who visit Cornwall in search of the picturesque, usually travel by the road from Plymouth, through Liskeard to Bodmin. This route lies through a succession of valleys which, being sheltered from the sea breezes, are well wooded, and, owing to the dampness of the climate, abound in various kinds of ferns, all of most luxuriant growth."

(To be continued.)

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

No. 3.—“HE’S A GOOD FELLOW!—NOBODY’S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.”

“THE world,” says Longfellow, in his beautiful tale of *Hyperion*—which we heartily commend to all our readers for perusal,—“the world loves a spice of wickedness. Talk as you will about principle, impulse is more attractive, even when it goes too far. The passions of youth, like unhooded hawks, fly high, with musical bells upon their jesses; and we forget the cruelty of the sport in the dauntless bearing of the gallant bird.” It is this inclination for “a spice of wickedness” which has given currency to the saying we purpose to illustrate, and which, with its double fallacy, deludes so many to their destruction. The two fallacies are, first, that the kind of character to whom the name of “a good fellow” is applied, is in reality a thorough scapegrace; second, instead of being “nobody’s enemy but his own,” he is the enemy of all with whom he is in any way connected. Sir Lytton Bulwer, in his novel of *The Cartons*, has given us an example of this double fallacy in the character of Guy Bolding, who, he tells us, “was one of those excellent creatures, who are nobody’s enemies but their own.” This “excellent creature” is introduced to us as “a tall fellow, somewhat more than six feet high, in a cut-away sporting-coat, with a dog-whistle tied to the button-hole, drab shorts and gaiters, and a waistcoat with all manner of strange furtive pockets. Guy Bolding had lived a year and a half at Oxford as a “fast man;” so “fast” had he lived, that there was scarcely a tradesman at Oxford into whose books he had not contrived to run. His father was compelled to withdraw him from the university, at which he had already had the honour of being plucked for the *Little go*; and the young gentleman, on being asked for what profession he was fit, had replied with conscious pride, “that he could tool a coach.” His father was a clergyman, whom he had compelled to make great pecuniary sacrifice, to say nothing of mental distress suffered; and we are told that the meditated portion for his infant sister had been half swallowed up in the payment of his college debts. And yet this man is held up to us as an “excellent creature,” “a good fellow, who is nobody’s enemy but his own.” At all events, the Oxford tradesmen, we should

think, did not exactly agree in this panegyric—at least, while they were kept waiting for their money; and the father, when he paid it, must have felt very much as if an enemy had been despoiling his property. Still, this Guy Bolding is about one of the most favourable examples that can be quoted of the “good fellow, who is nobody’s enemy but his own;” for he is not described as possessing any very vicious habits—he is not presented to us either as a drunkard or a gambler; but more as a reckless, extravagant youth, who has an utter impossibility either to use or to keep his money, but suffers it to flow away from him almost unconsciously, regardless of those on whom his extravagance may inflict injury. And this is done with such an imperturbable air of good humour, such an everlasting relish for fun, that you cannot help liking the fellow in spite of his recklessness. His good-temper, his gallant bearing, are like the musical bells upon the jesses of the hawk; and we forget the injuries he inflicts on others in our liking for his own bold bearing—for the better feelings that are discerned beneath the sporting-coat, and the waistcoat with “furtive pockets.” And through these feelings we are led to hope that, in time, the weapons of evil may be “turned against itself, fighting under better banners.”

We have an older and a higher example of one who may be called, in the phraseology of our adage, the king of “good fellows,” in the portraiture which Shakespeare has drawn for us of the “mad-cap Prince of Wales,” he who “doff’d the world aside, and let it pass.” But it cannot be said that he was “nobody’s enemy but his own.” From the very first mention of him, we have him described “as dissolute as desperate;” from the very first he is a “plague” hanging over his father; the

“One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that
throws

Its deep shade alike o’er his joys and his woes.”

He sees “riot and disorder stain the brows of his young Harry,” until, when surrounded with dangers, when rebellion rears its hideous front, and the great nobles of the land “capitulate” against him, then we find the old king lamenting that this “good fellow” is only marked

"for the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven

"To punish my mistreadings;"

and in the wild and debauched youth who calls him father, sees only his "nearest and dearest enemy." But Shakspeare understood human nature too well to make the riotous Prince *all* evil. From the very first, "some sparks of better hope" are seen, and our interest is excited by the development of these indications of better things. We are never in any doubt as to the ultimate conquest over the ardent passions of his youth—the "breaking through the foul and ugly mists of vapours"—the casting off "his loose behaviour"—

"Redeeming time when men least think I will;"

and we follow him through the dramatic action with ever increasing pleasure, as we see in him something more than the "good fellowship" which endears him to Falstaff and the rest of his followers. Shakspeare has endowed him with strong intellect, and strong affections. The conventionalities of the court were too tame for his ardent nature—he must mingle with his fellow men. He does not come entirely unscathed from the contact; he yields himself up to the idleness of the moment, smothers his higher thoughts, and gives way to their "unyoked humours." But he has been learning the great lessons of humanity amidst men with whom his follies made him an equal; and we see him come out of the encounter, not altogether debased, as inferior minds would have been, but with enlarged sympathies for human nature, which he might have sought in vain in courts. It is when we see him breaking away from the bondage of "good fellowship"—

"When consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him"—

when his lower impulses give place to higher thoughts, and he has cast aside the vile habits that obscured his nobler nature, that he justifies the interest we have felt for him, even in his wildness, his riot, and dishonour.

Henry the Fifth is here a poetical creation moulded according to the poet's will; giving full scope to the misdirected energies of youth—full scope to its impulses; but, at the same time, commingling with them a lofty intellect—a high and noble nature, glowing aspirations for a better state of things. Yet, even here, we find the "good fellow"

mixed up with much that is vile, debasing, and wicked; engaged in highway robbery; "touching the base string of humility" with drawers and serving-men; revelling in foul jests and "most unsavoury similes;" and gaining "rotten opinions" from the great and good. It might suit the poet's purpose to make the "musical bells" strike out their loudest notes—to enlist our sympathies on the side of his "good fellow." It might, perhaps, be wise to show us that there is a possibility of becoming something better than a "good fellow;" of redeeming time, putting aside that "loose behaviour" of early life, by which the title was earned, and doing some little good in our generation. But we fear in real life the examples of this change are almost as rare as that of one deserting the mysteries of a betting-book, to guide the mysteries of a nation's finances. If Harry the Fifth redeemed the errors of the Prince of Wales, George the Fourth died as he had lived.

Let us now look into real life. Who are these "good fellows?" Who are these excellent creatures who are "nobody's enemies but their own?" Are they to be found among the great philanthropists of their age? When Howard passed years of his life in visiting the gaols and prisons throughout Europe; when he braved the fever and the pestilence in dungeon and lazaretto; when he spent his fortune in the endeavour to relieve the miseries of the oppressed, to give comfort to the sick and health to the criminal; when he laid the foundations of those changes which purified our hospitals, and gave cleanliness, fresh air, and wholesome food to the criminals in the dungeon; was he called a "good fellow?" When perilling his own life to give health to others, was he styled "nobody's enemy but his own?" Far from it: he was met by the sneers, and scoffs, and calumnies of the world; he was ridiculed as a dreamer, as a knight-errant; he came under the ban of officials for the trouble he was giving; he was on all sides thwarted and opposed; and it was left to a subsequent generation to recognise his worth, and erect a statue to his memory. When Father Mathew was devoting time and fortune to get rid of the monster vice of his country, instead of being hailed as a "good fellow"—"nobody's enemy but his own," all the "good fellows" of the land were loud in their outcry against him. They felt as if he was robbing them of their "occupation"

—depriving them of their good name; for, singular to say, there is never an instance known of a man obtaining the appellation of a “good fellow—nobody’s enemy but his own,” unless he is notorious for his love of strong potations. This seems to be the one thing necessary to obtain this title. He may possess wit, humour, learning, a ready flow of conversation, a never-failing good-nature, a love for human kind; but unless there is mingled with this a “spice of wickedness,” unless his “impulses” are stronger than his “principles,” unless he brings himself down to the level of meaner capacities by drowning his better propensities in drink, he never gains the title of a “good fellow—nobody’s enemy but his own.” There is a kind of contemptuous pity in the very sound of it. When we see a fine intellect and bright nature, calculated to attain the highest eminence, degrading and brutalizing itself, then it is that the common herd cry out “he is a good fellow,” as if they rejoiced to see a great spirit brought down to their own low level. And if we find he makes an effort to redeem himself—if, for instance, he casts off the habit of indulgence—then, although still retaining all his other qualities, and displaying them in still greater vigour, the tone of his quondam admirers is altered; he is no longer a “good fellow,” but we hear him spoken of as one who was formerly a “good fellow—nobody’s enemy but his own,” but now he is a “milksoy,” a “prig,” who can no longer take his glass like a man.

The irregularities and frailties of men of genius have done much to promote the fallacy which we condemn. The very brilliancy of one portion of their lives has served to blind us to the profligacy of the other. And men who cannot compete with them in intellect and wit, imagine they are imitating them when they rival them in the number of bottles they can drink, or when they exceed them in some act of profligacy. But if we look into the lives of those public men who have been famed as “good fellows,” who have been the life and soul of society, without whose presence the richest dinners were a blank, we shall find that so far from being “nobody’s enemy but their own,” they spread difficulty and distress over all around them. It is with a faltering hand that we write the name of Sheridan; it is with a saddened spirit that we recal the memory of this “good fellow—nobody’s enemy but his own.” In him we

have the “dauntless bearing of the noble bird” that claims our admiration; the “musical bells” fastened to his jesses, which give us so much delight; but, alas! in him, also, we have impulse overmastering principle, and leading him to evil, to ruin, and to death; the fire of his genius breaking out and flashing upon the world in spite of his undisciplined youth and half-trained mind; winning for himself a position amongst the highest and noblest in the land: the highest in station, the noblest in intellect. In all he attempted, achieving the greatest success: as an orator, making the best speech; as an author, writing the best comedy, the best opera, the best farce; as the companion of wits, taking the highest place, and outshining them all. But, withal, reckless, improvident, seeking inspiration in wine, and rewarding it with wine when it came, until reduced to a state of mental and bodily imbecility. Distress accumulating around him, but in the midst of distress preserving his political independence, and refusing to go into Parliament with the badge of a master upon him. His whole life one long paroxysm of excitement; his moral character disorganized; and, in the end, sinking under pecuniary embarrassments, amidst the ingratitude of those who had hailed him as a “good fellow—nobody’s enemy but his own!”

“Oh, it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And friendships so false in the great and high-born;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died friendless and lorn!

“How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of him whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow;
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow.”

Another name arises to our memory as we stand by the grave of Sheridan; not so lofty in its nature, indeed, though gifted with even greater readiness of wit; not playing so prominent a part in public life, but a “good fellow” of infinite jest and merriment, who kept the table continually on the roar. If in Sheridan we see and grieve over the prostration of a noble mind, in Theodore Hook we have the man of bright parts, but with an earthiness about him that keeps him down to the level of a mere “good fellow:” the spirit of flunkeyism is strong in him who could be content to be the lion of the

night, to roar when called upon by assembled lords and ladies, and then to be as little thought of as the showman who manages the squeakings of Punch. In all his works there is wit that amuses, talent that dazzles, verbal jokes and practical jokes without end or number; but rarely a thought or sentiment that touches the feelings and goes home to the heart. It is all of the earth, earthy. So, too, in his political writings there was wit, and fancy, and pungent ridicule; but all tending to lessen our respect for human nature—to degrade man in the eyes of his fellow-men. No one good thing for the improvement of the human race was ever proposed but he had a gibe and a sneer against it. He strove to crush education with a song, freedom with a sarcasm, character with a scandalous jest. And yet he maintained the reputation of a “good fellow,” who was “nobody’s enemy but his own” to the very last. It is pitiable, in his later years, to see this martyr to the world striving against the effects of his follies, and at the same time clinging to the folly itself; wearing out body and mind in an incessant round of excitement—one minute writing for the press, then priming himself with stimulants to meet the fatigues of amusing others; until wearied, diseased, worn out, his effects seized by his own political friends to repay some Government debt, he sinks into the grave, unremembered by those he had wasted his powers to please—had sacrificed his life to amuse. The miserable end of a “good fellow—nobody’s enemy but his own.”

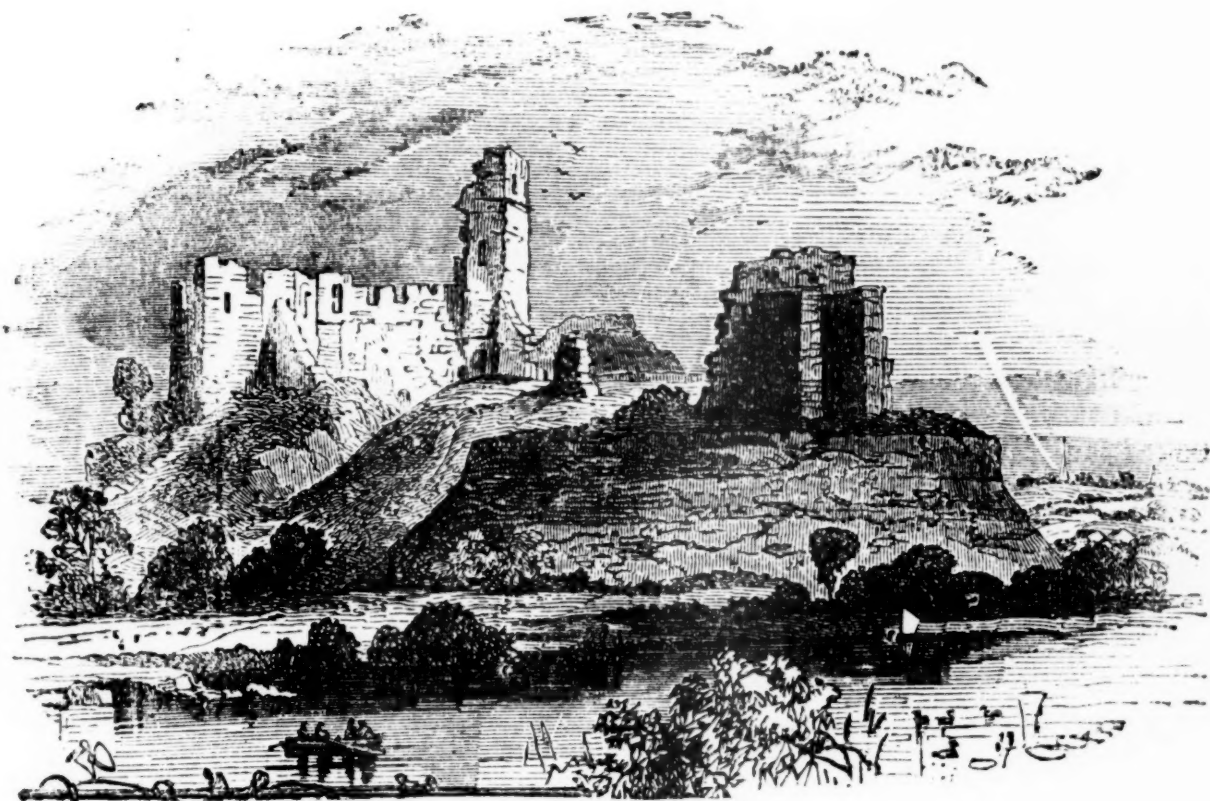
These good fellows had some redeeming traits: wit and intellect shed a halo over their career, which softened down its coarser points, and attached some hearts to them in spite of their errors and their vices. But there are men without one redeeming quality, who walk about the world as “good fellows;” who know no guide but their passions, whose life is merely different gradations in folly and in vice. Ardent young men who stake a fortune on the cast of a die, or the speed of a horse; who rush from the stable to the bottle; from the bottle to the gaming-table; who begin by being dupes, and end by becoming cheats; sinking gradually lower and lower in the scale, until, from being “good fellows” in good society, they come to be “good fellows” among black-legs and jockeys, and at last, perhaps, are “good fellows” only among billiard-markers and stable-boys. The Alleyns, who cheated Lieutenant Kennedy

out of so large a portion of his fortune, were, doubtless, “good fellows,” with the reputation of being “nobody’s enemy but their own.” We can well imagine the reckless gaiety with which they booked the bets of their unlucky dupe, saw hundreds swell into thousands, and the right good fellowship with which the three brothers, soldiers and parson, combined to cheat the unsuspecting victim, and divide the spoil among them. And the poor dupe, too; he was a “good fellow—nobody’s enemy but his own,” as long as he was dolt enough to play into their hands; but the sequel proves that these “good fellows” were thorough knaves, the enemies to all around them, as well as to themselves. Their tricks and wickedness recoil upon themselves, as the curses in the Arabian proverb, which says, “Curses, like chickens, aye come home to roost.”

And so it ever will be; wherever impulse is stronger than principle, wherever sensuality is more prized than intellectuality, the impulsive and the sensuous may be liked and admired for a time, may be hailed as “good fellows,” and said to be “nobody’s enemy but their own.” But the end of their good fellowship is contempt; and while they have most effectually been enemies to themselves, they have also been inflicting the most grievous wrongs on society at large, and dealing the heaviest and severest blows on those who are nearest and dearest to them. The world of man is not like that of the limpet, confined within the compass of its own shell. He cannot be his own enemy without inflicting harm on his neighbours; he cannot play the part assigned to him in society badly, without damaging all those around him. And the higher the abilities with which he is endowed, the more musical the bells upon his jesses—the greater the damage he inflicts. “It hath oftentimes,” says a modern writer, who adopts the name, and copies the style of Sir Thomas Browne, speaking of the adage we have been commenting on—“it hath oftentimes been matter of wonderment to me how many phrases do come to be received as current coin in the world, which for certain were never stamped in the mint of either religion or reason; and among these brass shillings of society, I know none that better deserveth to be nailed to the counter than the one above placed; for many an idle young man hath, before now, found it the last in his pocket, and haply hath exchanged it for a pistol-bullet, thinking himself a gainer by the bargain.”

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF THE PICTURESQUE.

No. 6.—TUTBURY CASTLE.



No doubt most of our readers who have travelled from Derby to the bustling town of Uttoxeter have observed, when they had proceeded about nine miles on the road, some fragments of ruins on a commanding eminence, at the distance of about a mile and a half on their left hand. Those fragments are the sole remains of the once regal Castle of Tutbury.

The hill on which the castle stands is an immense rock of gypsum. Its height gives it the advantage of a very extensive prospect over a country comparatively flat, and which is only bounded by the distant mountains of the Peak, in Derbyshire. Towards its own county—that of Stafford—the view is confined by the rising grounds of what was once Weedwood Forest, a famous hunting-ground, and which, at a distance, still retain their former character, being well covered with noble trees, which form a very pleasing background to the scene. At the foot of this rock runs the “fair Dove” of Charles Cotton, which he repeatedly informs us in his poems is without a rival.

“Of all fair Thetis’s daughters none so bright,
So pleasant none to taste, none to the sight,
None yield the patient angler such delight.”

Henry de Ferrars was the founder of the Castle of Tutbury in the eleventh century. It is the general lot of great possessions

frequently to change their owners. Thus we find that Tutbury was forfeited, among his other large possessions, by Robert de Ferrars, Earl of Derby, in the year of grace 1269, and was given by King Edward the First to his brother Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, who dying in 1297, it became the property of his son Thomas, who repaired and greatly improved, both in comfort and in strength, the castle, making it in a great measure his general residence. His style of living here is spoken of by the old chroniclers as most princely; and that it was so may be readily supposed, when we are assured that his household expenses in the year 1313 amounted to not less than twenty-two thousand pounds—an almost incredible sum, when the difference in the price of provisions at that time is borne in mind.

This magnificent prince, however, became embroiled with Edward the Second. Disgusted with the manner in which the foolish King suffered himself to be guided by his minions, Gaveston and the De Spensers, he, at the head of a number of the principal nobility, first remonstrated, and, when that was of no avail, took up arms against his sovereign. A civil war was commenced, which was vigorously carried on by both parties. The King had

advanced into the heart of the kingdom while the Earl was in the north; and before the latter could arrest its progress, the royal army had advanced nearly to Burton. Here, however, by forced marches, the Earl arrived before the King; and taking possession of the town, made every preparation to prevent the King from entering.

Burton is situated on the western bank of the river Trent, which is here remarkably deep, and of such a breadth as to require a bridge of a quarter of a mile to connect it with the neighbouring county of Derby, and to open a communication with the towns of Leicestershire. This bridge, near the conclusion of the thirteenth century, was very narrow and crooked, full of angles and projections, and so contrived that but very few persons could pass abreast over it; it had also a number of chapels and other buildings on and about it. Thus singularly constructed, it was easily guarded, and Earl Thomas made up his mind to dispute the passage to the last extremity.

On this bridge of Trent he considered that his safety depended; for, without crossing the river, he knew that his Castle of Tutbury could not be approached, and there was no other bridge within many long miles. Confiding in his situation, though shamefully deserted by the barons who had promised him assistance, he was perfectly astounded when part of the royal army attacked his forces in the rear, having, by means of a rustic guide, found a ford about four miles above Burton, by which they had crossed the river, while the other part remained near the bridge, apparently with a determination of forcing a passage, as a feint to draw off the rebel chieftain's attention from the real quarter of attack. Thus surprised and out-generalled, the Earl was constrained to flee to the only refuge he had left—his fortress of Tutbury.

Tutbury is about five miles from Burton; and scarcely had the fugitive Earl got into the castle with the remnant of his followers, ere he found the King's forces at the gates. To stay under such circumstances he did not deem safe to his beloved person; so, after leaving his baggage and military chest in the care of his treasurer, Leicester, he and his principal retainers made their escape to Pontefract.

Leicester did his utmost to fulfil the parting directions of his lord in regard to the military chest, which contained all the

“sinews of war” at their command, which were to follow on the first favourable opportunity that presented itself into Yorkshire, using all precautions to avoid falling, with their treasure, into the enemy's hand. But in the confusion of crossing the river one dark and stormy night, with a guard which was, as it were, panic-struck, the chest, with all its valuable contents, was lost in the Dove; nor had the unlucky treasurer ever after an opportunity of returning to attempt its recovery.

Two bridges had subsequently been built, a corn-mill erected, and then a cotton-mill; weirs and dams had been formed; and many cuts and alterations made in the river, without this treasure having been again brought to light, when, on Wednesday, the 1st of June, 1831, the proprietors of the cotton-mill, having commenced the operation of deepening the river, for the purpose of giving a greater fall to the water from the wheel, the workmen found among the gravel, about sixty yards below the bridge, a few small pieces of silver coin, of such a kind as they had never seen before.

As they proceeded up the river they continued to find more, lying about half a yard below the surface of the gravel, apparently as if they had been washed down from a higher source. On the following Tuesday the men left their work in the expectation of finding more coin; nor were they disappointed, for several thousands were obtained that day. As they advanced up the river, they became still more successful; and the next day, Wednesday, June the 8th, they came to the grand deposit of coins, from whence the others had been washed by the current, about thirty yards below the present bridge, and from four to five feet beneath the surface of the gravel. The coins were here so abundant that one hundred and fifty were turned up in a single shovelful of gravel, and nearly five thousand of them were collected by two of the men thus employed on that day. Upwards of three hundred individuals were engaged in the exciting search at one time; and the idle and inquisitive of all ranks were attracted from the surrounding district to the “gold diggings” of Staffordshire. Quarrels and disturbances, as a matter of course, ensued; and the interference of the neighbouring magistrates became necessary. At length the officers of the Crown—at the eleventh hour—asserted the King's right to all coin which might

subsequently be found in the bed of the river, since the soil thereof belonged to his Majesty in the right of his Duchy of Lancaster. A commission was issued from the Chancellor of the Duchy prohibiting all persons, except those appointed therein, from searching, or authorizing others to search, for coin in the river; and the commissioners were directed to institute a rigorous search on behalf of the Crown. This search commenced on the 28th of June, and was discontinued on the 1st of July, after having obtained upwards of fifteen hundred coins. At the end of this search, the excavation from whence the coins were principally taken was filled up, and a quantity of gravel spread over it, so that any search hereafter would not likely be attended with the least success. The total number of coins thus found is supposed to have been at least one hundred thousand.

Tutbury Castle having fallen into the possession of the Crown, it was given in succession to several parties, and at length passed into the hands of the famous John of Gaunt. On his marriage with the Lady Constance, Queen of Castile and Leon, he presented her with this castle. Here she fixed her residence, and appears to have kept a splendid court.

It was in the fourth year of King Richard II. that Duke John instituted the celebrated "Minstrels' Court" at Tutbury. This was a corporation subject to the government of a chief, under the title of "King of the Minstrels." The instrument for investing him with this authority is thus translated from the original Norman-French:—

"John, by the Grace of God, King of Castile and Leon, Duke of Lancaster, to all who shall see or hear these our letters, greeting. Know ye that we have ordained, constituted, and assigned to our well-beloved the King of the Minstrels, in our honour of Tutbury, who is, or for the time shall be, to apprehend or arrest all the minstrels in our said honour and franchises that refuse to do the service and attendance which appertains to them to do, from ancient times, at Tutbury aforesaid, yearly, on the days of the Assumption of Our Lady; giving and granting to the said King of the Minstrels, for the time being, full power and commandment to make them reasonably to justify, and to constrain them to perform, their services and attendance, in manner as belongeth to them, and has been here used, and of ancient times accustomed."

By this instrument, it appears that the Duke of Lancaster before that time considered these minstrels as his vassals, and expected certain services from them, which, in all probability, being irregularly paid, rendered some rules or regulations absolutely necessary.

He then, in addition to the power given to the King, soon afterwards established the "Minstrels' Court," in which all complaints and controversies among the minstrels might be heard and determined. It was held annually before the steward of the honour, on the 16th of August; and the jury, who consisted of minstrels, elected four stewards, one of whom was to be king for the ensuing year. These officers had full power and authority to levy and distrain for all such fines as were inflicted by the jury of the court upon any minstrels for the infraction of such orders as were then made for the government of that society; and the amount of such fines was returned at every audit by the stewards, one half of which was pocketed by the Duke of Lancaster, and the other was kept by the stewards for their trouble.

The singular court thus established continued for many years, and orders were annually issued for the better government of a body always very much inclined to be refractory. Indeed, in this respect, it would be a matter of difficulty to decide whether, in the olden time, the apprentices or the minstrels were the most obstreperous. As a specimen of what these orders were, the following, of the date of Charles I., is given:—"That no person shall use or exercise the art and science of music within the said counties, as a common musician or minstrel, for benefit and gains, except he have served and been brought up in the same art and science, by the space of seven years, and be allowed and admitted so to do at the said court by the jury thereof, and by the consent of the steward of the said court for the time being, on pain of forfeiting, for every month that he shall so offend, 3s. 4d. And that no musician or minstrel shall take into his service to teach and instruct any one in the said art and science, for any shorter time than for the space of seven years, under the pain of forfeiting for every such offence 40s. And that all the musicians and minstrels above mentioned shall appear yearly at the court called the Minstrels' Court, on pain of forfeiting for every default, according to old custom, 3s. 4d."

Nearly coeval with this institution, and in some degree forming "part and parcel" of it, was the establishment of the barbarous diversion called "bull-running." This exhibition was thus celebrated on the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. All the minstrels within the honour came early on that day to the house of the bailiff of the manor of Tutbury, and from thence to the parish church in procession, the king of the minstrels for the year past walking between the steward and the bailiff of the manor, attended by the four stewards of the King of the Minstrels, each with a white wand in his hand, and the rest of the company following in ranks of two-and-two together, with the music playing before them.

After service was ended they proceeded from the church to the castle-hall, when the steward and bailiff took their seats, placing the King of the Minstrels between them, whose duty it was to cause every minstrel dwelling within the honour who made default to be presented and amerced. The Court of the Minstrels was then opened in the usual way, and proclamation made that every minstrel dwelling within the honour of Tutbury, in any of the counties of Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, Lancaster, or Warwick, should draw near and give his attendance, and that if any man would be assigned of suit or plea, he should come in and be heard. Then all the musicians being called over by a court-roll, two juries were empanelled, one for Staffordshire and one for the other counties, whose names being delivered to the steward and called over, and appearing to be full juries, the foreman of each was sworn, and then the rest of them, in the manner usual in other courts.

The steward then proceeded to charge them, first commending to their consideration the antiquity and excellence of all music, both of wind and stringed instruments, and the effect it had upon the passions; how the use of it had always been allowed in praising and glorifying God, and how that skill in it had been esteemed so highly that it was ranked amongst the liberal arts, and admired in all civilized states. He concluded by exhorting them, on this account, to be very careful to make choice of such men to be officers amongst them as feared God, men of good life and conversation, and had knowledge and skill in the practice of the art.

When the charge was ended, the jurors

proceeded to the election of the officers of the next year. The jurors then departed out of the court, and the steward, with his assistants, and the King of the Minstrels, in the meanwhile, partook of a banquet, during which the other musicians played on their several instruments; but as soon as the jurors returned, they presented, in the first place, the new King whom they had chosen; upon which the deposed King, rising with as much dignity as possible from his seat, delivered to him his wand of office, and then drank a bumper of wine to his health and prosperity; in the like pleasant manner the old stewards saluted the new, and resigned their offices to their successors. The election having been thus concluded, the court rose, and all repaired to another large room within the castle, where a plentiful dinner was prepared for them; after which the minstrels went anciently to the priory gate, but, after the dissolution, to a barn near the town, in expectation of the bull being turned loose for them.

This bull was formerly provided by the Prior of Tutbury, but afterwards by the Duke of Devonshire, who enjoys the priory lands. His horns were sawed off, his ears cropped, his tail cut off to the stump, all his body smeared over with soap, and his nostrils blown full of pounded pepper. Whilst this inhuman preparation was in progress, the steward made a proclamation that all manner of persons should give way to the bull, no person coming nearer to him than forty feet, except the minstrels; but that all should attend to their own safety, every one at his peril. Thus enraged to the utmost, the poor animal was then turned out, to be taken by the minstrels, and none else, within the county of Stafford, between the time of his being turned out and the setting of the sun on the same day. If the bull escaped, he remained the property of the person who gave it; but if any of the minstrels could take and lay hold of him, so as to cut off a small portion of hair, and bring the same to the market-cross in proof of their having taken him, the bull was then brought to the bailiff's house, where a collar and rope were fastened to him, by which he was brought to the bull-ring in the High-street, and there baited with dogs; after which the minstrels held him for their own, and might sell, kill, and divide him among themselves as they thought fit.

This revolting institution continued to be celebrated from about 1377 to 1778, when a tragical event—the death of a bull persecutor—gave the Duke of Devonshire immediate occasion for abolishing the practice.

With the other estates pertaining to the Duchy of Lancaster, the Castle of Tutbury became the property of the crown when Henry Bolingbroke ascended the throne. From this time there is little to record concerning the fortress, except that Henry VII. occasionally resided in it for the sake of hunting in the neighbouring forest, until the reign of Elizabeth, when it was awhile the prison of the beauteous but ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots. That Princess was removed from her place of confinement at Bolton to Tutbury. On her arrival here she was placed under the surveillance of the kind-hearted Earl of Shrewsbury, not by any means to the satisfaction of his countess. A few days after, the Bishop of Ross, Lord Herries, and her other commissioners, arrived to present her with the register they had prepared for the conferences at York and Westminster, and to receive the approval of their conduct.

Mary was taken hence, and sent to Wingfield; but, on the 21st of September, 1569, returned hither again, under the guardianship of the Earl of Huntingdon. On the 13th of January, 1585, she was once more transferred from Wingfield to Tutbury Castle, with Sir Ralph Sadler and Somers for her jailers.

Mary was domiciled at Tutbury less conveniently than in any of the many residences in which her long captivity had hitherto been spent. There was no stable in connection with the castle, and the sixteen horses which constituted her stud were left behind at Sheffield. "Without them," she wrote to Burghley, "I am more a prisoner than ever." Her legs were so enfeebled by rheumatism and inactivity, that she was unable to take the least walking exercise in the open air.

The walls of the castle at this time are reported to have been full of cracks and crevices; the place was damp, unhealthy, and ill-furnished, and by no means a fit residence for herself and her servants, now considerably reduced in number. She was, therefore, continually ill. To the inconvenience of the fortress were added the severities of captivity, when, at the beginning of May, 1585, she passed

from the custody of Sadler and Somers to that of Annis Paulet. Mary was not allowed to walk out, unless he could accompany her, with an escort of eighteen men, fully armed. He would not even suffer her to send the least alms to the poor of the village which lay beneath the castle, and Mary bitterly deplored her hard fate in being refused this Christian consolation; "there being," she wrote, "no criminal so poor, vile, and abject, to whom she should ever be, by any law, denied." A report having been spread that she had attempted to escape, Paulet wrote to assure the Lord Treasurer of her safe custody, in these terrible words: "Mary cannot escape without great negligence on my part. If I should be violently attacked, I will be so assured, by the grace of God, that she shall die before me."

After nearly a year's residence at Tutbury, Mary was removed, towards the end of December, 1585, to Chartley.

Burns, in his "Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots," touchingly expresses the weary feelings which probably existed in the breast of the royal captive in this dreary retreat:—

"Oh, soon to me may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair to me the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house of death,
Let winter round me rave;
And the neat flowers that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave."

Her son, James I., often visited Tutbury for his favourite diversion of hunting in the old forest of Needwood. Charles I. spent several days here before the commencement of his troubles; and afterwards, in the company of his nephew, Prince Rupert, took up his abode in the castle, while his army encamped at the foot of the hill and in the surrounding country. This was a few weeks before the battle of Naseby; a short time after it he returned to the castle, but instead of having a noble army along with him, he was attended only by about a hundred men.

Tutbury Castle held out for the King after most of the other strongholds in Staffordshire had yielded to the parliament. But it was at last forced to yield also, and the victorious party, according to their usual plan, razed the fortification. It has remained a ruin ever since. The parts left are rather fine, but too scattered to allow it to be considered a

very picturesque ruin. Little now remains of it but one or two tower-like gateways and broken walls. A portion, less injured and more modern looking than the rest, is converted into a farmhouse. The area enclosed by the buildings was about three acres; and from its position, and the skilful manner in which the defensive portions were constructed, Tutbury Castle was a place of uncommon strength. There was a moat around it,

but it is now dry. As it stands, Tutbury Castle presents matter for reflection on the vicissitudes of Time:—

“There is given
Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling; and where he hath lent
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruin'd battlement;
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its
dower.”

All in the castle were at rest;
When sudden on the windows shone
A lightning flash, just seen and gone!
A shot is heard—again the flame
Flashed thick and fast—a volley
came!
Then echoed wildly, from within,
Of shout and scream the mingled din,
And weapon clash, and maddening
cry,
Of those who kill and those who die!
As filled the hall with sulphurous
smoke,
More red, more dark, the death-flash
broke,
And forms were on the lattice cast,
That struck, or struggled, as they
passed.

SCOTT'S *Rokeby*.



FABLES.

THE fable is the earliest form of fictitious composition, a species of didactic allegory or moral satire, couched under the guise of an apologue. It is an illustrative method of teaching duty by example rather than by precept. It reaches the difficult end of impressing principles by a vivid representation of sensible images, or the intelligent discourse and action of the brute creation. In the society of beasts we are taught the moral and social obligations of men, while in their characters we find the features corresponding to those of our own species. Qualities are thus strikingly and naturally set forth, that affect us more by a characteristic delineation of them than we would be affected by long lectures on the vices and virtues, or by the most elaborate analysis of the passions and affections.

The East, the fountain of all wisdom and imagination, the mother country of sages and poets, the land of wonders and marvels in nature and art, the land of magic and monsters, of countless treasures and luxurious beauty, with debasing poverty and squalid wretchedness—the East, the glorious and degraded East, was, and in a sense still continues to be, the true land of fable, whence it originated, and where its greatest masters appeared; in Palestine, China, Arabia, Persia, and India.

The oldest fable in existence is Jotham's parable of the trees, which occurs in the ninth chapter of Judges: "The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive-tree, Reign thou over us. But the olive-tree said to them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honour God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? And the trees said to the fig-tree, Come thou and reign over us. But the fig-tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou and reign over us. And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said all the trees unto the *bramble*, Come thou and reign over us. And the *bramble* said unto the trees, If, in truth, ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; *and if not, let fire come out of the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon.*"

A most cutting satire. The absurd conceit and pitiful wrath, amounting almost to profanity, of the *bramble* is placed in a vivid light. This political fable was too well founded, and too pat, to fail of practical application, and the ingenious author of it was forced to secure his safety by flight from the vengeance of folly in power.

The Chinese Bilpai (Pilpay), or the Arabian Lokman, perhaps one and the same person, is the acknowledged father of Eastern fable—the source of the largest number of the apologues of that land of fable. With the Persian Saadi, he, or they, constitute the chief names in this department of Oriental genius—a form of composition essentially Oriental. Teaching by fable doubtless appears the most natural method to an Oriental, whose imagination finds metaphors everywhere, whose love of moral instruction seems instinctive—(all their writings have an ethical cast)—whose humanity to beasts is notorious—(in no other part of the world do we hear of asylums for animals sick, aged, or maimed)—whose style of instruction is peculiar, in which you find united a patriarchal authority to a pastoral simplicity; and whose whole manner of life, comparatively quiet and thoughtful, begets a tendency to moralize on the beauties of nature and on the brute creation, no less than on the characters of men, and the prospects and probable destiny of the human race. If it were necessary, which we cannot think it is, to seek Divine sanction for any class of writing, we might find it for the fable, which closely resembles the parable, and is identical with it, except that the former has a wider scope, and reaches its end by more-various means. Teaching by parable was the favourite mode of instruction employed by Him "who spake as never *man* spake," and whose lessons were confirmed by living examples.

The very existence, no less than the individuality, of Pilpay is disputed. Some regard his name and that of Lokman as convertible; while others regard the body of fables passing under their names as belonging to a great common stock. The French writers are the fullest on this, as on most Oriental subjects; elaborate and exact. They give a probable history of Pilpay—a sort of *quasi* biography. The Persian was also a poet, and none the worse fabulist for that. Pilpay, alone,

we can read. He is full of sense and penetration, and a capital moral satirist. Though often referred to, the translation of his fables is very scarce.

The next great name, the one universally known, and in popular estimation, the greatest of all the fabulists, is *Æsop*, of whom the brilliant critic speaks thus admiringly: "There is a wit of sense and observation, which consists in the acute illustration of good sense and practical wisdom, by means of some far-fetched conceit or quaint imagery. The matter is sense, but the form is wit." The ancient philosophers also abounded in the same kind of wit, in telling home-truths in the most unexpected manner. In this sense, *Æsop* was the greatest wit and moralist that ever lived. Ape and slave, he looked askance at human nature, and beheld its weaknesses and errors transferred to another species. Vice and virtue were to him as plain as any objects of sense. He saw in man a talking, absurd, obstinate, proud, angry animal, and clothed these abstractions with wings, or a beak, or tail, or claws, or long ears, as they appeared embodied in these hieroglyphics in the brute creation. His moral philosophy is natural history. He makes an ass bray wisdom, and a frog croak humanity.

The old German, from the earliest period, and down to Lessing, and later still, is rich in fabulous literature. The great Middle Age apologue of Reynard the Fox is the gem; a grand comic epopee, a humorous satire, worthy of the great German literature. Its author is unknown, or at least very doubtful. We do not know that the Italians or Spaniards have any fabulists of general reputation. Portugal boasts her *Yriarte*, of whom we are not competent to speak.

In modern times, France and England have produced the classic fabulists, *Lafontaine* and *Gay*. *Labruyère* has left the best portrait of *Lafontaine*, whose simplicity of character, absence of mind, and conversational deficiency are well known: "A person who appears dull, sottish, and stupid, and knows neither how to speak nor relate what he has seen. If he sets to write, *no man does it better*: he makes animals, stones, and trees talk, and everything which cannot talk. His works are full of nothing but elegance, easy natural sense, and delicacy."

The French writer appears to unite the sweetness, the simplicity, and naïve elegance of *Gay*, to the arch wit, *bonhomme*, spirit, and delicacy of style of *Prior*.

Mere invention neither can lay much claim to. Both *Prior* and *Lafontaine* borrowed largely their plots and the incidents of their tales from earlier writers, French and Italian—*Rabelais* and *Boccaccio*—who, in turn, derived their materials from still older writers.

"In wit a man, simplicity a child," *Gay* is intellectually, and was, we suspect, personally and socially twin brother to *Lafontaine*, the idol of his friends, as well as one of the glories of the age of *Anne*—so much underrated just now, because inferior to that of *Elizabeth*, and because injudicious admirers had called it the Augustan age of our literature—and still is at the head of English fabulists. Good fables have appeared from other hands. Good old *Dr. Cotton*; and wise *Johnson*, with his Oriental fancy and pomp of expression, so telling in an Eastern apologue; keen, penetrating *Franklin*; and caustic *Swift*, have, at different times, written morality, worldly wisdom, prudential maxims, or severe irony, in the form of fables. Among the poets, from *Chaucer* to *Cowper*, and down to the latest versifier, old fables have been reproduced and translated into rhyme; but though some of these writers are much superior to *Gay* in other respects, none so well and truly as he have hit the mark. His fables are often original in plan and matter, as in execution. The *Beggar's Opera* and the *Pastorals* placed *Gay* much above the Frenchman; but these works do not come fairly into the question. *Pope's* correspondence shows *Gay* the darling of that most choice and picked society. He is spoken of, even by the saturnine *Dean*, with warmth and affection; and from all we can learn of him, he fully deserves the admirable epitaph of *Pope*—a noble piece of eulogium, truly to deserve which marks the English *Lafontaine* as the possessor of one of the noblest hearts, as well as one of the finest heads of that brilliant era:—

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child;
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation, in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the great;
A safe companion and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end:
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies *GAY*!"

With these fine verses, we conclude a brief and imperfect sketch.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE VULTURE.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE THIRD APPEARANCE OF THE GHOST.

WHILE the wedding dinner was being eaten in the oak parlour, Mrs. Sarah Pecker and her husband sat looking at each other with pale, anxious faces, within the sacred precincts of the bar.

In vain had Millicent and Darrell implored their old and faithful friend to sit down and partake of the good cheer which had been prepared at her expense.

"No, Miss Milly, dear," she said, "it isn't for me to sit down at the same table with Squire Markham's daughter—and—and—her—cousin. In trouble and sorrow, dear—and surely trouble and sorrow seem to be the lot of all of us—I'll be true to you to the end of life; and if I could save your young life from one grief, dear, I think I'd throw away my own to do it."

She took Millicent in her stout arms as she spoke, and covered the fair head with passionate tears and kisses.

"Oh, Miss Milly, Miss Milly," she cried, "it seems as if I was strong enough to save you from anything; but I'm not, my dear—I'm not!"

It was Millicent's turn to chide and comfort the stout-hearted Sarah. Her own feelings had undergone considerable change during the tedious homeward journey. The strangeness of her new position had in some degree worn off, and the horizon seemed brighter. She was surprised at Sarah Pecker's unwonted emotion.

"Why, Sally, dear!" she said, "you seem quite out of spirits this evening."

"I am a little worn and harassed, Miss Milly; but never you mind that,—never you think of me, dear; only remember that if I could save you from grief and trouble, I'd give my life to do it."

With a certain vague impression of unhappiness caused by this change in Sarah Pecker, Millicent sat down with Darrell to the table which Samuel had caused to be loaded with such substantial fare as might have served a party of stalwart farmers at an audit dinner.

The traveller sitting over the fire in the common parlour had been served with a bowl of rum-punch; but Mr. Samuel Pecker had not waited upon him in person.

"You haven't spoke to him then, Samuel?" asked Mrs. Pecker.

"No, Sarah, no; nor he to me. I saw him a comin' in at the door like a evil spirit, as I've half a mind he is; but I hadn't the courage to face him, so I crept into the passage quietly and listened against the door, while he was askin' all sorts of questions about Compton Hall, and poor Miss Milly, and one thing and another; and at first I was in hopes it was my brain as was unsettled, and that it was me as was in a dream like, and not him as was come back; and then he ordered a bowl of rum-punch, and then I knew it was him, for you know, Sarah, rum-punch was always his liquor."

"How long was it before we got home, Samuel?"

"When he came?"

"Yes."

"Nigh upon an hour."

"Only an hour—only an hour," groaned Sarah; "if it had pleased Providence to have taken his life before that hour, what a happy release for them two poor innocent creatures in yonder room."

"Ah, what a release indeed," echoed Samuel. "He's sittin' with his back to the door; if somebody could go behind him sudden with a kitchen poker," added the innkeeper, looking thoughtfully at Sarah's stout arm; "but then," he continued reflectively, "there'd be the body; and that would be against it. If you come to think of it, the leaving inconvenience of a murder is that there's generally a body. If it wasn't for bodies, murders would be uncommon easy."

Sarah did not appear particularly struck by the brilliancy of her husband's discourse; she sat with her hands clasped upon her knees, rocking herself to-and-fro, and repeating mournfully—

"Oh, if it had but pleased Providence to take him before that hour!—If it had but pleased Providence!"

She remembered afterwards that as she said these words there was a feeling in her heart tantamount to an inarticulate prayer that some species of sudden death might overtake the traveller in the common parlour.

Neither Sarah nor her husband waited upon the newly-married pair. The chambermaid took in the dishes and brought them out again almost untouched. Mr. and Mrs. Pecker sat in the bar, and the

few customers who came in that night were sent into a little sitting-room next to the oak parlour, and on the opposite side of the hall to that chamber in which the solitary traveller drank his rum-punch.

It was striking eight by Compton church and by the celebrated eight-day oaken clock that had belonged to Samuel Pecker's mother, when this traveller came out of the common parlour, and after paying his score and wrapping a thick cashmere shawl about his neck, strode out into the snowy night.

He paid his score to the girl who had taken him the punch, and he did not approach the bar, in the innermost recesses of which Sarah Pecker sat with her knitting-needles lying idle in her lap, and her husband staring hopelessly at her from the other side of the fireplace.

"He's gone to the Hall, Samuel," said Mrs. Pecker, as the inn-door closed with a sonorous bang, and shut the traveller out into the night. "Who's to tell her, poor dear?—who's to tell her?"

Samuel shook his head vaguely.

"If he could lose himself in the snow any way between this and Compton Hall," he said. "I've read somewheres in a book of somewheres in foreign parts, where there's travellers and dogs, and where they're always a doin' it, only the dogs save 'em; besides which there was the old woman that left Winstell market late on a Christmas night that year as we had so many snow storms, and was never heard of again."

Mrs. Pecker not appearing to take any especial comfort from these rather obscure remarks, Samuel relapsed into melancholy silence.

Sarah sat in her old position, rocking herself to-and-fro, only murmuring now and then—

"Who's to tell her? Poor innocent child, she was against it from the first to the last; and it was me that helped to drive her to it."

Half an hour after the departure of the traveller, Darrell Markham opened the door of the oak parlour, and Millicent came out into the hall equipped for walking.

Her new husband's loving hands had adjusted the wrappers that were to protect her from the piercing cold; her husband's strong arm was to support her in the homeward walk, and guide her footsteps through the snow. No more loneliness—no more patient endurance of

a dull and joyless life. A happy future stretched before her like a long flower-begemmed vista in the woodland on a sunny summer's day.

Sarah took up her knitting-needles, and made a show of being busy, as Millicent and Darrell came out into the hall, but she was not to escape so easily.

"Sally, dear, you'll bid me good-night, wont you?" Millicent said, tenderly.

Mrs. Pecker came out of her retreat in the bar, and once more took her old master's daughter in her arms.

"Oh, Miss Milly, Miss Milly," she cried, "I'm a little dull and a little cast down like to-night, and I'm all of a tremble, dear, and I haven't strength to talk to you—only remember in any trouble, dear, always remember to send for Sally Pecker, and she'll stand by you to the last."

"Sally, Sally, what is it?" asked Millicent, tenderly; "I know something is wrong. Is it anything that has happened to you, Sally?"

"No, no, no, dear."

"Or to any one connected with you?"

"No, no."

"Then what is it, Sally?"

"Oh, don't ask me; don't, for pity's sake, ask me, Miss Millicent;" and without another word, Sarah Pecker broke from the embrace of the soft arms which were locked lovingly about her neck, and ran back into the bar for shelter.

"I couldn't tell her, Samuel," she whispered in her husband's ear—"I couldn't tell her though I tried. The words were on my lips, but something rose in my throat and choked all the voice I had to say 'em with. Now, look you here, Samuel, and mind you do what I tell you faithful, without making any stupid mistakes."

"I will, Sarah; I'll do it faithful, if it's to walk through fire and water; though that ain't likely, fire and water not often coming together, as I can see."

"You'll get the lantern, Samuel, and you'll go with Mr. Darrell and Miss Millicent to light them to the Hall; and when you get there you wont come away immediate, but you'll wait and see what happens, and bring me back word, especially—"

"Especially what, Sarah?"

"If they find *him* there."

"I'll do it faithful, Sarah. I often bring you the wrong groceries from market, but I'll do this faithful, for my heart's in it."

So Millicent and Darrell went out into

the snowy night as the traveller had gone before them.

Samuel Pecker attended with the lantern, always dextrously contriving to throw a patch of light exactly on that one spot in the road where it was most unlikely for Darrell and Millicent to tread. A very Will-o'-the-Wisp was the light from Samuel's lantern; now shining high up upon a leafless hedge top; now at the bottom of a ditch; now far ahead, now away to the left, now to the extreme right, but never affording one glimmer upon the way that he and his companions had to go. The feathery snowflakes drifting on the moors shut out the winter sky till all the atmosphere seemed blind and thick with woolly cloud. The snow lay deep on every object in the landscape—house-top and window-ledge, chimney and door porch, hedge and ditch, tree and gate-post, village street and country road all melted and blotted away in one mass of unsullied whiteness; so that each familiar spot seemed changed, and a new world just sprung out of chaos could hardly have been more painfully strange to the inhabitants of the old one.

Compton Hall was situated about half a mile from the village street, and lay back from the high road, with a waste of neglected shrubbery and garden before it. The winding carriage-way, leading from the great wooden entrance gates to the house, was half choked by the straggling and unshorn branches of the shrubs that grew on either side of it. There were few carriage folks about Compton-on-the-Moor, and the road had been little used save by foot passengers.

At the gate Darrell Markham stopped and took the lantern from Mr. Pecker's hand.

"The path is rather troublesome here," he said; "perhaps I'd better light the way myself, Samuel."

It was thus that the light of the lantern being cast upon the pathway straight before them, Millicent happened to perceive footsteps upon the snow.

These footsteps were those of a man, and led from the gates towards the house. The feet could but just have trodden the path, for the falling snow was fast filling in the traces of them.

"Who can have come to the Hall so late?" exclaimed Millicent.

She happened to look at Samuel Pecker as she spoke. The innkeeper stood staring helplessly at her, his teeth audibly chattering in the quiet night.

Darrell Markham laughed at her alarm.

"Why, Milly," he said, "the poor little hand resting on my arm trembles as if you were looking at the footmarks of a ghost—though I suppose, by the bye, that ghostly feet scarce leave any impression behind them. Come, Milly, come, I see the light of a fire in your father's favourite parlour. Come, dearest, this cold night is chilling you to the heart."

Something had indeed chilled her to the heart, but it was no external influence of the January weather. Some indefinable, instinctive terror had taken possession of her on seeing those manly footmarks in the snow. Darrell led her to the house. A terrace built of honest red brick, and flanked by grim stone vases of hideous shape ran along the façade of the house in front of the windows on the ground floor. Darrell and Millicent ascended some side steps leading to this terrace, followed by Mr. Pecker.

To reach the front door they had to pass several windows; amongst others that window from which the fire-light shone. Passing this it was but natural they should look for a moment at the chamber within.

The light from a newly-kindled fire was flickering upon the sombre oaken paneling; and close beside the hearth, with his back to the window, sat the same traveller whom Samuel Pecker had last seen beneath his own roof. The uncertain flame of the fire, shooting up for a moment in a vivid blaze, only to sink back and leave all in shadow, revealed nothing but the mere outline of this man's figure, and revealed even that but dimly, yet at the very first glance through the uncurtained window Millicent Duke uttered a great cry, and falling on her knees in the snow, sobbed aloud,

"My husband! My husband, returned alive to make me the guiltiest and most miserable of women!"

She grovelled on the snowy ground, hiding her face in her hands and wailing piteously.

Darrell lifted her in his arms and carried her into the house. The traveller had heard the cry, and stood upon the hearth, with his back to the fire, facing the open door. In the dusky shadow of that fire-lit room there was little change to be seen in the face or person of George Duke. The same curls of reddish auburn fell about his shoulders, escaped from the careless ribbon that knotted them behind; the same steady light burned in the hazel

brown eyes, and menaced mischief as of old. Seen by this half light, seven years seemed to have made no change whatever in the Captain of the *Vulture*.

"What's this, what's the meaning of all this?" he exclaimed, as Darrell Markham carried the stricken creature he had wedded three days before into the hall. "What does it mean?"

Darrell laid his cousin on a couch beside the hearth on which the captain stood, before he answered this question.

"It means this, George Duke," he said at last, "it means that if ever you were pitiful in your life, you should be pitiful to this poor girl to-night."

The Captain of the *Vulture* laughed aloud. "Pitiful," he cried; "I never yet heard that a woman needed any great pity on having her husband restored to her after upwards of seven years' separation."

Darrell looked at him half contemptuously, half compassionately.

"Can you guess nothing?" he said.

"No."

"Can you imagine no fatal result of your long absence from this place; many people—every one—thinking you dead?"

"No."

"Can you think of nothing likely to have happened—remembering, as you must, that this poor girl married you in obedience to her father's commands, and against her own wishes?"

"No."

"Can you guess nothing?"

"How if I don't choose to guess, Master Darrell Markham? How if I say that whatever you want me to know you must speak out word for word, however much cause you and my lady there may have to be ashamed to tell it. I'll help you by no guesses, I can tell you. Speak out, what is it?"

He stirred the fire with the toe of his boot, striking the coals into a blaze, in order that the light might shine upon his rival's face, and that whatever trouble or humiliation Darrell Markham might have to undergo might not be lost to him.

"What is it?" he repeated, savagely.

"It is this, George Duke—but before I speak another word, remember that whatever has been done has been done in opposition to—your wife."

The pain he had in calling the woman he loved by this name was not lost on Captain Duke. Darrell could see it reflected in the malicious sparkle of those cruel brown eyes, and nerved himself

against affording another triumph to his rival.

"Remember," he said, "through all, that she is blameless."

"Suppose we leave her and her blamelessness alone," answered the Captain, "until you've told me what has been done."

"Millicent Duke, being persuaded by her brother in a letter written on his dying bed, being persuaded by every creature in this place, all believing you to be dead, being persuaded by her old nurse and by me, using every prayer I knew to win her consent, against her own wish and in opposition to her own better judgment, was married to me three days ago in the church of St. Bride's, London."

"Oh, that's what you wanted me to guess, is it?" exclaimed the Captain; "by the heaven above me, I thought as much! Now you come here and listen to me, Miss Millicent Markham, Mrs. George Duke, Mrs. Darrell Markham, or whatever you may please to call yourself—come here."

She had been lying on the sofa, never blest by one moment's unconsciousness, but acutely sensible of every word that had been said. Her husband caught hold of her wrist with a rough jerk, and lifted her from the sofa.

"Listen to me, will you," he said, "my very dutiful and blameless wife? I am going to ask you a few questions, do you hear?"

"Yes."

She neither addressed him by his name nor looked at him as he spoke. Gentle as she was, tender and loving as she was, to every animate thing, she made no show of gentleness to him, nor any effort to conceal her shuddering abhorrence of him.

"When your brother died, he left you this property, did he not?"

"He did."

"And he left nothing to your cousin, Mr. Darrell, yonder?"

"Nothing—but his dear love."

"Never mind his dear love. He didn't leave an acre of land or a golden guinea, eh?"

"He did not."

"Good! Now, as I don't choose to hold any communication with a gentleman who persuades another man's wife to marry him in her husband's absence, against her own wish, and in opposition to her better judgment, I use his own words, mark you—you will be so good as

to tell him this.—Tell him that, as your husband, I claim a share in your fortune, whatever it may be; and that as to this little matter of a marriage, in which you have been so blameless, I shall know how to settle accounts with you upon that point, without any interference from him. Tell him this, and tell him also that the sooner he takes himself out of this house, the pleasanter it will be for all parties.”

She stood with her hands clasped tightly together, and her fixed eyes staring into vacancy, while he spoke, and it seemed as if she neither heard nor comprehended him. When he had done speaking, she turned round, and looking him full in the face, cried out, “George Duke, did you stay away these seven years on purpose to destroy me, body and soul?”

“I stayed away seven years, because ten months after I sailed from Marley Water I was cast away upon a desert island in the Pacific,” he answered, doggedly.

“Captain Duke,” said Darrell, “since my presence here can only cause pain to your unhappy wife, I leave this house. I shall call upon you to-morrow to account for your words; but in the meantime, remember this, I am yonder poor girl’s sole surviving kinsman, and, by the heaven above me, if you hurt but a hair of her head, you had better have perished on one of the islands of the Pacific, than have come back here to account to Darrell Markham!”

“I’m not afraid of you, Mr. Markham. I know how to treat that innocent lady there, without taking a lesson from you or any one else. Good night to you.”

He nodded with an insolent gesture in the direction of the door.

“To-morrow,” said Darrell.

“To-morrow, at your service,” answered the Captain.

“Stop!” cried Millicent, as her cousin was leaving the room; “my husband took an earring from me when we parted at Marley, and bade me ask him for it on his return. Have you that trinket?”

She looked him in the face with an earnest, half-terrified gaze. She remembered the double of George Duke, seen by her upon Marley Pier, in the winter moonlight.

The sailor took a small canvas bag from his waistcoat pocket. The bag contained a few pieces of gold and silver money, and the diamond earring which Millicent had

given George Duke on the night of their parting.

“Will that satisfy you, my lady?” he asked, handing her the gem.

“Yes,” she answered, with a long, heavy sigh; and then going straight to her cousin, she put her two icy hands into his, and addressed him thus:—

“Farewell, Darrell Markham, we must never, never meet again. Heaven forgive us both for our sin; for Heaven knows we were innocent of evil intent. I will obey this man in all things, and do my duty to him to my dying day; but I can never again be what I was to him before he left this place seven years ago. Good night.”

She put him from her with a solemn gesture, which, with the simple words that she had spoken, seemed to him like a dissolution of their marriage.

He took her in his arms, and pressed his lips to her forehead; then leading her back to George Duke, he said,—

“Be merciful to her, as you hope for God’s mercy.”

In the hall without, Darrell Markham found Mr. Samuel Pecker, who, crouching against the half-open door, had been a patient listener to the foregoing scene.

“It was according to the directions of Sarah,” he said, apologetically, as Darrell emerged from the parlour, and surprised the delinquent. “I was to be sure and take her word of all that happened. Poor young thing, poor young thing! It seems such a pity when Providence casts folks on desert islands, it don’t leave ’em there, snug and comfortable, and no inconvenience to themselves or anybody else.”

It seems as if, upon this particular night, Mr. Pecker was doomed to meet with inattentive listeners. Darrell Markham strode past him on to the terrace, and from the terrace to the pathway leading to the high road.

The young man walked so fast that Samuel had some difficulty in trotting after him.

“Excuse the liberty, Mr. Markham, but where might you be going?” he said, when at last he overtook Darrell, just as the latter dashed out on to the high road, and halted for a moment as if uncertain which way to turn, “humbly begging your pardon, sir, where might you be going?”

“Ay, where, indeed?” said Darrell, looking back at the lighted window. “I don’t like to leave the neighbourhood of

this house to-night. I want to be near her. My poor, poor girl!"

"But, you see, Mr. Darrell," urged Samuel, interrupting himself every now and then to shift the lantern from his right hand to his left, and to blow upon his disengaged fingers, "as it don't happen to be particular mild weather, I don't see how you can spend the night here about very well; so I hope, sir, you'll kindly make the Black Bear your home for such time as you may please to stay in Compton; only adding that, the longer the better for me and Sarah."

There was an affectionate earnestness in Samuel's address which could not fail to touch Darrell, distracted as was his mind at that moment.

"You're a good fellow, Pecker," he said, "and I'll follow your advice. I'll stay at the Bear to-night, and I'll stay there till I see how that man means to treat my unfortunate cousin."

Samuel led the way, lantern in hand. It was close upon ten o'clock, and scarcely a lighted window glimmered upon the deserted village street; but half-way between the Hall and the Black Bear the two pedestrians met a man wearing a horseman's cloak, and muffled to the chin, with the snowflakes lying white upon his hat and shoulders.

Samuel Pecker gave this man a friendly though feeble good-night, but the man seemed a surly fellow, and made no answer. The snow lay so deep upon the ground that the three men passed each other noiselessly as shadows.

"Have you ever taken notice, Mr. Darrell," said Samuel, some time afterwards, "that folks in snowy weather looks very much like ghosts; quiet, and white, and solemn?"

* * * *

Left alone in the solitude of the bar, Mrs. Pecker, lost in dreamy reflection, suffered the fire to burn low and the candles to remain unsnuffed, until the long wicks grew red and topheavy, smouldering rather than burning, and giving scarcely any light whatever.

The few customers, who had been drinking and talking together since six or seven o'clock, strolled out into the snow, leaving all at one time for company, and the business of the inn was done. The one waiter, or Jack-of-all-trades of the establishment, prepared to shut up the house; and, as the first step towards doing so, opened the front door and looked out to see what sort of night it was.

As he did so, the biting winter breeze blew in upon him, extinguishing the candle in his hand, and also putting out the two lights in the bar.

"What are you doing there, Joseph?" Mrs. Pecker exclaimed, sharply. "Come in and shut up the place."

Joseph was about to obey, when a horseman galloped up to the door, and springing from his horse, looked into the dimly-lighted hall.

"Why, you're all in the dark here, good people," he said, stamping his feet and shaking the snow from his shoulders. "What's the matter?"

Mrs. Sarah Pecker was stooping over the red embers, trying to relight one of the candles.

"Can you tell me the way to Compton Hall, my good friend?" said the traveller to Joseph the waiter.

"Squire Markham's that was?"

"Ay, Squire Markham's that was."

The waiter gave the necessary directions, which were simple enough.

"Good," said the stranger; "I shall go on foot, so do you fetch the ostler and give him charge of my horse. The animal's hard beat, and wants rest and a good feed of corn."

The waiter hurried off to find the ostler, who was asleep in a loft over the stables. The stranger strode up to the bar, in the interior of which Mrs. Pecker was still struggling with the refractory wick of the tallow candle.

"You seem to have a difficult job with that light, ma'am," he said; "but perhaps you'll make as short work of it as you can, and give me a glass of brandy, for my very vitals are frozen with a twenty-mile ride through the snow."

There was something in the stranger's voice which reminded Sarah Pecker of some other voice that she knew; only that it was deeper and gruffer than that other voice.

She succeeded at last in lighting the candle, and placing it in front of the bar between herself and the traveller, took up a wine-glass for the brandy.

"A tumbler, a tumbler, ma'am," remonstrated the stranger; "this is no weather for drinking spirits out of a thimble."

The man's face was so shaded by his slouched hat, and further concealed by the thick neckerchief muffled about his throat, that it was utterly irreconizable in the dim light of Sarah Pecker's one tallow candle; but as he took the glass

of brandy from Sally's hand, he pushed his hat off his forehead, and lowered his neckerchief in order to drink.

He threw back his head as he swallowed the last drop of the fiery liquor, then throwing Mrs. Pecker the price of the brandy, he bade her a hasty good-night, and strode out of the house.

The empty glass dropped from Sarah's hand, and shivered into fragments on the floor. Her white and terror-stricken face frightened the waiter when he returned from his errand to the stables.

The man she had served with brandy could not surely be George Duke, for the Captain had an hour before set out for the Hall; but, if not George Duke himself, this man was most certainly some unearthly shadow or double of the Captain of the *Vulture*.

Sarah Pecker was a woman of strong sense; but she was human, and when questioned upon her pale face and evident agitation, she told Joseph, the waiter, Betty, the cook, and Phoebe Price, the pretty chambermaid, the whole story of Millicent's fatal marriage, Captain Duke's return, and the ghost that had followed him back to Compton-on-the-Moor.

"When Miss Millicent parted with her husband seven years ago, she met the same shadow upon Marley Pier, and now that he's come back the shadow has come back too. There's more than flesh and blood in all that, you may take my word for it."

The household at the Black Bear had enough to talk of that night. What was the excitement of a west-country baronet, generous and handsome as he might be, to that caused by the visit of a ghost, which called for a tumbler of brandy, drank it and paid for it like a Christian?

Samuel and Sarah sat up late in the little bar talking of the apparition, but they wisely kept the secret from Darrell Markham, thinking that he had trouble enough without the knowledge.

CHAPTER XVII.

CAPTAIN DUKE AT HOME.

GEORGE DUKE sat by the fire, staring moodily at the burning coals, and never so much as casting a look in the direction of the wretched pale face of his wife, who stood upon the spot where Darrell had left her, with her hands clasped about her heart, and her blue eyes dilated in a

fixed and vacant gaze, almost terrible to look upon.

The sole domestic at the Hall was the same old woman who had succeeded Sally Masterson as the squire's housekeeper, and had since kept house for Ringwood and his sister. She was half blind and hopelessly deaf, and she took the return of Captain Duke as quietly as if the sailor had not been away seven weeks.

How long she stood in the same attitude, seeing nothing, thinking of nothing, how long Captain George Duke sat brooding over the hearth, with the red blaze upon his cruel face, Millicent never knew. She only knew that by-and-bye he addressed her, still without looking at her:—

"Is there anything to drink: any wine or spirits in this dull old place?" he asked.

She told him that she did not know, but that she would go and find Mrs. Meggis (the deaf old woman), and ascertain.

In the overwrought state of her brain, it was a relief to her to have to do her husband's bidding; a relief to her to go outside the chilly hall and breathe another atmosphere than that which he respired.

It was a long time before she could make Mrs. Meggis understand what she wanted; but when at last the state of the case dawned upon the old woman, she nodded several times triumphantly, took a key from a great bunch that hung over the dresser, opened a narrow door in one corner of the large stone-flagged kitchen, and, candle in hand, descended a flight of steps leading into the cellar.

After a considerable period she emerged with a bottle under each arm. She held each of these bottles before the light for Millicent to see the liquid they contained. That in one was of a bright amethyst colour, the other a golden brown. The first was claret, the second brandy.

Millicent was preparing to leave the kitchen, followed by the old housekeeper carrying the bottles and a couple of glasses, when she was startled by a knocking at the hall-door. When Mrs. Meggis became aware of this summons, she put down her tray of bottles and glasses, and went once more to the bunch of keys, for on the departure of Darrell and Samuel Pecker the door had been locked for the night. It was now past eleven. An unusual hour for visitors anywhere; an unearthly hour at this lonely Cumbrian mansion. Millicent had but one thought. It must be Darrell Markham.

She took the tray herself and followed Mrs. Meggis, who carried the light and the keys. When they reached the hall, Millicent left the old woman to open the door, and went straight into the parlour to carry George Duke the liquor he had asked for.

"That's right," he said; "my throat's as hot as fire. So, so! no corkscrew? Heaven bless these pretty novel-reading wives, they're so good at looking after a man's comfort!"

He took a pistol from his breast, and with the butt-end knocked off the necks of the two bottles, spilling the wine and spirit upon the polished parlour table.

He filled a glass from each and drained them one after the other.

"Good," he said; "the claret first and the brandy afterwards. We don't get such liquor as this in—in the Pacific. I shall leave no heeltaps to-night, Mrs. Duke. What's that?"

He looked up from the third glass that he had emptied to ask the question.

That which had attracted his attention was the sound of voices in the hall without—the shrill treble pipe of Mrs. Meggis, and the deep voice of a man.

"What is it?" repeated George Duke. "Go and see, can't you?"

Millicent opened the parlour door and looked out into the hall. Mrs. Meggis was standing with the heavy door in her hand, parleying with some strange man who stood in the snow upon the threshold.

The same bitter winter wind which had extinguished the lights at the Black Bear had blown out the guttering tallow candle carried by Mrs. Meggis, and the hall was quite dark.

"What is it?" Millicent asked.

"Why, it is merely this, ma'am," answered the man upon the threshold: "this good woman is rather hard of hearing, and not over easy to understand; but from what she tells me, it seems that Captain Duke has come home. Is that true?"

The man spoke from behind the thick folds of a woollen handkerchief, which muffled and disguised his voice as much as it concealed his face. Even in the obscurity he seemed jealous of being seen, for he drew himself further back into the shadow of the doorway as he spoke to Mrs. Duke.

"It is quite true," answered Millicent; "Captain Duke has returned."

The man muttered an angry oath.

"Returned," he said; "returned.

Surely he must have come back very lately?"

"He came back to-night."

"To-night! to-night! Not half-a-dozen hours ago, I suppose?"

"Not three hours ago."

"That's good," muttered the man, with another imprecation; "that's like my luck. Down once, down always: that's the way of the world. Good-night, ma'am!"

He left the threshold without another word, and went away; his footsteps noiseless in the depth of snow.

"Who was it?" asked George Duke when Millicent had returned to the parlour.

"Some man who wanted to know if you had returned."

"Where is he?" cried the Captain, starting from his seat, and going towards the hall.

"Gone."

"Gone, without my seeing him?"

"He did not ask to see you."

The Captain of the *Vulture* clenched his fist with a savage frown, looking at Millicent, as if in some sudden burst of purposeless fury he could fain have struck her.

"Gone! gone!" he said; "d—him, whoever he is. On the very night of my return, too!"

He began to pace up and down the room, his arms folded upon his breast, and his head bent gloomily downwards.

"The garden room has been prepared for you, Captain Duke," said Millicent, walking towards the door, and pausing upon the threshold to speak to him; "it is the best room in the house, and has been kept well aired, for it was poor Ringwood's favourite chamber. Mrs. Meggis has lighted a good fire there."

"Ay," said the Captain, looking up with a malicious laugh, "it would be clever to give me damp sheets to sleep upon, and kill me on the night of my return. Folks could scarcely call that murder, and it might be so easy done."

She did not condescend to notice this speech.

"Good night, Captain Duke," she said.

"Good night, my kind, dutiful wife, good night. I am to have the garden room, am I? well and good! May I ask in what part of the house it may please your ladyship to rest?"

"In the room my poor mother slept in," she said. "Good night."

Left to himself, the Captain of the *Vul-*

ture drew the table close to the hearth, and seating himself in old Squire Markham's high-backed arm-chair, stretched out his legs before the blaze, filled his glass, and made himself thoroughly comfortable.

The broad light of the fire shining full upon his face brought out the changes worked in his seven years' absence. Wrinkles and hard lines, invisible before, seemed to grow and gather round his eyes and mouth as he sat gloating over the blaze, and the strong drink, and the comfort about him. With his distorted shadow cast upon the panelling behind his chair, darkening the wall with its exaggerated shape, he looked like some evil genius brooding over that solitary hearth, and plotting mischief for the roof that sheltered him.

Every now and then he looked up from the blaze to the bottles upon the table, the fire-lit walls, the antique bureau, the oaken sideboard, adorned with tankards of massive tarnished silver and china punch-bowls, the quaint silver candlesticks, and all other evidences of solid countrified prosperity around him, and rubbing his hands softly, broke out into a low triumphant chuckle.

"Better than over yonder," he said, with a backward gesture of his head—"better than over yonder, anyhow. Thunder and fury! better than that, George Duke. You've not changed your quarters for the worse, since you bade good-bye to old comrades over there."

He filled his glass again, and burst into some fragment of a French song, with a jingling chorus of meaningless syllables.

"To think," he said, "only to fancy that this Ringwood Markham, a younger man than myself, should die within a few months of my coming home! Egad, they've said that George Duke was one of those fellows who always fall on their feet. I've had a hard time of it for the last seven years, but I've dropped into good luck after all—dropped into my old luck—a fortune, and a poor, frightened wife that can't say bo to a goose—a poor, trembling, novel-reading, pale-faced baby that——"

He broke off to fill himself another glass of claret. He had nearly finished the bottle by this time, and his voice was growing thick and unsteady. Presently, he fell into a half doze, with his elbows on his knees, and his head bent over the fire. Sitting thus, nodding forward every now and then, as if he would have fallen

upon the burning coals, he woke presently with a sudden jerk.

"The chain," he cried, "the chain. D—— you, you French thief! bear your own share of the weight."

He looked down at his feet. One of the heavy fire-irons had fallen across his ankles. Captain Duke laughed aloud, and looked around the room, this time with a drunken stare.

"A change," he said, "a change for the better."

The bottles were both nearly empty, and the fire had burned low. Midnight had sounded some time before from the distant church clock—the strokes dull and muffled in the snowy weather. The Captain of the *Vulture* rubbed his eyes drowsily.

"My head is as light as a feather," he muttered indistinctly; "I've not been over-used to a bottle of good wine lately. I'm tired and worn out, too, with three days' coach travelling, and a week's tossing about in stormy weather. So now for the garden room; and to-morrow, Mrs. George Duke and Mr. Darrell Markham, for you."

He shook his fist at the low fire as he spoke; then rising with an effort, he took a candle from the table, blew out the other, and staggered off to find his way to the room in which he was to sleep.

The house had been so familiar to him in the old squire's lifetime, that, drunk as he was, he had no fear of losing himself in the gloomy corridors on the upper floor.

The garden room was a large chamber, which had been added to the house about a hundred years before, for the accommodation of a certain whimsical lady of fortune, who had married old Squire Markham's grandfather. It was a large apartment, with a bay-window overlooking a flower-garden, with trimly-cut box borders, quaintly-shaped shrubs, and a fountain that had long been dry. A half-glass door opened on to a flight of stone steps, leading down into this garden; which advantage, added to the superior size and furniture of the apartment, had long made the garden room the state chamber at Compton Hall. A great square bed, with gilded framework and mouldering tapestry curtains, faced the bay-window and the half-glass door, which was shrouded in winter by a curtain of tapestry like the hangings of the bed.

George Duke set his candle on a table near the fire and looked about him.

Millicent had spoken the truth when she said that Mrs. Meggis had made a good fire, for, late as it was, the wood and coal burned pleasantly behind the bars of the wide grate. The Captain replenished the fire, and flinging himself into an arm-chair, kicked off his damp, worn boots.

"There isn't a shred about me that would have held out a week longer," he said, as he looked at his patched and threadbare blue coat, the tarnished lace on which hung in frayed fragments here and there. "So it's no bad fortune that brought me back to look for Mistress Millicent."

Even in his intoxication he took such a malicious delight in having returned to cheat and outwit his wife, that the triumphant sparkle re-illuminated his eyes, dull as they had grown with wine and sleep.

He took off his boots, coat, and waistcoat, put a pair of pistols under the pillow, and throwing back the counterpane, flung himself in his shirt, breeches, and stockings upon the bed.

"I wonder whether yonder glass door is bolted," he muttered, as he dropped off to sleep; "of course it is though—and little matter if it wasn't—I'm not much afraid of the honest villagers of Compton-on-the-Moor, for folks who come from the place I've just left don't often carry much to be robbed of."

Mechanically, his wandering right hand sought the butt-end of the pistol beneath the pillow, and so with his fingers resting on the familiar weapon, George Duke dropped off to sleep.

I doubt if he had ever said a prayer in his life. I know that he said none that night.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT WAS DONE IN THE GARDEN ROOM.

FOR Millicent Duke there was no sleep on that wretched, hopeless night; she did not undress, but sat still and rigid, with her hands locked together, and her eyes staring straight before her, thinking—thinking of what?

What was she? It was that question which some weary, monotonous action in her brain was for ever asking and never answering. What was she, and what had she done? What was the degree of guilt in this fatal marriage, and for how much of that guilt was she responsible?

She had opposed the marriage, it is true, and she had striven hard against the

tender pleadings of every memory of her youth and its one undying affection; but she had yielded. She had yielded, as Darrell had but truly said, against her better judgment; or rather against some instinctive, unreasoning warning which had whispered to her that she was not free to wed.

What was the extent of her guilt?

She had been simply and piously educated. Educated by people, whose honest minds knew no degrees of right or wrong; whose creed lay in hard, unassailable doctrines; and who set up the Ten Commandments as so many stone boundaries about the Christian's feet, and left him without one gap or loophole by which he might escape their full significance.

What would the curate of Compton say to her the next day when she went to him to fall at his feet and tell her story? Then a sudden panic seized her, and she flung herself upon the ground, grovelling there and tearing her pale golden hair, crying out again and again that she was a guilty and a miserable creature.

Then, above even the thought of her sin, more horrible even than this consciousness of guilt, arose the black shadow of her future life—her future life, which was to be spent with him—with this hated and dreaded being, who now had a good excuse for the full exercise of his jealous spite against her, suppressed before, but never hidden. She tried to think of what her life would be, the light of Heaven blotted out, the angry hand of offended Providence stretched forth against her, and the cruel eyes of George Duke watching and gloating upon her anguish till she dropped into the grave, and went to meet the eternal punishment of her sins.

The thought of these things maddened her. She went to a bureau opposite the empty fireplace and opened a drawer. She was in the room which had once been occupied by her dead father and mother, and she remembered that in this drawer there were some razors that had belonged to the old Squire. She found the case containing them, and taking one of them in her hand looked at the shining blade.

"Oh, no," she cried, piteously; "no, no, no, I cannot die with my sins unpented of."

In her terror of herself and eagerness to escape temptation, she was awkward in shutting the razor; so awkward, that before she could succeed in doing it, the blade slipped between the old-fashioned handle and cut her across the inside of

her hand. Not a dangerous cut, nor yet a very deep one, but deep enough to send the blood spattering over the razor blade and handle, the oak flooring, the open drawer of the bureau, and the skirt of Millicent's mourning dress.

She thrust the razor back into the case, and the case into the drawer, and binding up her hand with a cambric handkerchief, sat down again by the empty hearth.

"Oh, if Sally were here—my good, faithful Sally—what a comfort she would be to me," said Mrs. Duke.

The stillness and loneliness of the house oppressed her. She opened the window and looked out at the snow-covered garden below. The feathery flakes still falling, always falling, thick and silently from the starless sky, shut out the world and closed about the old house like a vast white winding sheet. The casement from which Millicent looked was at that angle of the house that was most remote from the garden room; but she could see at the further end of the terrace the reflection of the lighted bay-window red upon the snow.

The red reflection made a luminous patch upon the ground, peculiarly bright when contrasted with the surrounding darkness.

As Millicent looked at this illuminated spot, some dark object crossed it rapidly, blotting out the light for a moment.

It was such a night of wretchedness and mystery, that this circumstance, which at another time might have alarmed her, by suggesting some one's prowling about the lonely house, made no impression upon Mrs. Duke's bewildered mind. She closed the casement, and returning to the fire-place, sat down again.

But the silence and solitude were utterly intolerable to her; she took the candle in her hand, opened her chamber door, went out upon the landing-place, and listened. Listened, she knew not for what—listened, perhaps hoping, for some sound to break that intolerable stillness.

She could hear the ticking of the clock in the hall below. Beyond that, nothing. Not a sound, not a breath, not a murmur, not a whisper throughout the house.

Suddenly—to her dying day she never knew how the idea took possession of her—she thought that she would go straight to the garden room, awake George Duke, make him an offer of every guinea she had or was to have in the world, and entreat him to leave her and Compton for ever.

She would appeal to his mercy—no, rather to his avarice and self-interest; she knew of old how little mercy she need expect from him. She turned into the long corridor leading to the other end of the house. The door of the garden room was shut, and her right hand being wounded, and muffled in a handkerchief, she was some time trying to turn the handle of the lock. The blood from the cut across her hand had oozed through the bandage, and left red smears upon the old-fashioned brass knob.

Millicent was perhaps rather more than two minutes trying to open the door.

All was still within the garden chamber. The firelight shone in fitful flashes upon the faded tapestry and the dim pictures on the walls. Millicent crept softly round to the side of the bed upon which Captain Duke had thrown himself. The sleeper lay with his face turned towards the fire, and his hand still resting on the butt-end of his pistol—exactly as he had lain an hour before when he fell asleep.

Millicent remembered how her brother Ringwood had lain in this very room, dead and tranquil, but three months before. Awe-stricken by the stillness, terrified by the remembrance of that which she had to say, Millicent paused between the foot of the bed and the fire-place, wondering how she should awake her husband.

The fire-light, changeful and capricious, now played upon the sleeper's ringlets, lying in golden-brown tangles upon the pillow, now glanced upon the white fingers resting on the pistol, now flashed upon the tarnished gilding of the bed-posts, now glimmered on the ceiling, now lit up the wall; while Millicent's weary eyes followed the light, as a traveller, astray on a dark night, follows a Will-o'-the-Wisp.

She followed the light wherever it pleased to lead her. From the golden ringlets on the pillow to the hand upon the pistol, from the gilded bed-posts to the ceiling and the wall, lower and lower down the wall, to the oaken floor beside the bed, and to a black pool which lay there, slowly saturating the time-blackened wood.

The black pool was blood—a pool that grew wider every second, fed by a stream that was silently pouring from a hideous gash across the throat of Captain George Duke, of the good ship *Vulture*.

With one long cry of horror Millicent Duke turned and fled.

Even in her blind, unreasoning terror, she remembered that it was easier to escape

from that horrible house by the glass door leading to the garden than by the staircase and the hall. This half-glass door was in a recess, before which hung the tapestry curtains. Millicent dashed aside the drapery, opened the door, which was only fastened by one bolt, and rushed down the stone steps, across the garden, along the neglected pathways, and out on to the high road.

The snow was knee-deep as she tottered through it onward toward the village street. She never knew how she dragged her weary limbs over the painful distance; but she knew that the clocks were striking three when she knocked at the door of the Black Bear.

Samuel Pecker, scared by the events of the day, and yet more terrified by this unwonted knocking, opened the door a few inches wide, and, candle in hand, looked out of the aperture.

So had he opened that very door for the same visitor more than seven years ago, upon a certain autumn night, when Darrell Markham lay above stairs in the blue room, sick and delirious.

"Who is it?" he asked, shivering in every limb.

"It is I—Millicent. Let me in, let me in, for the love of God let me in!"

There was such terror in her voice as made the innkeeper forgetful of any alarm of his own. He gave way before this terrified woman as all men must yield to the might of such intense emotion, and opening the door wide, let her pass by him unquestioned.

The hall was all ablaze with light. Darrell Markham, Mrs. Pecker, and the servants had come down half-dressed, each carrying a lighted candle. The night had been one of agitation and excitement; none had slept well, and all had been aroused by the knocking.

No unearthly shadow, or double, no ghost newly-arisen in the grave clothes of the dead, could have struck more horror to these people's minds than did the figure of Millicent Duke, standing amidst them, with her pale, dishevelled hair damp with the melted snow, her disordered garments trailing about her, wet and blood-stained, her eyes dilated with the same look of horrified astonishment with which she had looked upon the murdered man, and her wounded hand, from which the handkerchief had dropped, dyed red with hideous smears.

She stood amongst them for some moments, neither speaking to them nor look-

ing at them, but with her eyes still fixed in that horror-stricken stare, and her wounded hand wandering about her forehead till her brow and hair were disfigured with the same red smears.

With his own face blanched to the ghastly hue of hers, Darrell Markham looked at his cousin, powerless to speak or question her. Sarah Pecker was the first to recover her presence of mind.

"Miss Milly," she said, trying to take the distracted girl in her arms. "What is it? What has happened? Tell me, dear."

At the sound of this familiar voice the fixed eyes turned towards the speaker, and Millicent Duke burst into a long, hysterical laugh.

"My God!" cried Darrell, "that man has driven her mad!"

"Yes, mad," answered Millicent, "mad! Who can wonder? He is murdered. I saw it with my own eyes. His throat cut from ear to ear, and the red blood bubbling slowly from the wound to join that black pool upon the floor. Oh, Darrell! Sarah! have pity upon me, have pity upon me, and never let me enter that dreadful house again!"

She fell on her knees at their feet and held up her clasped hands.

"Be calm, dear, be calm," said Mrs. Pecker, trying to lift her from the ground. "See, darling, you are with those who love you, with Master Darrell, and with your faithful old Sally, and with all friends about you. What is it, dear? who is murdered?"

"George Duke."

"The Captain murdered! But who could have done it, Miss Milly? Who could have done such a dreadful deed?"

She shook her head piteously, but made no reply.

It was now for the first time that Darrell interfered.

"Take her upstairs," he said to Mrs. Pecker, in an undertone. "For God's sake take her away. Ask her no questions, but get her away from all these people, if you love her."

Sarah obeyed; and between them they carried Millicent to the room in which Darrell had been sleeping. A few embers still burned in the grate, and the bed was scarcely disturbed, for the young man had thrown himself dressed upon the outside of the counterpane. On this bed Sarah Pecker laid Millicent, while Darrell with his own hands relighted the fire.

On entering the room he had taken the precaution of locking the door, so that they were sure of being undisturbed, but they could hear the voices of the agitated servants and the innkeeper, loud and confused below.

Mrs. Pecker occupied herself in taking off Millicent's wet shoes, and bathing her forehead with water and some reviving essence.

"Blood on her forehead!" she said, "blood on her hand, blood on her clothes! Poor dear, poor dear! what can they have been doing to her?"

Darrell Markham laid his hand upon her shoulder, and the innkeeper's wife could feel that the strong man trembled violently.

"Listen to me, Sarah," he said; "something horrible has happened at the Hall. Heaven only knows what, for this poor distracted girl can tell but little. I must go down with Samuel to see what is wrong. Remember this, that not a creature but yourself must come into this room while I am gone. You understand?"

"Yes, yes!"

"You will yourself keep watch over my unhappy cousin, and not allow another mortal to see her?"

"I will not, Master Darrell."

"And you yourself will refrain from questioning her; and should she attempt to talk, check her as much as possible?"

"I will—I will, poor dear," said Sarah, bending tenderly over the prostrate figure on the bed.

Darrell Markham lingered for a moment to look at his cousin. It was difficult to say whether she was conscious or not; her eyes were half open, but they had a lustreless, unseeing look that bespoke no sense of that which passed before them. Her head lay back upon the pillow, her arms powerless at her sides, and she made no attempt to stir when Darrell turned away from the bed to leave the room.

"You will come back when you have found out——?"

"What has happened yonder? Yes, Sarah, I will."

He went downstairs, and in the hall found one of the village constables, who lived near at hand, and who had been aroused by an officious ostler, anxious to distinguish himself in the emergency.

"Do you know anything of this business, Master Darrell?" asked this man.

"Nothing more than what these people about here can tell you," answered Dar-

rell. "I was just going down to the Hall to see what had happened."

"Then I'll go with your honour, if it's agreeable. Fetch a lantern, somebody."

The appeal to "somebody" being rather vague, everybody responded to it; and all the lanterns to be found in the establishment were speedily placed at the disposal of the constable.

That functionary selected one for himself, and handed another to Darrell.

"Now then, Master Markham," he said, "the sooner we start the better."

But the officious ostler who had fetched the constable, and the other servants of the Black Bear had no idea of being deprived of any further share in the business, and they were forming themselves into a species of impromptu procession, armed with a couple of rusty blunderbusses and a kitchen poker, with a view to accompanying Darrell and the constable, when the latter personage turned sharply round upon them and addressed them thus:—

"Now, you look here," he said, "we don't want all of you straggling through the village with your firearms and fire-irons, a going direct against the Riot Act. Whatever's wrong down yonder, me and Mr. Markham is strong enough and big enough to see into it, without the help of any of you." With which unceremonious remarks the constable shut the door of the Black Bear upon its master and his servants, and strode forth into the snow, followed by Darrell Markham.

Neither of the two men spoke to each other on the way to the hall, except once when the constable again asked Darrell if he knew anything of this business, and Darrell again answered, as he had answered before, that he knew nothing of it whatever. The light shining from the shutterless bay-window of the garden room showed them the house far off. This light came from Millicent's candle, which still burned where she had set it down before she discovered the murder.

"We shall have difficulty enough to get in," said Darrell, as they groped their way towards the terrace, "for the only servant I saw in the house was a deaf old woman, and I doubt if Mrs. Duke aroused her."

"Then Mrs. Duke ran straight out of the house when the deed was done, and came to the Black Bear?"

"I believe so."

"Strange that she did not run to nearer neighbours for assistance. The Bear is upwards of a mile and a half from here,

and there are houses within a quarter of a mile."

Darrell Markham made no reply.

"See yonder," said the constable, "we shall have no difficulty about getting in—there is a door open at the top of those steps."

He pointed to the half-glass door of the garden room, which Millicent had left ajar when she fled. The light streaming through the aperture threw a zigzag streak upon the snow-covered steps.

The snow still falling, for ever falling through that long night, blotted out all footprints almost as soon as they were made.

"Do you know in which room the murder was committed, Master Darrell?" asked the constable as they went up the steps.

"I know nothing but what you know yourself."

The constable pushed open the half-glass door and the two men entered the room.

The candle, burned down to the socket of the quaint old silver candlestick, stood where Millicent had left it on a table near the window. The tapestry curtain, flung aside from the door as she had flung it in her terror, hung in a heap of heavy folds. The dark pool between the bed and the fireplace had widened and spread itself, but the hearth was cold and black, and the bed upon which George Duke had lain was empty.

It was empty. The pillow on which his head had rested was there, stained red with his blood. The butt-end of the pistol, on which his fingers had lain when he fell asleep was still visible beneath the pillow. Red, ragged stains and streaks of blood, and one long gory line which marked what way the stream had flowed towards the dark pool on the floor, disfigured the bedclothes; but beyond this there was nothing.

"He must have got off the bed and dragged himself into another room," said the constable, taking the candle from his lantern and sticking it into the candlestick left by Millicent; "we must search the house, Mr. Markham."

Before leaving the garden room, he bolted the half-glass door, and then followed by Darrell, went out into the corridor.

They searched every room in the great, dreary house, but found no trace of Captain George Duke, of the good ship *Vulture*. The sharp eyes of the constable

took note of everything, and amongst other things of the half-open drawer in the bureau in the room which Millicent had last occupied. In this half-open drawer he found nothing but the case of razors, which he quietly put into his pocket.

"What do you want with those?" Darrell asked.

"There's bloodstains upon one of them, Mr. Markham. They may be wanted when this business comes to be looked into."

In one of the smaller rooms they came upon the old woman, Mrs. Meggis, snoring peacefully, happily ignorant of all that had passed, and as there seemed little good to be obtained from awakening her, they left her to her slumbers.

The empty, broken-necked bottles, and the high silver candlestick stood on the oaken table in the parlour, as Captain Duke had left them when he went to bed. On the sideboard the tarnished silver tankards, ranged in a prim row, stood undisturbed as they had stood in the old Squire's life-time; the hall-door, fastened with heavy bolts, remained as it had been left by the old housekeeper. Throughout the house there was no sign of plunder nor of violence, save the pool of blood in the garden chamber above.

"Whoever has done this business," said the constable, looking gravely about him, and pointing to the plate upon the sideboard, "is no common burglar."

"You mean——"

"I mean that it hasn't been done for gain. There's something more than plunder at the bottom of this."

They went once more to the garden room, and the constable walked slowly round the chamber, looking at everything in his way.

"What's come of the Captain's clothes, I wonder?" he said, rubbing his chin, and staring thoughtfully at the bed.

It was noticeable that no vestige of clothing belonging to Captain George Duke was left in the apartment.

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER THE MURDER.

THE grey January morning dawned late and cold upon Compton-on-the-Moor. The snow still falling, for ever falling through the night, had done strange work in the darkness. It had buried the old village, and left a new one in its stead.

An indistinct heap of buildings with roof-tops and gable-ends so laden with snow, that the inhabitants of Compton scarcely knew the altered outlines of their own houses.

The coach that passed through Compton, on its way northward to Marley Water, had been stopped miles away by the snow. Waggon and carriers' carts, that had been used to come blundering through the village, were weather-bound in distant market towns. Horsemen were few and far between upon the dangerous roads; and those who were hardy enough to brave the perils of the way paid dearly for their temerity. Compton was cut off from the outer world, and cast upon its own resources, on the clear cold morning that succeeded that night of ceaseless snow; but Compton had enough to talk about, and enough to think about, within its own narrow limits—so much, indeed, that the coach itself was hardly missed, save inasmuch as it would have been a kind of solemn and ghastly pleasure to tell the passengers of the dire event, and watch their scared faces as they received the intelligence.

A murder had been done at Compton-on-the-Moor. At that simple Cumbrian village, whose annals until now had been unstained with this, the foulest of crimes, a murder had been done in the silence of the long winter's night, beneath that white and shroud-like curtain of thick-falling snow—a murder so wrapped in mystery, that the wisest in Compton were baffled in their attempts to understand its meaning.

With the winter dawn every creature in Compton knew of the deed that had been done. People scarcely knew how they heard of it, or who told them; but every lip was busy with conjecture, and every face was charged with solemn import, as who should say, "I am the sole individual in the place who knows the real story, but I have my instructions from higher authorities, and I am dumb."

Every creature in Compton, with the exception of an old woman who had been bed-ridden since Millicent Duke's babyhood, and the curate's wife, who couldn't leave her seven children, went to look at the Hall in the course of the morning. It seemed the prevailing impression that some great change would have taken place in the building itself, and there was considerable disappointment felt by the young and sanguine on

finding the brick and mortar in its normal condition. Again, everybody went with the view to exploring the interior of the house, and looking for the body of Captain Duke, which they all, individually, conceived themselves destined to find. It was no small mortification, therefore, to discover that the house, and even the gates leading to the grounds, were strongly barricaded, and that no creature, save a few happy semi-officials in the employ of that mighty being, the constable, were to be admitted on any pretence whatever.

The constable had taken up his abode at the Hall for the time being, and sat in the little oaken parlour in solemn state, holding conference now and again with the semi-officials in his employ, who were busy, according to the current belief of Compton, looking for the body.

Under this prevailing impression, the semi-officials had rather a hard time of it, as whenever they merged from the Hall gates they were waylaid and seized upon by some anxious Comptonian, eager to know "if they had found it."

The anxiety about the missing body of the murdered man was the strongest point in the Compton interest. Busy volunteers made unauthorized search for it in every unlikely direction. In chimney-corners and cupboards of unoccupied houses, in out-buildings, pigsties, and stables; in far-away fields, where they went waist-deep in snow, and were in imminent peril of altogether disappearing in unlooked-for pitfalls; in the churchyard; nay, some of the most sanguine spirits went so far as to request being favoured with the keys of the church itself, in order that they might look for Captain Duke in the vestry cupboard, where a skillful assassin might have hidden him behind the curate's surplice.

Perhaps the only person in Compton who was quite indifferent to the terrible event which had occurred, was the deaf old housekeeper, Mrs. Meggis. The constable made some feeble attempt to tell her what had happened, when he awoke her at daybreak, but it was evident that the tidings never reached the dim obscurities of her comprehension, for she only replied, "That it wasn't to be wondered at at this time of year, and that it was seasonable, sir, very seasonable, though uncommon bad for old folks as had chilblains, and were subject to the rheumatics," by which the constable

inferred that she had imagined him to be talking all the time of the snowy weather. Whatever hope he might have had of obtaining information from this quarter was therefore very quickly dispelled; so, having locked the door of that garden chamber, where the gory pool was scarcely dry, he bade Mrs. Meggis go about her daily business, and light a fire for him in the oak parlour.

He had been at the Black Bear early that morning to ask for an interview with Mrs. George Duke, in order to hear her statement about the murder, but Sarah kept watch and ward over Millicent, and she and Darrell and the village surgeon all protested against the unhappy girl being questioned until she had in some-way recovered from the mental shock which had prostrated her; so the constable was tain to withdraw, after whispering some directions to one of the semi-officials, who, red-nosed, blue-lipped, and shivering, hung about the Black Bear all that day.

Millicent was indeed in no state to be questioned. She lay in the same dull stupor into which she had fallen between three and four o'clock that morning. Sarah Pecker and Darrell Markham, watching her tenderly through the day, could not tell whether she was conscious of their presence. She never spoke, but sometimes tossed her head from side to side upon the pillow, moaning wearily. It was a cruel and a bitter day of trial to Darrell Markham. He never stirred from his place by the bedside, only looking up every now and then, when Sarah returned after leaving the room to ascertain what was going on downstairs, to ask anxiously if anything had been discovered about the murder—if they had found the assassin or the body.

Whatever gloomy thought was in his mind, as he sat pale and watchful by the bedside, from the first grey glimmer of dawn till the sombre shadows gathering on the white expanse of moorland shut out the open country before the windows and crept into the corners of the room,—whatever thought was in his mind throughout that patient watch, he kept it to himself, and made no confidant even of the faithful mistress of the Black Bear. The absence of the body of the supposed murdered man was a source of never-ending wonder and bewilderment to honest Samuel Pecker. He demanded over and over again of inquisitive customers who came to get a mug of beer and all

the information the Black Bear (which, after Compton Hall, was certainly the head-quarters of the murder) could afford,—he demanded of these customers how there could possibly be a murder without a body, when the leading feature of a murder always was the body?

This led up to much discussion of a belief very prevalent in Compton, namely, that the Captain of the *Vulture* had cut his own throat, and quietly walked away to a certain cross-road where the Carlisle mail was to be met at about half-past three o'clock every morning. Others contended that it was but likely the Captain, with a great gash in his throat and speechless from loss of blood, was hiding somewhere within call of all Compton, and nervous natures were afraid to go into solitary chambers lest they should come suddenly upon the ghastly figure of George Duke crouching in some dark corner.

The shadows gathered black and dense upon the moorland, and Compton Hall, wrapt in snow from the basement to the gabled roof, looked like some phantom habitation glimmering dimly through the dusk. The semi-officials made their report in the oaken parlour, where the constable sat over a blazing sea-coal fire, taking pencil notes in a plethoric and greasy leathern pocket-book, but they could bring no report which any way tended to throw a light upon the whereabouts of the Captain of the *Vulture*, alive or dead.

It was quite dark, when the constable, after locking the doors of the principal rooms in the old house, and putting the keys in his pockets, gave strict directions to Mrs. Meggis to admit no one, and to keep the place securely barricaded. By dint of considerable perseverance, he contrived to make the old woman understand him to this extent, and then nodding good-naturedly to her, left her for the night, happily ignorant of what had been so lately done beneath the roof that sheltered her.

From the Hall, Hugh Martin, the constable, walked straight to a mansion about half-a-mile distant, which was inhabited by a certain worthy gentleman and county magistrate, called Montague Bowers. A very different man to that magistrate before whom Darrell Markham charged Captain Duke with highway robbery seven years before.

In the private sitting-room, study, or *sanctum sanctorum* of this Mr. Bowers,

Hugh Martin, the constable, made his report, detailing every particular of his day's work. "I've done according as you agreed upon this morning, sir," he said; "I've waited out the day, and kept all dark, taking care to keep my eye upon 'em up yonder; but I can't see any way out of it but one, and I don't think we've any course but to do as we said then."

Hugh Martin was closeted with the justice for a considerable time after this, and when he left the residence of Mr. Bowers, he hurried off at a brisk pace in the direction of the village and through the high street to the door of the Black Bear. In the wide open space before that hostelry, he came upon a man lounging in the bitter night, as if it had been some pleasant summer's evening, whose very atmosphere was a temptation to idleness. This man was no other than the red-nosed and blue-lipped semi-official, who had been lounging about the neighbourhood of the inn all that day. He was a constable himself, but so inferior in position to the worthy Mr. Hugh Martin, that he was only looked upon as an assistant or satellite of that gentleman. Useful in a fray with poachers, to be knocked down with the butt end of a gun before the real business of the encounter began; good enough to chase a refractory youngster who had thrown pebbles at the geese in the village-pond, or to convey an erratic donkey to safe keeping in the pound, or to induct a drunken brawler in the stocks, but fit for nothing of a higher character.

"All right, Bob?" asked Mr. Hugh Martin of this gentleman.

"Quite right."

"Anybody left the inn?"

"Why, Pecker himself has been in and out, up and down, and here and there, gabbling and chattering like an old magpie; but that's all, and he's safe enough in the bar now."

"Nobody else has left the place?"

"Nobody."

"That's all right. Keep on the lookout down here, and if I open one of those windows overhead and whistle, you'll know you are wanted."

The appearance of the constable created intense excitement amongst the loungers at the bar of the Black Bear. They gathered round him, so eager for information that between them they very nearly knocked him down.

What had he discovered? Who had done it? What had been the motive?

Had he found the weapon? Had he found the body? Had he found the murderer?

Mr. Hugh Martin pushed all these eager questioners aside without any wonderful ceremony, and walking straight to the bar, addressed Samuel Pecker.

"Mr. Markham is upstairs, is he not?" he asked.

"He is, in the blue room, poor dear gentleman."

"With the lady—his cousin?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll just step upstairs, Pecker, for I've a few words to say to him about this business."

The bystanders had gathered so close about Mr. Martin as to contrive to hear every syllable of this brief dialogue.

"He has found out all about it," they said when the constable went upstairs, "and he's gone to tell Mr. Markham—very proper, very right, of course."

Feeling that it was not unlikely they would have a reversionary interest in the information that the constable had just taken up to the blue room, they lingered patiently about the foot of the stairs, waiting for Hugh Martin's return.

In the blue room Millicent Duke sat with her fair head resting on Sarah Pecker's ample shoulder, on a great roomy sofa drawn close up to the fire, against which stood a table, with a tea-tray and old dragon china cups and saucers. On the opposite side of the fireplace sat Darrell Markham, his eyes still fixed upon his cousin, with the same look of anxious watchfulness that had marked his face all that day. Millicent had recognised them, and talked to them during the last half hour, and had told them the brief story of the night before. How she had gone to George Duke's chamber, with the intention of making an appeal to his mercy, and how she had found him with his throat cut from ear to ear—dead!

Sarah had taken off Mrs. Duke's blood-stained dress, and wrapped her in some garments of her own, which hung about her slender figure in thick clumsy folds; but the hideous stains had been removed from her hands and forehead, and there was nothing now about her to tell of the horrors through which she had passed. She had told them nothing of her wounded hand, and indeed had spoken incoherently at the best, for her fragile spirit had received a shock from which it was not easy for her to recover.

Still she was mending fast, Mrs.

Pecker said; and sitting with her head on Sarah's shoulder, in the light of the cheerful fire, with the comfortable array of teacups and the shining silver teapot on the table before her, it was almost difficult to believe that four-and-twenty hours had not yet passed since she had fled from the roof that sheltered her murdered husband.

Mrs. Pecker was holding a teacup to Millicent's lips, imploring her to drink, when Darrell Markham started from his chair, and running to the door, listened to some sound without.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

It was the tramp of a man's footstep upon the stair, the footstep of Mr. Hugh Martin, the constable.

Darrell's face grew even paler than it had been all that day; he drew back, holding his breath, terribly calm and white to look upon. The constable tapped

at the door, and without waiting for an answer walked in.

Hugh Martin carried a certain official-looking document in his hand. Armed with this, he walked straight across the room to the sofa upon which Millicent sat.

"Mrs. Millicent Duke," he said, "in the King's name I arrest you for the wilful murder of your husband, George Duke."

Darrell Markham flung himself between his cousin and the constable.

"Arrest her!" he cried; "arrest this weak girl, who was the first to bring the tidings of the murder!"

"Softly, Mr. Markham, softly, sir," answered the constable, opening the nearest window, and whistling to the watcher beneath. "I am sorry this business ever fell to my lot; but I must do my duty. My warrant obliges me to arrest you as well as Mrs. Duke."

(To be continued.)

THE HEART'S GUESTS.

Soft falls through the gathering twilight
The rain from the dripping eaves,
And stirs with a tremulous rustle
The dead and the dying leaves;
While afar, in the midst of the shadows,
I hear the sweet voices of bells
Come borne on the wind of the autumn,
That fitfully rises and swells.

They call and they answer each other—
They answer and mingle again—
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem
Make harmony still in their strain:
As the voices of sentinels mingle
In mountainous regions of snow,
Till from hill-top to hill-top a chorus
Floats down to the valleys below.

The shadows, the fire-light of even,
The sound of the rain's distant chime,
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time:
The slumberous sense of seclusion,
From storm and intruders aloof,
We feel when we hear in the midnight
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings
To take all its wanderers home,
Or, afar in the regions of fancy,
Delights on swift pinions to roam,
I quietly sit by the fire-light—
The fire-light so bright and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
Should even the household depart,
Deserted, I should not be lonely—
There still would be guests in my heart.
The faces of friends that I cherish,
The smile, and the glance, and the tone,
Will haunt me wherever I wander,
And thus I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them
The joys and the sorrows of time—
Who sing the sweet songs of the angels
In a purer and holier clime!
Then darkly, oh! evening of autumn,
Your rain and your shadows may fall,
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—
My heart holds a feast with them all.

LITERATURE.

MRS. HANNAH MORE has the reputation of having done much good in her generation by the moral, or rather the religious, tone that pervaded her writings. Society in this superficially purer age stands quite as much in need of wholesome teaching as in the darker days illumined by the lantern of the estimable mistress of Cowslip Green. While our appointed cultivators of the good soil are quarrelling over opinions and wrangling upon ceremonials, the Enemy of Souls is reaping a rich harvest of tares in the field they have neglected. The golden grain, it is true, appears luxuriant to the eye, but when looked into closely betrays an undergrowth of weeds that threatens to overrun the crop. There are scores of female writers capable of taking the didactic post of Hannah More, but modern readers requiring moral instruction are not disposed to accept such lay sermons as *Cælebs in Search of a Wife*, or such petticoat homilies as the same voluminous author's *Fashionable Tales*, for their particular edification. The select band of lady reformers who in various examples of narrative fiction are as completely *ex cathedrâ* as a bishop's visitation discourse, do their spiriting as gently, but in a different manner. Notwithstanding the prejudice of "the unco gude" against novels, they write novels—the mildest Havannahs in their way, but undeniably as narcotic as the strongest preparations of the forbidden weed. We have tried more than one of them, and can answer for the quality of the nicotine employed in their manufacture. It is usually put forward as a picture of genteel life approaching as nearly as possible to the fashionable, where very good people, and very bad people, and very middling people, go through a dull kind of country dance, in which certain of the younger couples pair off as if they had had enough of the figure. A baby is pretty sure to figure prominently in the performance—indeed, these industrious narrators make the baby their strong point. Such authoresses, if not greater than Horrocks in long-cloth, are so in long-clothes, and are as powerful as Carlyle in expositions of the flunkeyism of head-nurses and ladies'-maids. For a long time, a very young lady with a very large dog was much petted by such novelists, but the noble quadruped and his juvenile mistress have lately ceased to be

seen together. The "fair girl," it is to be hoped, has found a more trustworthy companion than "Lion," who, however, we are afraid, will cost her considerably more for his diet.

One of the most esteemed of these moral novelists is the author of *The Heir of Redclyffe*. Thirteen editions attest its popularity, though some of Mrs. Hannah More's fictions enjoyed a much higher degree of favour. To this must be added *Heartsease*, now in the seventh edition; *The Daisy Chain*, in the fourth; *Dynevor Terrace*, in the third; and smaller productions that have reached various stages of public favour. We have now before us *The Young Stepmother; or, a Chronicle of Mistakes*, which, we suppose, will be equally popular with its predecessors.

Wordsworth's desire—"Fit audience let me find, though few"—is not likely to be endorsed in its completeness by this writer. Fit audience she is sure to have, but this is made up of all the quieter and perhaps better elements of many respectable communities, whether located on Clapham Rise or in a cathedral town. They will not think the current of the narrative sluggish, nor the development of the interest slow; they will not complain of the homeliness of the incidents, nor of the unimportance of the characters. The fidelity of the pictures of everyday domestic life will charm them too much to allow of their considering them commonplace, and the frequent introduction of religious argument will be hailed as the particular attraction of the story, instead of being condemned as sermonizing out of place.

The serious portion of each provincial circle which forms around the clergyman of the district will peruse *The Young Stepmother* with exemplary patience, and quote it with intense admiration, especially the serious young ladies—ay, and the serious middle-aged ladies—and without doubt the solemn elderly ladies who flourish at particularly serious social occasions. We neither condemn their taste nor find fault with their judgment. Many a worse book has got a wide school-girl reputation and an extensive petticoatery fame. Its amiable mediocrity, its innocuous sentimentality, its moderate pathos, are at least safe investments—"small dew for the tender herb"—which, if it do not greatly refresh, will not in any degree stimulate those

delicate plants. No fear of unwholesome excitement in these pages. It is the reverse of a sensation novel. Yet it is assuredly a good deal more lively than a sermon.

"The Young Stepmother" is the second wife of a provincial gentleman, previously a widower with two nearly grown-up girls and one youthful son, each deeply reverencing the memory of the lost mamma, and disposed to dislike the intruder. The bride, however, at once accepts her responsibility as a mother, and does her matronly duties with equal tenderness and grace, till she wins to her the hearts of the prejudiced orphans. First, the boy is taken in hand, and the changes of mood of a feeble character are treated with as much zeal as affection, but with better intention than tact. The youngest girl is a still more difficult task, for she changes from good to evil with at least equal rapidity, and with a much more dangerous impulsiveness. Here, also, devotion works great benefits; but mistakes are made which mar the purpose for which the devotion was rendered. Considerable exaggeration is evident in describing the religious feelings of this somewhat tiresome young lady, particularly in her notions of Baptism and Confirmation. After having received the first of these rites, which had not been secured for her in her infancy, her fits of sullenness and repentance seem to recur with increased violence, till the ordinary reader is likely to become impatient.

The book is certain to be read through by hosts of indulgent critics, by whom all the other characters will be received into a share of favour equal to their importance in the story. Even Mr. Pettilove, the lawyer, extremely conventional as he is, and Mr. Dusanoy, the stalwart vicar, with his tender plant of a wife, who are not a particularly amusing couple, will, no doubt, have their admirers; but the object of their hero worship will be Albinia's Baby without question. The interest in him will go on increasing after the impetuous Miss Sophy tumbles down with him in the street and contrives to bruise her arm while attempting to screen his tender body from the consequences of her imprudence.

To the same category belongs *Warp and Woof*; or, *the Reminiscences of Doris Fletcher*, by Holme Lee, author of *Sylvan Holt's Daughter*, &c. If we are not very greatly mistaken, this masculine *nom de plume* is employed by a feminine

writer. Some ladies can write with a masculine energy that favours their assumption of manhood. Such is the style of the authoress of *Adam Bede*, and this satisfies many of the genuineness of "George Elliott." But the reminiscences of the Fletcher family by one of its daughters, as here related, is so tenderly effeminate, that the crinoline peeps out in every paragraph. A little of it would please by its tranquil tenderness and mild sensibility; in truth, it is just possible that many female novel readers might be gratified by the persusal of a narrative conveying so truthful a picture of a domestic circle under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties; but such materials have been so often employed before in a much more effective manner, that the story is left without the slightest recommendation beyond the quiet gracefulness of its style, which after a time becomes insipid. The loves of Connie and Dr. Julius read pleasantly at first, but the pretty ripple of this little life-current is likely to have a somnolent effect upon the vigorous-minded reader. The story, too, seems almost entirely without plot, and therefore almost entirely without interest; and it is spun out with a great deal of discussion about the position of governesses, descriptions of fancy bazaars, dinner parties, balls, and other provincial enjoyments, familiar through a hundred repetitions. Doris Fletcher is an amiable family historian, but her imagination is weaker than her heart. Her sister Ursula, if less pleasing, possesses more character. Altogether *Warp and Woof* is a tale for young ladies who prefer a very mild dose of intellectual recreation.

Tom Brown at Oxford, by the author of *Tom Brown's School Days*. Three volumes. Many of our readers must have read the scholastic adventures of Mr. Brown. We possess a knowledge of that charming picturesque locality in which young Tom was brought up. The Vale of White Horse is endeared to us by numberless pleasant recollections, and the green hedge-rows and blossoming lanes to be found beyond Farringdon, into the neighbouring counties of Berks and Gloucester, were once as familiar to us as household words. Rugby lies far away, and Tom has left a description of this great school when under the rule of Dr. Arnold, the genial spirit of which must be delightful to every Rugbeian. We, however, were previously well acquainted with the establishment from another source—another Tom Brown

had published capital descriptions of school life there, under the title of *Experiences of a Fag*. The author is now a magistrate, and one of the most thriving merchants of ultra-commercial Lancashire. All that the second Tom told, therefore, was not quite new to us, and pleasant as may be his recollections, we cannot at all reconcile ourselves to the evident looseness of discipline and unchecked development of bullying, meanness, greediness, and cruelty that prevailed at Rugby during the school career of both these faithful historians. Tom the second was more elaborate in his descriptions than Tom the first, particularly in his Homeric account of the foot-ball game, which we are afraid can only be properly appreciated by a Rugby boy. Still there was a heartiness and manliness in his story that gained favour, and the book was a success.

The author, emboldened by this, has tried a second venture, and the outsiders are permitted to see *Tom Brown at Oxford*. Here also the ground had been previously taken up—descriptions of University life are without number, but there is especially *Peter Priggins*, written by a clergyman, who died a few years afterwards in his marshy Essex curacy, where he had tried to improve the inadequate stipend given for the performance of his religious duties, by writing novels of no very great pretensions. The story of *Peter Priggins*, the College Scout and Bed-Maker, is the best of them, and in its volumes may be found much of the fast or rather loose life that exists as a distinguishing feature of the college recollections of Tom Brown. We cannot conscientiously affirm that this young gentleman improves as he grows towards manhood. He makes progress in rowing, and studies with some steadiness occasionally, but he is "spoony" on a barmaid—"Reading for Pluck"—and after he gets out of the delicate embarrassment, is so unfortunate as to meet her face to face when with a pretty cousin—"Reading for Honours"—to whom he has since become attached. The rencontre is exactly in the style familiar to novel readers of the last generation—the equivocal position causing the same amount of embarrassment as followed Sir Charles Altamont's unexpected encounter with the discarded miller's daughter when in the midst of a tender declaration to his amiable fiancée, the Lady Alicia de Vere. Though judged as a novel, the new work of *Tom Brown* is scarcely second-rate;

yet it is not entirely without merit. We like the characters of Hardy and his father, and many of the descriptions are picturesque and vivid.

We have a word or two to say about a phrase the author appears to affect mightily; we mean "muscular Christianity." Now, we cannot at all see our way seriously with this idea. Is the Christian and the manly development to be considered as co-existent? If so, surely the great Book of Faith and Practice should be assisted by a commentary from *Fistiana*, and the Thirty-Nine Articles ought to be read by the exclusive light of *Bell's Life*. We cannot see that the state of our *biceps* has more to do with our Christianity than the state of our *gluteus maximus*. If we are to be trained as hard hitters for conscience sake, Tom Sayers is likely to be a better Christian than Tom Brown; and should we literally be obliged to wrestle for truth, a Westmoreland or Cumberland man would make a better missionary than the Bishop of Oxford. The only muscular Christianity with which we are acquainted is to be found in the arguments of John Bunyan, Whitfield, Wesley, and other of our religious *athletæ*, who have dared to go in for a stand-up fight with the devil, and have made his backers glad to give in to save him from further punishment. It has nothing to do with amateur sparring, or boating, or cricket; the idea is *bosh*, and the sooner it is laughed out of our literature the better.

Sporting novels form a distinct class of imaginative compositions, but they do not rank very high in the intellectual scale, nor are they appreciated out of a narrow circle. Mr. Apperley, better known by his *nom de plume* "Nimrod," gave a character to his hunting descriptions that raised them far above the level of *Bell's Life* and the *Sporting Magazine*. Since the appearance of those vivid pictures in the *Quarterly Review*, there have been scores of sporting writers who strove, like Shakspeare's hero, to "witch the world with noble horsemanship." They have put forth their skill in various forms of imaginative composition, but not one of them has succeeded in making the impression created by "Nimrod." Indeed, it has been a favourite experiment with gentlemen of "a stable mind," to essay a ride through three volumes for the edification of the world at large. We do not know of anything resulting from it more important than the productions of Mr. John Mills, the Hon. Grantley Berkeley,

Lord William Lennox, and a few other writers of similar powers. *Soapey Sponge's Sporting Tour* is a type of the class of books produced by them, and the "Mr. Briggs" of our facetious contemporary the style of hero they usually patronize.

We have now before us another specimen, called *Market Harborough*, which displays an English country gentleman adventuring into the best hunting country with two or three horses, with one of which he succeeds in *doing* a scion of a noble house, in the narrative known as the Honourable Crasher, just as our Baronets are described by French writers as Sir Peel. The thing is a horse-dealing swindle, but the author appears to consider it quite an every-day affair among gentlemen. With such a hero there is of course a fitting heroine in the daughter of a hunting parson, who very artfully essays the conquest of Mr. Sawyer, solely out of regard for the little property he possesses, and easily succeeds in making him the most important of her belongings. The story then ends, two or three descriptions of fox-hunting having assisted in expanding the narrative into a volume.

We suppose that there must be something eminently romantic about some of the public buildings in London, from the frequency with which they are employed by a certain class of novelists as a resource for three volumes. Old St. Paul's, and London Bridge, and the Tower, have, with other favourite localities, been made stories of, of "thrilling interest" of course, but only to readers possessed of an extreme facility for excitement. Now we have *Old Vauxhall*, a romance by W. H. Marshall, no doubt intended to be equally touching to the feelings. If the author had made the once famous M.C. his hero, and Madame Sacqui his heroine, with Il Diavolo Antonio his accomplished villain, and our ancient friend, "the Hermit," the heavy father of the drama, something readable might have ensued. Plenty of interest could have been got out of an episode giving the affecting history of "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins," and a most powerful sensation might have been produced, by poisoning the favourite vocalist, Miss Tunstall, with arrack punch flavoured with arsenic.

But such original ideas of composition have never entered the author's brain. His *Old Vauxhall* bears no resemblance whatever to that familiar place of public recreation. Were Lord Chesterfield living he might say that the foolish man did not

know his own foolish business, for instead of trying to recall persons, scenes, and incidents that are within human memory, he has been writing a commonplace Jacobite romance that does not possess a particle of interest for the present generation. Indeed his knowledge is about equal to his judgment, for his characters can in no way be identified with the time in which they have been made to flourish—they are the old familiar faces of third-rate fictions and fourth-rate plays, thoroughly artificial, and without a touch of nature to make them kin with anything out of a travelling theatrical booth. In short, the title is a misnomer, and the book must claim relationship with those sensation narratives that are noised about a quiet neighbourhood at night for the delusion of maids-of-all-work with a taste for the marvellous.

How much better would it have been to have seen our immensely popular friend, Mr. Simpson, at the crowded supper tables before the orchestra, exhibiting his miraculous powers of bowing and drinking, and moving in an atmosphere of grace and refinement that has never since been appreciable in company with smalls and silk stockings. "We knew him well, Horatio," and therefore cannot help expressing our disappointment that Mr. Marshall should have so totally overlooked his attractions in favour of the miserable sticks he has thought proper to introduce into *Old Vauxhall*.

Fredrika Bremer is quite a European name, and it is almost an English one. Her imaginative works have been naturalized in this country, even though the author chooses to remain a Swedish subject. She appears to have left off natural yet picturesque fiction for equally natural and equally picturesque matter-of-fact. As if impelled by the example of her adventurous countrywoman, Ida Pfeiffer, she has assumed the character of the unprotected female, and gone forth from her native north to see all that is worthy of notice in far-off lands. Her *Two Years in Switzerland and Italy*, translated by Mrs. Howitt, and published about twelve months since, formed the first portion of an extended tour. The ground over which she passed in that period had been worn into a familiar path by multitudes of observers, but the resources of Miss Bremer were exactly such as would make interest as well as novelty out of hackneyed scenes, and the diary of her residence in Switzerland and a portion of Italy was full of thoughts and feelings that neither the

tour reader nor the tour maker had met with before.

The second portion of her travels is now before us as *Travels in the Holy Land*, in another couple of volumes, even more thoughtful and feeling than their predecessors. The knowledge that an entire library had been published respecting the first scene of her observations, did not deter her from writing a book about it; nor has the knowledge that fully as many volumes have been produced describing the second scene, prevented her from adding her contribution; and here she comes after writers of singularly extensive reputation, scholars who have made the absorbing subject a life study, travellers whose powers of photographing what was before them have made their volumes as familiar as household words. We might pass over the superficial brilliance of the *Crescent and the Cross*, but *Eöthen* is as little likely to be overlooked as *The Arabian Nights*. As for the strictly Biblical illustrations, they overwhelm us by their learning and ability. Fredrika Bremer, passing through a land where almost every step brings the traveller to the scene of the most marvellous events in history, cannot avoid entering into profound reflections, directed as forcibly to the future as to the past; consequently, her pages are fuller of disquisition than of description, and she dwells much longer upon the defunct nations of antiquity than upon the people of the existing present. In particular, she has a great deal to say on the races of Central Asia. Her authorities are Karl Ritter, Humboldt, and other great German archaeologists; but there have been recent travellers among these Asiatics, who have given very striking pictures of their mode of life, which afford much more trustworthy data than the speculations of scholars, however learned. Of these Miss Bremer appears to know nothing, though she liberally adds to her text annotations affecting profound scholarship.

The Mongols, the Kalmucks, and other Tartar tribes spread over the immense plains and prodigious mountain-chains that divide Oriental Siberia from the Chinese frontier, are gradually but surely being absorbed into the Russian Empire. The prototypes of these peoples may be found in the nomadic population, among whom flourished the patriarchs of the Old Testament. The existing sultans, ruling each horde absolutely, employ their prophetic poets to celebrate their prowess and chro-

nicle their history. Their possessions are flocks and herds in prodigious numbers, and their favourite occupation breeding horses, and committing, in powerful mounted bands, plundering forays on their less powerful neighbours.

For many years past, the Government of St. Petersburg have caused the most wealthy of these pastoral hordes to be surrounded by forts, and then have easily induced them to surrender their independence, with the most valuable portion of their territory. In this way Russia has been effecting a complete domination over all the pastoral races that formerly held possession of a large portion of Central Asia, and will, in due course, turn them into light cavalry, for a march, either over the Himalayas into India, or across the country of the Amoor into China—an easy acquisition at any time that may be considered propitious. This Cossack metamorphosis of a people whose ancestors swelled the victorious irruptions of Genghis Khan, would have been an interesting subject for Miss Bremer's speculations; but it so happens that the fair traveller has not turned her attention in that particular direction. In these volumes she endeavours to be profoundly blue—Prussian blue, rather than Swedish—but the tint is not equally diffused, it is laid on too heavily in one place, and is lost altogether in another. Still her work deserves to be considered a clever one, and no doubt will be generally read.

A lady of considerable literary reputation declared some time since that the present Emperor of France intrusted her with his mother's papers for the purpose of editing them for publication; but that, after having made herself thoroughly acquainted with their character, she had returned them to her Imperial patron, with the statement that she could not put her name to such materials. We do not place much reliance on the anecdote, but can vouch for the declaration having been made. When we saw the *Memoirs of Queen Hortense*, by Lascelles Wraxall, announced, we were under the impression that the Emperor had found a more pliable biographer for the Queen of Holland, and anticipated a rich treat of domestic revelations of the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire. A careful perusal of Mr. Wraxall's two volumes changed our opinion as to the source of the work. It is plain enough that care has been taken to omit from its pages anything that might be deemed offensive to so affectionate a son, and to

so distinguished a family. Isabey could not have drawn her portrait in more attractive colours than those employed on this particular canvas. From her cradle to her grave—from the home of the Beauharnois counts to the throne of Holland—from the grand court of Imperial France to the more modest dignity of the Duchesse de St. Leu—in absolute power, with unbounded wealth, and in obscure exile, Hortense is invariably represented singularly noble, good, and disinterested.

Assuredly we shall imagine that there can be no such virtue as gratitude, if the writer does not receive a gold snuff-box with the Imperial cipher in diamonds. He has performed a very great, and we have no doubt a very acceptable, service to the reputation of Josephine's daughter. All the court scandals about her—and there were many of a grave character—are scattered to the winds; even her indifference to her husband, Louis Napoleon, is described as a very natural thing in a French wife; while her devotion to his all-powerful brother, is represented as the very properest thing for a Frenchwoman. We sincerely hope that the picture is fairly painted, though the *couleur de rose* does predominate rather. Of one thing, however, there can be no doubt—the book is not compiled from the family archives rejected by Miss — unless the editor has exercised a wise discretion in rejecting the documents *en masse*, preferring to draw his materials from one or two books of French memoirs of pleasant gossip and doubtful authenticity.

To such sources he has been indebted for his anecdotes of that feeble hero, the Emperor Alexander, and his mystic friend, that prodigious *charlatane*, Mademoiselle de Krüdener; from such sources he has gained certain small revelations of the court of Josephine and Napoleon; and from similar fountains of gossip acquired his narrative of the domestic life of the restored Burbons, and the evanescent glories of "the Hundred Days." The entire narrative possesses a French character, and is full of French ideas. We have, however, ascertained that there is no special French inspiration in it. The work has a German origin, though not, we think, intended for the German market. The editor has shaped his materials with a special object to please, and has produced a readable book, without telling unpleasant secrets. It ought to be considered an acceptable addition to the circulating libraries at this dull period of

the year, but we are afraid the well-informed class of readers will feel disappointed of much anticipated scandal when they have finished the memoir.

Possibly the author of *The History of Modern Europe from the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons* is a great historian. Inflated as is the style, illogical the arguments, and badly arranged the facts it deals with, the book has been a success. A narrative of such startling events as the French Revolution, the wondrous victories of Bonaparte, the wars of India, the military grandeur of the first French Empire, the naval glories of Nelson and our other maritime heroes, the Peninsular campaigns, the French invasion and retreat from Russia, and the series of Napoleonic reverses which culminated at Waterloo, forms so grand a story that it can scarcely be marred in the telling. The author chooses to see it exclusively from an Ultra-Tory point of view, and describes everything as seen through Ultra-Tory spectacles. His observations, his speculations, his representations, however one-sided, do not prejudice the intelligent reader, for he hurries on after the footsteps of the great actors who are playing out the deeply interesting drama of which he is permitted to be a spectator. They have, consequently, made but little impression, while the historical narrative has been generally accepted as a vivid if not a faithful story of the time.

Sir Archibald Alison tried his hand at a subsequent period of European history, but the time not being so fruitful of marvellous events, caused the reader to feel weary of the spinning out of newspaper records with which the author too much tried his patience. The sequel, therefore, was a failure. Its heaviness, its verbosity, its grandiloquence, stand out prominently, unsupported by a particle of the interest which belongs to the record of England's great struggle with the modern Alexander. If the student of history does not repeat the *refrain* of Mariana of the Moated Grange, it is simply because "tired nature's balmy nurse" has taken him by the eyelids, and made him sensible only to the somnolent effect of the Alison rhetoric.

The historian for a time rested on his oars. His pen was only employed in assisting his oratory to bring before the indignant world the foul offence which had been committed in some heraldic design executed under English auspices, that placed the animal called the Scottish

Lion in an unbecoming posture. What was the exact nature of the error we never could clearly understand, but it must have been something horribly offensive, if we are left to judge of it, by the awful row that Sir Archibald Alison and his exceedingly Scottish friends got up on the provocation. By the especial favour of a benevolent Providence the storm passed over our southern heads without doing any particular mischief. In England it startled some of the weaker brethren, but this arose from their ignorance. They had never heard of "the Scottish Lion;" and in their perfect innocence of the nature of the beast, went to the Zoological Gardens in the hope of being able to gratify their curiosity by the sight of a specimen.

Sir Archibald having rode this hobby to such tremendous purpose, betook himself again to his historical pen. He has been compiling a kind of Siamese twins biography, in three large volumes, in the shape of *Memoirs of Viscount Castlereagh and Sir Charles Stewart, Second and Third Marquises of Londonderry*. They were half-brothers, sons of the first Marquis by different mothers. The first was the well-known statesman, who was Chief Secretary for Ireland during the passage of the measure in the Irish Parliament that produced a Legislative Union between the two Islands. He was subsequently in succession Colonial, War, and Foreign Secretary during the entire period of that grand historical antagonism which Sir Archibald had already narrated.

The other was a dashing cavalry officer, who had enjoyed but few opportunities of distinguishing himself in the field, yet had been early promoted to the rank of General Officer; then was employed in a half-military, half-diplomatic mission with the allied armies in the north of Europe, after Napoleon's Russian disaster; subsequently was one of the Commissioners sent to negotiate with Caulaincourt, when his Imperial master was brought to bay in his own dominions; later assisted in the Congress of Vienna; and lastly represented the British Court at Berlin, which appointment he threw up after the death of Lord Castlereagh, when his brother's opponent, Mr. Canning, was permitted to enter the Cabinet. As Lord Londonderry, he did not appear to much advantage; and when the Duke brought forward his Catholic Emancipation Bill, he seceded from his party, and for a time identified himself with the Ultra-Tories. He edited his distinguished relative's cor-

respondence in twelve volumes, and published military accounts of the Peninsular War, and the Campaigns in Northern Europe, as well as an able pamphlet vindicating Lord Castlereagh's character from certain strictures with which Lord Brougham had thought proper to assail it.

Much more curious productions are his private and confidential letters written to the first Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, published in the *Memoirs of the Courts of William and Victoria*, to which the late Duke put his name as editor, but had little else to do with the publication. It is very clear from these communications that the Marquis of Londonderry was extremely dissatisfied with his early friend, the Duke of Wellington, because his Grace did not, while first Minister of the Crown, appreciate him as highly as he had done when he was in command of the English forces in Spain, and his friend's brother held the important post of Secretary at War. The Duke could not make any important use of him, as he had connected himself notoriously with the extremely unpopular party, and denied him military favour as well as official employment. Both have gone to their account, and the family of the late Marquis have strenuously endeavoured to bring his pretensions as a great man before the public. Hence a monument, which was inaugurated with a laudatory speech from Mr. Disraeli, has been raised in honour of his memory, and the great Tory historian has been employed to write a narrative of his services. We do not think either of these demonstrations will have much effect upon the mass of the people of England. Few Englishmen are likely to interest themselves in the posthumous honours of a man who never evinced in his career any particular sympathy for popular feeling; as for the mock homage now offered to his manes, we are afraid that even Sir Archibald's advocacy of the rights of the Scottish lion, whatever these are, will obtain more general consideration.

It might be thought that we had had enough of Italy. From the days of Starke and Eustace to the last edition of the Hand-Book, we have had books of all descriptions respecting this portion of "the sweet South." Its picturesque resources have been described by numberless tourists—its pictures by hundreds of connoisseurs—its antiquities by scores of antiquaries. To be sure, all this was about

a country divided into various governments, a large portion of which was under foreign dominion, and it is now in course of re-creation as one united kingdom, as large and powerful as that on which the Romans founded their colossal empire. The Austrian still rules in Venice, and his "equilateral" bids defiance to those who defeated him at Solferino and Magenta. The Pope, too, thanks to a French army of occupation, still is paramount in the city of the Cæsars, notwithstanding the desire of his countrymen that it should become the real capital of a regenerated Italy.

Something, therefore, like a new state of things has called forth a new book of travels, which bears the title of *Six Years in Italy*. By Kate Crichton, author of *The Dawn in Italy*. Two vols.—A pleasant sketchy work of no very great pretensions, interspersed with little tales of a sentimental character. The authoress describes what she has seen with much animation, and her remarks are generally in good taste. We quite agree with her as to the evil effects that often result from the training of Italian vocalists. Young singers are sent from other countries to finish their musical studies under Italian masters, and the straining the voice is made to undergo to fit it for the execution of modern Italian music in a large theatre, such, for instance, as San Carlos at Milan, in many instances renders the organ unfit to do justice to the finer productions of the lyrical drama. The music now written for display is nothing but a series of vocal exercises—a few simple bars of Mozart outvalues a bushel of such artificial compositions. Indeed, the great masters used their *bravura* productions sparingly, in comparison with Verdi and other wholesale manufacturers of brilliant flourishes. When we hear these *scenas*, whether in public or private, we are always tempted to repeat the desire of a musical amateur of the old school, who, after wearily listening to a young lady's execution of the last miraculous piano-forte concerto, and being told by the proud materfamilias that it was "excessively difficult," replied, "I wish it had been impossible." Miss Crichton passed her six years in Italy, we trust, in attaining accomplishments that have made her as "admirable" as her distinguished namesake. Her volumes are pleasant circulating library reading, and what information she has been able to collect about "Young Italy" will be interesting to a much larger community.

Among the female writers of fiction of the present day, we are inclined to give a high place to Julia Kavanagh. Her *Nathalie* is worthy of the best writers of the French novel; indeed, we know of no English or Irishwoman who has shown herself so completely at home in dealing with French character. Besides which the story is full of interest—is natural, tender, and true, and quite free from those flights of commonplace sentimentality to which some of her most popular contemporaries have freely had recourse while producing their three-volumed inventions. When, therefore, we saw a new work from her pen, advertised under the title of *French Women of Letters*, we expected a series of charming biographical sketches, picturesque in style, and earnest in purpose. Having perused her two volumes, we reluctantly declare that we have been disappointed. The style is not the style of *Nathalie*. It may be said that fact cannot be written with the graces of fiction, and that analytical criticism is a more serious task than the development of character; nevertheless there are plenty of instances on record of the most graceful narrative being devoted to a record of facts, and of the critic becoming quite as entertaining as the novelist. This account—not of French women of letters, but of French female writers of fiction—appears to have been written under a mistake; we might say under many mistakes. It has been undertaken with erroneous views of the character and tendency of many of the compositions of the authors brought under review. It is very like waste of time, in this advanced portion of the nineteenth century, to devote more than half a volume to a description of the romances of Mademoiselle de Scudéry. These prodigious compositions, in fifty volumes, from five hundred to fifteen hundred pages each, could be read only when women had a vast deal more leisure than judgment; they lived their season in France when Frenchwomen were singularly frivolous and vicious, and were equally popular in England down to the first quarter of the last century—as long as Englishwomen still retained around them any portion of the licentious atmosphere of the Restoration. Miss Kavanagh does not seem to be aware that such works, including the Princess of Conte's *Amours du Grand Alcandre*, D'Urfe's *Astrée*, La Calprenède's *Cleopâtre*, and other favourites of that licentious epoch, were but what lawyers call a colourable repro-

duction of the *Fabliaux* and romances of the Middle Ages. If we look carefully into *Artamene; or, the Grand Cyrus*, *Ibrahim; or, the Illustrious Bassa*, or any of the Scudéry series, we can readily recognise the extravagance, the ignorance of costume, the want of reality—in short, the purely artificial type of the fashionable tales that were circulated in MS. throughout Europe, even after the invention of printing. Chaucer made great use of them in his works; indeed, every accomplished knight and squire in his time was expected to be familiar with those which were most in request, whether of Italian, Spanish, or French origin. Some have been traced to an Arabic source, and were circulated in England, France, and Germany, either after the wars of the Spaniards and the Moors, or subsequently to the Crusades against the Saracens. De Scudéry, La Calprenède, and their coadjutors, stand in about the same relationship to modern literature as the pre-Shakspearians bear to the Shakspearian drama. Miss Kavanagh has taken a much more favourable view of such compositions than they deserve; there is really nothing in them worthy of resuscitation after their long burial; their scenes are the merest literary tapestry work, whether classical or Oriental, pastoral or court-like; and the amorous conceits with which they are plentifully garnished, are not less tedious than those which flourished in the days of chivalry. In particular, we allude to the idea of "The Kingdom of Tenderness" in *Clelia*—a specimen of nonsense that has rarely been excelled. It required the united talents of Boileau and Molière to put these absurdities down. The former in his *Dialogues des Héros des Romains*, and the latter in his famous comedies, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, and *Les Femmes Savantes*, did their best to laugh them out of French society. They succeeded—just as in a later age Gifford in England put to confusion the insipid trash of the Della Cruscans.

Madame de la Fayette, with her *Princess de Clèves*, her *Madame de Montpensier*, *Madame de Tende*, and her *Zayde*, is not much better. In her biographical notice of this lady, Miss Kavanagh absolutely ventures to repeat the absurd story that her youthful heroine, after three months' study of the Latin language, proved herself a better scholar than her teachers, Ménage and Father Rapin! Her tales are all about married women and their lovers, excessively sentimental and ultra-romantic. Not a particle of nature in them

from beginning to end. About eighty pages are devoted to her labours.

After her comes Madame de Tencin, a very profligate woman, who wrote the *Memoirs of Comminge* and the *Misfortunes of Love*, of which the least said of them the better. Next comes Madame Riccoboni, who gained celebrity by writing a Gallicized English novel, with the following ridiculous title:—*Letters of Mistress Fanni Buttlerd to Milord Charles Alfred de Cactombridge, Earl of Plisinte, Duke of Raffingth*, written in 1735, translated from the English in 1756, by Adelaide Varançai. It is a tale of seduction, in letters which are believed to have been written by the authoress to an English lover. She wrote other productions, chiefly on English models, such as Richardson and Fielding, but they are scarcely worthy of comment, certainly not worthy the fifty pages her biographer has devoted to them.

We now arrive at names of higher standing in French literature. Madame de Genlis, who has fifty pages of notice; Madame de Charrière, about half that quantity; Madame de Krüdener has thirty pages; Madame Cottin scarcely twenty. Her well-known *Elizabeth; or, the Exiles of Siberia*, alone survives of the five novels she gave to the world. The rest of the work is devoted to Madame de Staël.

Surely French women of letters did not die out when the daughter of Necker was consigned to the tomb? If we are not very greatly mistaken, female novelists have since published works in Paris that have acquired an extensive popularity. Nevertheless Miss Kavanagh concludes her series with the authoress of *Delphine* and *Corinne*.

The opinions expressed in this work are often open to objection. For instance, in her introduction Miss Kavanagh declares that "the men and women of books are never the men and women of real life;" the fact being that the imperishable nature of a fiction depends on the nearness of its approach to reality. The naturalness of Shakspeare's characters has rendered them immortal; on the same fidelity to nature rests the fame of Defoe, Goldsmith, Walter Scott, and other novelists whose stories are most faithful to humanity; while the purely artificial writers—the romancists, the manufacturers of exaggerated fiction—live out their season and are heard of no more. There is very little in French fiction that is natural; and the female novelists of France have rivalled each other in sickly affectation and unwholesome excitement.

This series of biographical sketches cannot, however, be accepted as a gallery of their portraits; the judgment pronounced on their merits is unsound, and many of the translated passages from their works are too literal—frequently, too, they are not English. To those who desire an acquaintance with the more fictitious portion of French literature, these volumes may be acceptable; but few Englishwomen, we think, would turn from such narratives, by their own countrywomen, as *Adam Bede* and *Margaret Maitland*, to occupy themselves with productions so very inferior.

On the eve of a new war is published an account of the last, called *Narrative of the War with China in 1860, to which is added the Account of a Short Residence with the Tai-Ping Rebels at Nankin, and a Voyage from thence to Hankow*. By Lieutenant-Colonel C. J. Wolseley, 90th Light Infantry, D.A. Quartermaster-General to the Expeditionary Forces. Though it appears a full day after the fair, it is the only military narrative of that campaign that has yet been published. The events are pretty well known through the medium of *The Times'* Special Correspondent, till that gentleman fell into the murderous hands of the Chinese. Lieut.-Col. Wolseley does not add very largely to the information with which we have long since been made familiar. Nevertheless, the book contains many professional details that give it a special interest to military men. Civilians will also be entertained by the author's description of the Tai-Ping Rebels—those bastard Christians for whom a good deal of missionary enthusiasm has been entirely wasted, they being about the most detestable ruffians to be found within the limits of the Central Flowery Land. They are worse Christians than the most bigoted of the followers of Buddha, and the sooner such miscreants are overpowered and disposed of the better will it be for the unhappy country they have disgraced by their crimes. The volume contains some characteristic anecdotes illustrating Chinese domestic life. We insert one in which the captain of an English vessel was the hero. He had gone ashore at Wu-hu, where the Rebels were strongly encamped,

to obtain fresh meat for his crew, and having been directed to an official, proceeded to his residence.

"Upon reaching his house, the captain was informed by the attendants there that their master was absent from home, having left early in the morning to see an army which was just starting on its way 'to glory.' Knowing the mendacious character of all Chinamen, the captain preferred ascertaining the fact for himself, so he pushed on into a dingy little apartment, which was the audience-hall. He seated himself at the upper end, where there was a green curtain hung across the room, which touched his chair as he sat, and endeavoured by signs to communicate his intentions to the unwashed rabble that had followed him into the place. Whilst so employed, he felt his coat tails pulled several times by some one behind the screen, when he at last discovered the presence of several women, all anxious to feel his clothes. Watching his opportunity, he at last succeeded in clutching a pretty little hand, by which he was pulled within the curtain in the girl's endeavour to free herself. To his astonishment he found himself in the sleeping apartment of the rebel official who had been declared absent, but who sat up in his bed when he saw him. He seemed to have just awoken, and looked stupidly around—the effects of the opium which he had evidently been smoking, as the place was filled with its fumes, not having had time to pass off. Around him lay his five wives, all good-looking females, two of them really pretty. He must have been very drunk indeed when he had retired to rest, for he had not undressed, which is very peculiar with Chinamen, who mostly sleep quite naked. His dirty-looking yellow silk robes of the imperial hue were crumpled up about him, and altogether his appearance was highly disreputable and most unbecoming for one very exalted in position. His wives wore light under clothing of yellow silk crape with the pajamas of green satin. They were not the least disconcerted by the sudden apparition of a 'barbarian' in their sleeping apartment, but evidently thought the whole affair very good fun. The half-tipsy old dignitary did not seem to be annoyed at what would be, amongst the better classes in China, the greatest possible breach of etiquette. A pretty-looking little girl brought in a basin of warm water, and soaking a towel in it, she rubbed her lord and master's face over, polishing him up in somewhat the same rough manner that a housemaid at home does the face of a hall-clock."

We had marked other passages for extract, but the above must suffice to show that the work is not without a fair share of entertainment.

SCIENCE AND ART.

ONE of the most remarkable products of mechanical ingenuity that meets the eye of the observer at the present day, is the Sewing-Machine. This is an instrument that seems destined to effect a complete revolution in one department at least of female labour, and it is to be hoped will finally emancipate women from the drudgery of the needle and its starvation wages, and divert them from what at best has been but a fallacious dependence for support. Women must and will find out other and more profitable spheres in which to exercise their talent, ingenuity, and taste, and necessarily obtain the higher remuneration due to skilled labour.

It has taken some thirty years to bring the sewing-machine to its present state of excellence; it seems now to have become nearly perfect, and requires but the exercise of a little more ingenuity to render it quite so. As in the invention of the locomotive, the first idea was to make it act as much like a horse as possible, so the first aim of the inventors of sewing machines was to make them work in the manner of the seamstress, by passing the threaded needle quite through the fabric; but the result was a failure, except that it led to the production of the embroidery machine, which has rendered good service in the hands of the manufacturer.

The first patent for a sewing-machine was taken out in France in 1804; but as the needle was passed through the material as in hand-sewing, the machine was of no practical value, except as an embroidery machine. The next step was the contrivance of a machine for working *chain-stitch*, or *crochet*: a needle terminating in a hook is pushed through the material so as to catch hold of a thread below;

being then drawn back again, it brings with it a small loop of the thread. The hook of the needle retaining this loop, it is then repassed through the stuff at a short distance in advance of the former place of insertion, catches a new loop, and is again withdrawn, bringing with it the second loop, which passes through the first. This process being continually repeated along the seam, a series of loops is obtained, every one of which passes through its predecessor. Such a series is termed a *chain-stitch*, and may be used either to connect two pieces of stuff together, or as an embroidery stitch, for which it is well adapted by its ornamental and braid-like appearance.

The first machine for sewing this stitch was invented by M. Thimonnier, and patented in France in 1830, and it is the type of all subsequent ones. It was introduced into England in 1848, and into America in 1849, where it was improved by Morey and Johnson, who patented a machine for working chain-stitch, in which a needle with an eye near the point, perpendicular to the cloth, was combined with a hooked instrument parallel to the cloth for effecting the same purpose as the crochet-needle, which, from its delicacy, is uncertain in its action. This patent was assigned to Mr. Singer, and formed the basis of his chain-stitch machine.

The work produced by this tambour- or chain-stitch, as also by all single-thread machines, is so deficient in strength, as to be quite unfit for domestic use, or "family sewing." This fact is rendered fully evident by the annexed diagram, which represents the seam when well drawn up: the right end is shown loose, in order that the loopings of the thread may be traced.



Fig. 1.

It will be seen that this stitch consists merely of a series of loopings on the under surface of the fabric, identical in every respect with the knitting-stitch, and if by any means the thread is broken, then the two pieces of the fabric can be readily pulled apart, as shown in Fig. 2.

This stitch is strong enough while the thread remains whole; but the end of the thread must be fastened, or

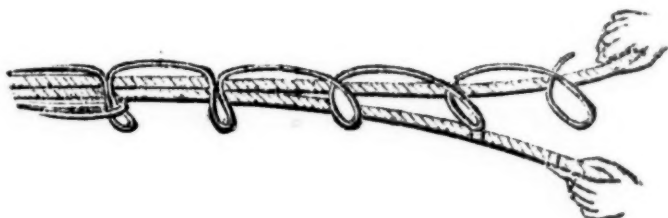
it will ravel; or if the machine should drop a stitch, as often happens, or if a stitch becomes broken, the entire seam may be pulled apart, leaving all the loops on one side of the fabric. It is, therefore, evident that no sort of reliance can be placed on it.

The defects inherent to the single thread machines stimulated invention to the production of double-thread machines,

of which there are many varieties, which effect the sewing by means of what are named severally, the *mail-bag stitch*, the *interloop* or *lock-stitch*, and the *double-lock stitch*. In these the loop formed by the upper thread when passed through the fabric is caught by means of a shuttle or by an horizontal needle, and retained by the thread carried by them.

The first "shuttle-stitch machine" was invented but not patented by Walter Hunt, of New York, in 1834; but as it would not work satisfactorily, it was laid aside and forgotten until, in 1846, Elias Howe, of New York, patented a machine on the same principle, which proved practicable. The patent right for England of this machine was purchased by Mr.

Fig. 2.



Thomas, a stay-maker, who, for many years, kept it entirely to himself, patenting the several improvements he made in it from time to time.

Until the production of this machine, the public was in possession of no machine for sewing; but when its success became evident, numerous imitations or improvements upon the original machine were brought out, which eventually superseded the original machine.

The shuttle-machine consists of two principal organs or parts, the simultaneous action of which produces the stitch; viz.—

1st. Of an upright needle carrying a continuous thread of indefinite length.

2nd. Of a shuttle of peculiar form carrying a thread of limited length.

The eye of the needle is placed near the points, and is fed from a reel placed on the top of the machine.

The fabric to be sewn is placed on the

table in position under the needle, and the machine set in motion. First, the needle descends, penetrates the fabric, then the shuttle is set in motion. At the moment the needle begins to ascend, its thread forms a loop; then the shuttle passes through the loop, leaving behind it a portion of its thread. The needle soon terminates its ascending course, and the two threads form a 'crossing,' the intersection of which lies between the two surfaces of the stuff united together by the stitch thus formed.

This kind of stitch has been favourably regarded by tailors, and when proper care is taken to have both threads well drawn up, it may answer for articles which are not required to be washed and ironed. There are, however, a great many obstacles to the successful accomplishment of a perfect seam, and very frequently, from rough thread and other causes, the seam will present the appearance of the "mail bag

Fig. 3.



stitch" (Fig. 3), with one thread lying flat along the under surface of the fabric, the shuttle thread serving the purpose of a *toggle* to hold the loops together. The same causes render the sewing liable to

run from a good to a bad tension. The machine may commence its work perfectly, and after sewing a few inches grow more and more imperfect in the stitch, as shown in Fig. 4.

Fig. 4.



When the stitch is made by a skilful operator on thick fabrics, the threads may be drawn up and across each other in the body of the material, so that the seam may present the same appearance on both sides, and answer for many kinds of sewing; but on thin or delicate fabrics, the shuttle-thread must of necessity be perfectly straight, and it is almost impossible to

prevent its assuming the appearance represented in Fig. 4; and, to make the face side perfect, the under thread must be permitted to be straight on the surface of the material.

When thin fabrics are sewn with a shuttle-stitch seam, great care must be exercised in washing and ironing, so that all unnecessary stretching or straining be

avoided. When this care is taken, the shuttle-stitch may be made serviceable in thin fabrics.

All the seams made by any of the shuttle-stitches require to be fastened by hand to prevent ripping, or the fabric may be drawn apart and the stitches ripped out (Fig. 5).

It is liable to this defect by the accidental breaking of the thread wherever there is a strain upon the seam.

In all the various machines which use either a reciprocating shuttle or a bobbin and rotating hook, as in the Wheeler and Wilson machines, in which only a small quantity of thread can be used at a time

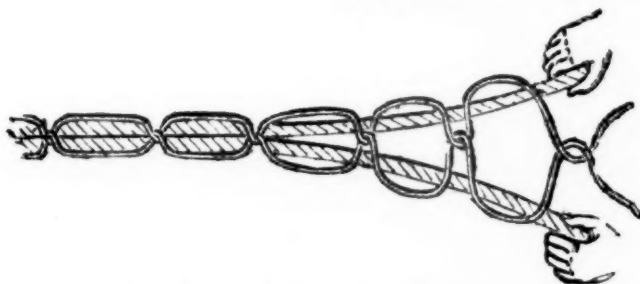


Fig. 5.

(and the coarser the thread the fewer is the number of yards that can be wound on the bobbin at a time), and it must be carefully rewound. This "bobbin" has first to be placed on a spooling machine, then filled with thread and placed in the machine. This operation must be frequently repeated, and as it occupies considerable time, during which the machine is idle, it becomes very annoying; and, moreover, this operation is liable to be imperfectly done.

It will be seen that thus far the sewing-machine had imperfections which militated against its general adoption until the invention of another class of machines which produces a more complex kind of stitch than those previously described, known as the *double-lock-elastic-stitch*, formed by sewing with two threads which interlace each other in a double chain-stitch, so as to avoid the unravelling to which the simple chain-stitch is liable. It also meets an objection urged against

the shuttle-stitch machines on the ground that the shuttle must necessarily be small to enable it to pass through the loops formed by the needle-thread, so that the bobbin carried by the shuttle can only contain a very limited length of thread.

The first patent for a compound chain-stitch sewing-machine was taken out by Grover and Baker in 1851, since which date it has received various modifications and improvements.

The best machine on the double lock-stitch principle is that known as the "Excelsior," made by Whight and Mann of Ipswich. It is as remarkable for its ingenuity as for its simplicity. The working parts are reduced to the fewest possible number, and are little liable to get out of order, while it is rapid in its action, sewing from fifteen hundred stitches in a minute. All the objections brought against previous sewing-machines are found obviated in the "Excelsior."

The stitch is formed of two threads,

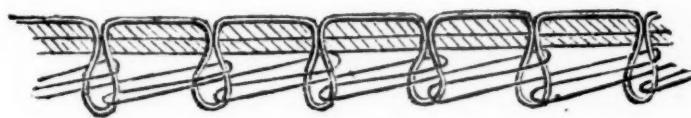


Fig. 6.

and the machine is fed direct from the spools as supplied from the shops without the necessity for rewinding on bobbins, as in the shuttle-machines. Only the upper thread passes through the fabric, while the lower thread is curiously and ingeniously interlaced with the upper, passing both

through and around it, forming a stitch of the greatest firmness and elasticity. This stitch is shown in Fig. 6, where the threads are purposely left loose that their windings may be traced.

Fig. 7 exhibits the threads somewhat closer drawn, serving to show that each



Fig. 7.

stitch, when tightly drawn, is so securely fastened, and so independent for support on its neighbour, that if the seam be cut or broken at every quarter of an inch, its strength and firmness continue wholly un-

impaired. The under or binding thread is but one-half the size of the upper thread, and being passed both through and around it, the seam presents a very beautiful, even stitch on one side of the fabric,

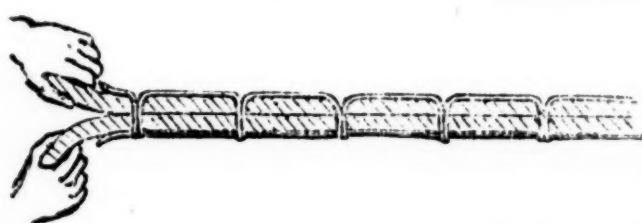
and upon the other, a delicately winding thread, which lies quite flat and has the appearance of being inwrought in the material, and is so elastic that no amount of washing and ironing is likely to break it.

The elasticity and compensating strength of the seam are obtained by dividing the strain between the several threads, and permitting each loop to give or yield to the force which its neighbour bears, thereby gaining a double advantage: the firm closeness of the loop, and a resisting power which equalizes the force among the many stitches of a seam, instead of concentrating it upon a single thread.

Fig. 8 shows a side view of the stitch produced by the "Excelsior" machine, when properly drawn up. The machine which makes it fastens the ends of the threads by its own operation.

An entire garment can be made without unthreading either needle; and if a seam be taken as it leaves the machine, and nothing more done to strengthen or fasten the ends, it will be found impossible to rip it by drawing the two pieces of fabric apart in the manner shown in Fig. 8 below. This machine works with a pedal, leaving the hands perfectly free, and operates as quick, if not quicker than any of its competitors. It makes very little

Fig. 8.



noise in the working, scarcely more than an eight-day clock, and is not liable to get out of order. The work produced by it is of the most durable quality; and once started with a good supply of cotton, it continues steadily in operation until the supply of thread is exhausted. Its simplicity is so great that any intelligent person may use it without being taught; and the cost, compared with the complex machines, is but trifling. From what has been stated, it may be gathered that the "Excelsior" sewing-machine is specially adapted for family use, and that in it the great problem of the practical sewing-machine is fully solved. In praising this machine, however, we have no intention of disparaging others. Each one has its particular merits; and for some kinds of work a shuttle-machine may be preferable, while for other kinds a chain-stitch-machine will answer; but the acquisition of a manageable machine for domestic use is so desirable a boon that its accomplishment by the "Excelsior" ma-

chine cannot be too generally known. The complexity and cost of the earlier machines have deterred many from adopting them into private use; but the simplicity and cheapness of the "Excelsior" will attract and win the suffrages of those who covet the acquisition of so useful and, in many instances, so indispensable an auxiliary.

The Taylor Scholarship of 20% or upwards, which may be held for a second and third year provided the student shall produce in each year a work of sufficient merit, has just been awarded by the Royal Dublin Society, after competition, to Mr. Henry Crowley, nephew of the late N. J. Crowley, Esq., R.H.A. The scholarship is the chief of several prizes left by the late G. A. Taylor, Esq., of Dublin, for the encouragement of art in Ireland; and by the terms of the bequest, can only be awarded "when high artistic talent shall be manifested."

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